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SUNSET NEAR JERUSALEM

THE EVENING GLORIES OF A SEMI-TROPICAL SKY

BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

WITH COLOR DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

TO our Northern eyes the intense brilliancy of the tropical and semi-tropical sky comes as a revelation. Sometimes at noon it is painfully dazzling; but the evening is a vision of prismatic light holding carnival in the air, wherein Milton's "twilight gray" has no part. Unless the sky is held in the relentless grip of a winter storm, the Orient holds no gray in its evening tones; these are translucent and glowing from the setting of the sun until the stars appear. In Greece we are dreamers in that subtle atmosphere, and in Egypt visionaries under the spell of an ethereal loveliness where the filigree patterning of white dome and minaret and interlacing palm and feathery pepper-tree leaves little wonder in the mind that the ornamentation of their architecture is so ravishing in its tracery.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem on the north there is a point on a knoll which commands the venerable city that David took for his own. From here you can watch the variable glow of color spread over the whole breadth of country, from the ground at one's feet to the distant purple hilltops of Bethlehem. The fluid air seems to swim, as if laden with incense. The rocks underfoot are of all tones of lavender in shadow, and of tender, warm gleams in the light, casting vivid violet shadows athwart the mottled orange of the ground.

Down in the little valley just below us a tiny vineyard nestles in the half-light; the gray road trails outside; and beyond rise the walls, serene and stately, catching on their highest towers the last rays of the sun.

The pointed shaft of the German church lifts a gray-green finger tipped with rose into the ambient air. The sable dome of the Holy Sepulcher yields a little to the subtle influence, and shows a softer and more becoming purple.

All the unlovely traits and the squalor of the city are lost, so delicately tender is the mass of buildings painted against the background of distance.

Looking south, one can see the golden glory from the right pulsating through the opalescent haze toward the eastern sky, the yellow and rose penetrating the violet, and lighting it up with glintings of fire and mother-of-pearl. Higher in the sky the emerald-and-topaz ether is invaded by the nether blue so insinuatingly

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that its beginnings are almost imperceptible; and then, when the earth is shrouded in gloom, lo! up on the Mount of Olives, on spire and on wall, the second twilight, the wonderful afterglow, diffuses its radiant light.

Meanwhile, when it seems as though heaven were holding its breath, so still is the air, through the hush of the evening comes the sound of distant salutations or the musical call of the shepherd gathering his flock. The cadence of the muezzin's call to prayer floats out from far and near, voices from space reminding men of Allah and his prophet. A solitary turbaned figure shuffles along the road below, belated wayfarers pass in and out the Damascus Gate nearly opposite, and little donkeys scurry homeward, burdened with their masters, who had perhaps smuggled them into the city in the very early morning, laden with olive-roots.

A plowman passes, his light, primitive tool laid across his shoulders. Women, supple of movement, bear homeward from the fountain the brimming water-jars. The ghostly figures of town women, robed from head to feet in white, with only the eyes peering out, hurry by.

The last fleeting steps of the day speed from the far hill-crests, and one is suddenly aware that there is little or no life about one; that the stragglers are infrequent, and only the dogs are stealthily stalking abroad.

The stars of the twilight

gleam faintly and then more brightly. All at once, a billowy chorus of yelps tells you of the jackals, the "evening wolves" of Zephaniah,

that leave nothing till the morrow.

II

It had been one of those days in March when the clouds of "the latter rains" had been blowing from the west. As the day drew near its close, the heavy mists assembled in great masses of ominous gray and blue, golden-edged against the turquoise sky. With such speed did they move that they seemed suddenly to leap from the horizon, and the vast dome of the heaven became filled with weird, flying monsters racing overhead. The violence of the wind tore the blue into fragments, so that what only a moment since was a colossal weight of cloud threatening to ingulf the universe, was now like a great host marshaled in splendid array, flying banners of crimson, whose ranks were ever changing, until they scattered in disordered flight across the face of the sky.

As the lowering sun neared the horizon, the color grew more and more vivid, until the whole heaven was aflame with a whirlwind of scarlet and gold and crimson, of violet and blue and emerald, flecked with copper and bronze and shreds of smoky clouds in shadow, a tempestuous riot of color so wild and extraordinary as to hold one spellbound.

Had not David beheld a similar sky when he wrote:

O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire.

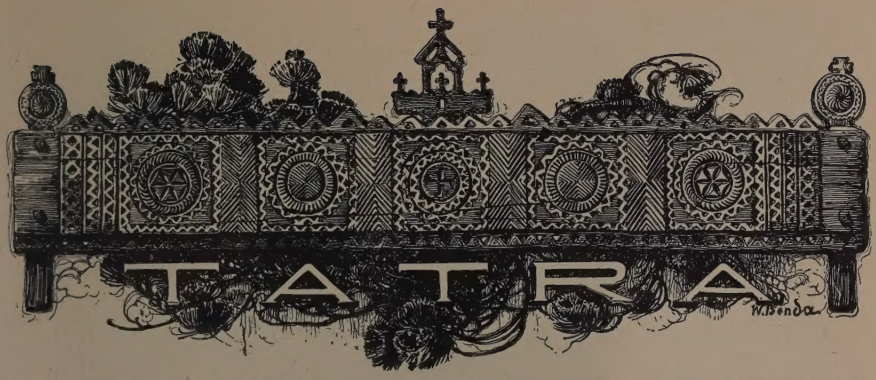
And this crown of splendor was for a sober-toned earth, with pearl-gray road and trailing goat-path winding in and out, the red-tiled roofs of the neighboring Persian colony clustered in loving company, and the olive-trees bowing their silvered heads before the breeze.

But eastward there were "the fiery hills mingling their flames with twilight." The flaming clouds had fled from the clearing west, and had become massed in solid ranks over against the broad summit of Mount Scopas. The strength of the wind was abating, and, as though arrested by an invisible wall, the clouds appeared like a pile of gigantic domes and massive ramparts, before which the fleeing battalions halted over the wine-red hilltop as on a sanguinary field.

Then, like a herald of peace, there flashed the most marvelous phenomenon of all: against a wall of violet cloud in shadow sprang the arch of a rainbow. It curved in prismatic splendor, shimmered for an instant, then vanished, with all the glory of which it had been the supreme part, leaving only a few mauve-tinted cloud masses that swiftly melted away.

Color drawing by Corwin Knapp Linson

A RIOT OF SUNSET COLOR NEAR JERUSALEM



A MOUNTAIN REGION BETWEEN GALICIA AND HUNGARY

BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

THERE is in Cracow a large square, Kleparz, where hay-markets are held, which is always crowded with peasants, with their horses and cattle, hay-wagons, and loads of straw. In bright sunshine, among the masses of yellow straw, the long, white coats of the men, their scarlet caps, and the red kerchiefs of the women, look like moving wild poppies and daisies in a ripe rye-field. Here and there, like a black beetle, a Jew, in long silk gown, moves quickly from one group to another.

With the intention of hiring a mountain wagon for a trip to the Tatra Mountains, we made our way to one corner of the square, where shone several white awnings of the mountaineer wagons, which resemble the old-fashioned American prairie-schooners. Two men in sheepskin jackets were busy about their small horses. From under their black, mushroom-shaped hats their sharp eyes looked with scorn at the little crowd of heavily built Cracovian peasants and city boys, who like to ridicule the "gooral's" long legs, enveloped in tight woolen trousers, and to repeat the old saying:

> Gooral has stork-legs;
> He can reach you at his ease.

Next morning at dawn the heavy vehicle that we had engaged stopped at our house, and we were soon on the road.

Crossing the bridge over the Vistula, we left the streets of Cracow, where our rustic vehicle jumped and rattled on the pavement without mercy, and where Kuba, the driver, according to city rules, had to run at the side of his horses.

Cracow, with its old royal castle and many towers, grew faint in the distance and soon disappeared behind the first hill. We mounted higher and higher, passed many straw-thatched villages, and next morning, after spending the night in Lubeń, found ourselves near the top of Beskid, a chain of round-backed, gloomy mountains covered with black-spruce forests. With one more effort of the tired horses the summit was reached, and at once a majestic view surprised our eyes: Tatra's gigantic range, with its jagged outlines, blue in the distance, rose abruptly from the valleys, high above the clouds which clung to its foot.

Tatra is the highest part of the Karpathian system, and lies very near the heart of Europe. Its northern slopes are inhabited by Polish mountaineers, or "goorals."

The wagon rolled fast down into the Novotarska valley, which, with many villages, forests, and patched fields, stretches from Beskid to those giants, now slowly growing bigger and clearer. The people about us had changed as much as the landscape: slender mountaineers had taken the place of the heavy Cracovians. Kuba's

face brightened; we met many people on the road, and he seemed to know them all, greeting everybody with the conventional, "Neh ben-je po-hva-lo-ny Ye-zoos Krystoos!" ("Praised be Jesus Christ!"), and receiving the answer, "Na vye-ki vye-koov, a-men" ("For ages of ages, amen").

In contrast to the uniform, light-haired, heavy type of the low-country peasant, the goorals present a great variety of physiognomies and stature. There are tall men with long, angular features, penetrating eagle-eyes, and noble bearing; and others of a Mongolian-like type, with wide face, prominent cheek-bones, and flat nose. But all are rather slender and sinewy, and have the same feline walk. They step lightly, with bent knees; the feet, shod in soft sandals, pass noiselessly over the ground; and the body swings up and down as though on springs.

Drawn by W. T. Benda

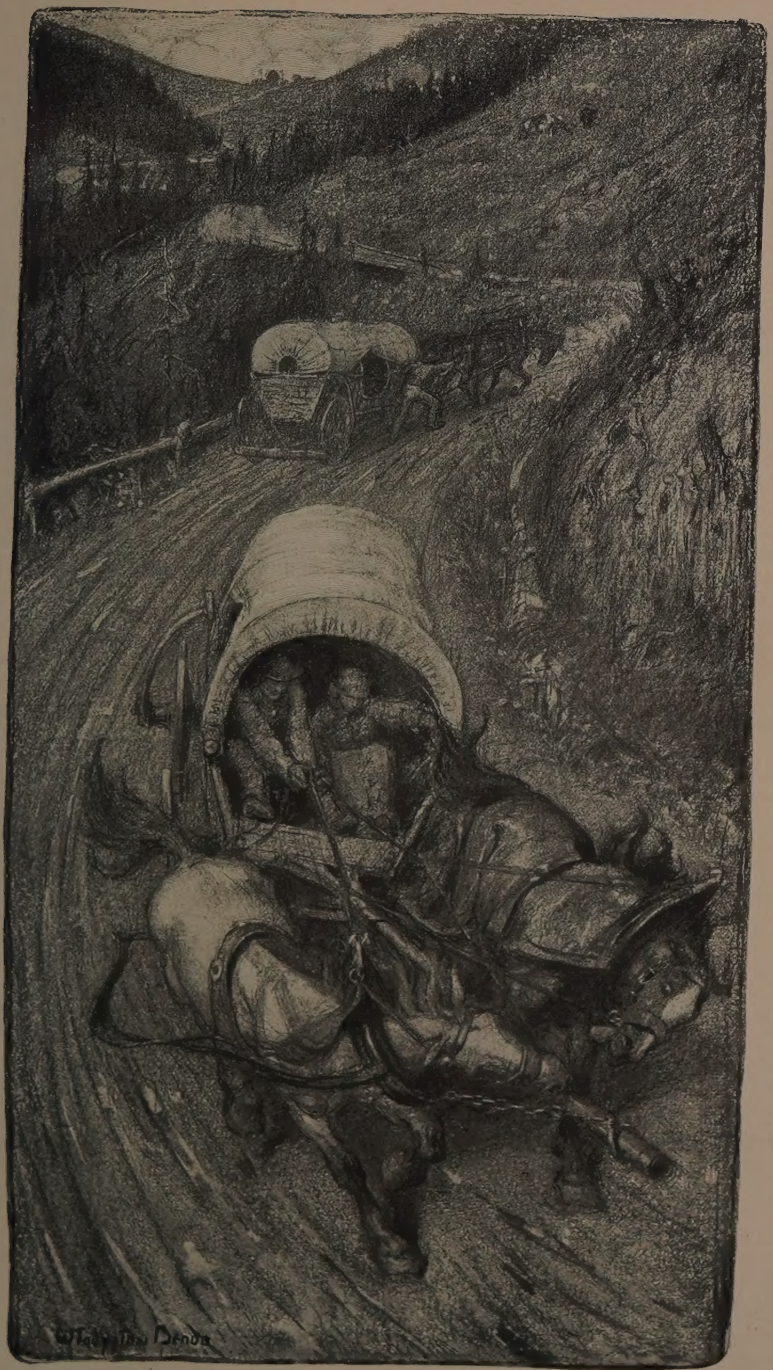
DECORATED PORTAL OF A TATRA MOUNTAINEER'S HOUSE

The character of the goorals has nothing in common with the humble peasants of the low country. In their good qualities and faults they rather resemble the proud noblemen of Poland. They are vivacious, honest, hospitable, and full of pride, bravery, and chivalry, on which one may always count. But their defects are grave: obstinacy and quarrels lead them often to bloody fights, the lack of thrift is frequent among them, and superstitions haunt them at every step. They love nature, and in their songs praise their gigantic peaks, spruce forests, and the clouds and rain. They build their houses facing Tatra, which they constantly observe and consult about weather conditions. A gooral cannot live without his mountains; and if he sometimes leaves them, homesickness will soon bring him back.

They are very religious, but their Christian faith is mixed with old superstitions, and the Roman Catholic rites are mingled with weird, often very picturesque, usages which have their origin in the old Slavonic paganism. So, for instance, on St. John's night *Sobotka* is celebrated by burning bonfires on fields and hills, and by dancing, a festivity which, in pagan times, was held on the summer solstice in honor of Sviatovit, the god of sun, fire, and love.

On Easter holidays, from every house various kinds of food are brought into the church to be blessed by the priest; or the priest, accompanied by a sexton, goes to the house, where, on a long, white-covered table, cake, eggs, and venison await his blessing. This is called *swięcone*. The table remains covered with food for a week, to await all friends of the house that may come.

The Polish tongue among the mountaineers has pleasant soft inflections, and their dialect resembles the old Polish of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The picturesque and practical costume of the goorals consists of a coarse linen shirt fastened with a brass brooch; a *serdak*, which is a sleeveless sheepskin jacket of a reddish color, richly decorated with appliqué ornaments of colored leather and silk embroidery, and lined with fur; tight-fitting trousers of coarse, whitish, home-made woolen cloth; and a cloak called *tsuha*, worn usally over one shoulder. A black felt hat, shaped like a mushroom, and soft leather sandals (*kerpce*) complete a costume that weighs from 35 to 38 pounds, but is a good pro-



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

ON THE ROAD TO TATRA

tection against cold and the rain which in these regions is frequent, for twenty days in a month are at least drizzly.

The gooral always carries in his hand a *ciupaga,* or tomahawk-like ax on a long shaft, used as a cane, as a tool, or as a weapon, which, with the quarrelsome disposition of the men, often causes trouble.

The women of Tatra are rather small, but quick and graceful. There is something extremely feminine in the carriage of the young girls, who, with straight body and lowered head, walk with very short, fast steps. Their hair is combed flat, and plaited in tight braids; they wear the sheepskin serdaks and rather long skirts. On sunny days their orange, yellow, or green kerchiefs are pulled carefully over their rosy faces to protect them from the very undesirable sunburn.

At Zakopane, a picturesque village at the foot of the mountains, girls are very fond of singing, and the forests and alder-groves resound from morning to sunset with their songs. Every one has her own individual variation of a certain melody, so distinct that Ulana, Yaga, or Marynna can always be recognized by "her tune." These variations are of such a kind that when two or three of them are sung together a pleasant, simple harmony arises. After sunset *geevozonas, roosalki, boginki, vilkolaki,* and other kinds of malicious nymphs and demons, fill the woods near the river, and every village girl carefully avoids these places, because, once caught by roosalki, she must become one of them, and "never more see the sunshine or Tatra."

A vilkolak may catch the strongest lad, drink his blood, and leave his pale body. Often one is found dead in the woods. What should be the cause, if not a vilkolak?

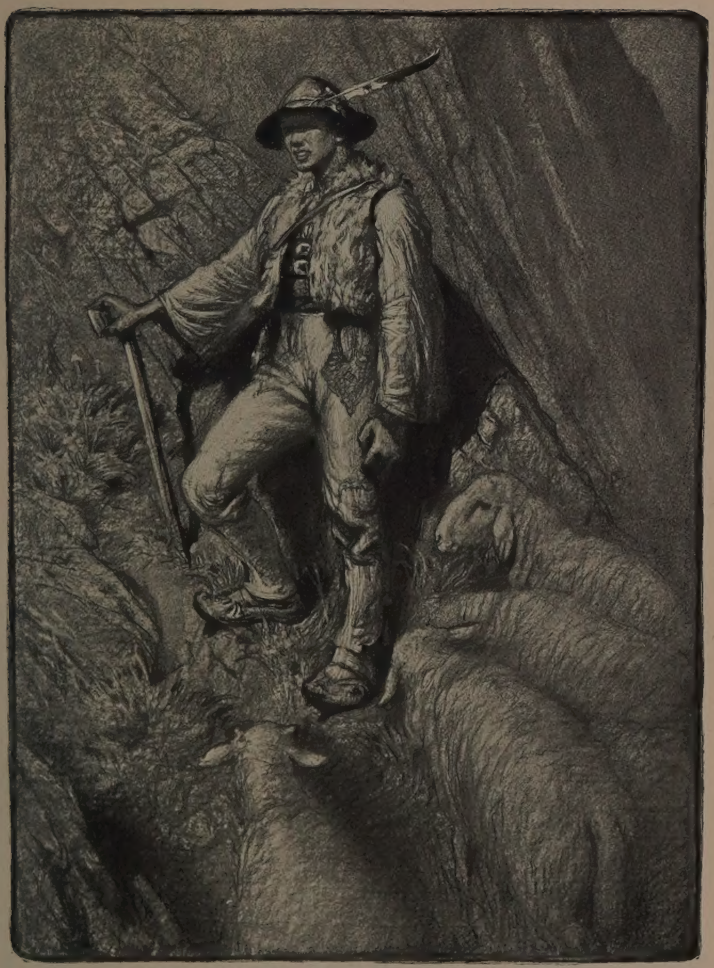
A mother must watch her baby, because geevozonas are always anxious to exchange one of their little monsters for it.

On Sunday, from early morning until vespers are over, many hundred men and women gather about the quaint village church, built of heavy spruce logs, with a high tower covered from top to bottom with shingles. Most of these people are from Zakopane and the neighboring Kościeliska, but there are many who come from distant villages and narrow valleys far in the mountains, and these can be distinguished from the villagers by slight differences in their costume. There are groups of old men whose characteristic heads and grave countenances remind one of the North American Indians. Many of them are from eighty to ninety years old, but they look nimble and vigorous. Their long hair is combed flat, covering the shoulders, and sometimes, now seldom, plaited into two tight braids on both sides of the forehead and forming two circles around the ears. This is the old fashion, which has entirely gone out of use among the younger generation, but, as the old pictures of the *zboiniks* show, was once the general custom.

Among the young men one can see here and there a true Zakopane dandy, all of whose movements follow precisely the elaborate fashion of Zakopane. He walks with a characteristic swagger, planting at every other step his ciupaga at a great distance from him. The smallest possible hat, surmounted by a feather often two feet long, is fantastically tilted over his right ear. The feather—an eagle's quill, if possible—adorning the hat of every unmarried gooral is the symbol of bachelorhood, just as the wreath signifies maidenhood. The dandy's spotless white woolen attire, with wide and very elaborate embroideries, fits him well. He is often very handsome, and always picturesque.

During high mass the church is packed with people. The men occupy the right, the woman the left, side of the nave; they pray with passion, often raising both their hands in supplication, or in the utmost contrition prostrating themselves with outstretched arms to kiss the blessed floor. Old religious songs, solemn and lugubrious, known only here, are sung by this fantastic congregation. The scene is so interesting that it would be hard to tear one's self away if the odor of the sheepskin, mixed with the smoke of wax candles and incense, did not grow so unbearable.

A Zakopane house is a very carefully finished wooden structure, built of tight-fitting, heavy logs of spruce, which become reddish brown with age, and are surmounted by a very steep, high shingle roof which gives a good protection against the heavy falls of snow and rain, and with its triangular gables of acute angles harmonizes well with the Tatra peaks and the



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

YUHAS, OR YOUNG SHEPHERD

tall spruce-trees. The frame of the door is built of very heavy blocks of wood, surmounted by a semicircular arch, joined together by two anchor-shaped pieces, and held in place by rows of elaborately carved wooden pegs. The big rafters of the ceiling are embellished with carved ornaments of a very unique conception. The circular *kolo zboyeckie,* the heart-shaped *pazenitsa,* and the *svastica,* with sharp points, are some of the main motives of this odd ornamentation with which the goorals in a very judicious way adorn their ash-wood furniture, wooden vessels, and instruments.

It is wonderful how in the center of old Europe they have remained unaffected by the leveling force of modern civilization, and have developed a style absolutely unlike anything even in the nearer parts of Poland or in neighboring Hungary.

II

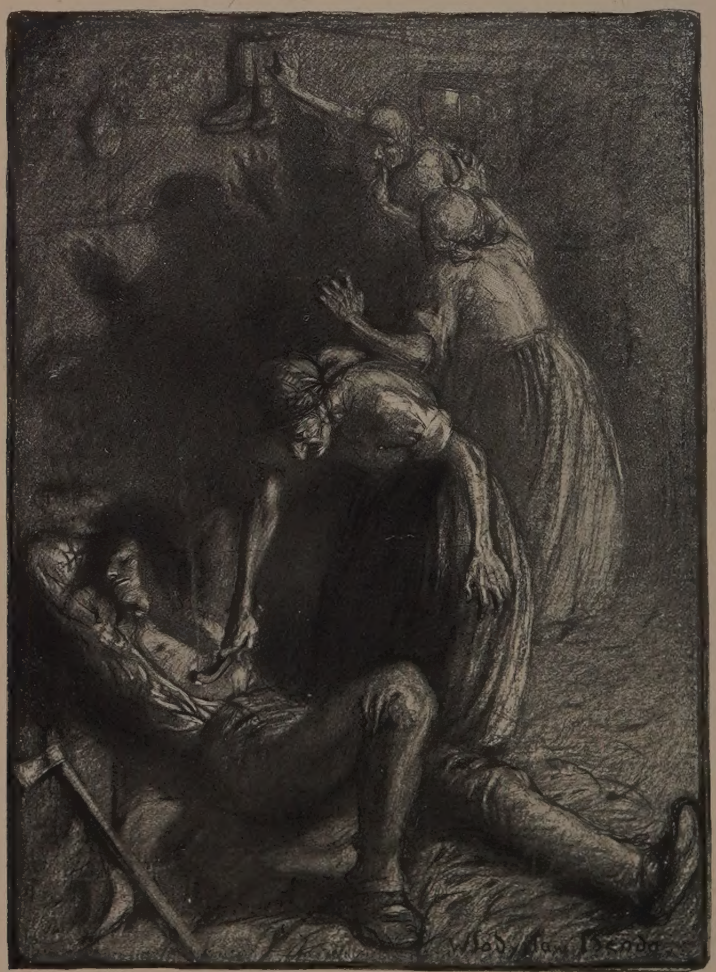
From Zakopane the view of Tatra is much obstructed by the huge, shiny, perpendicular granite wall of Gevont, which, standing above the village, hides the higher peaks beyond.

All the roads from Zakopane to the

mountains lead through the mysterious, shadowy spruce forests of the foot-hills, where the soil is covered with rich carpets of moss, and ornamented with bright-colored mushrooms. Foaming streams murmur among the moss-covered boulders, and luxurious ferns, nettles, yarrows, orchidaceæ, and myosotis, drenched with dew, saturate the air with their aroma. Then the path emerges on the cheerful, emerald-green pastures of the slopes, alive with shepherds, sheep, and cattle. A little farther, and the whole scenery changes again; and tremendous mountains of solid granite, ominously dark, shining like hammered iron, rise abruptly from amid the stone debris and black patches of mountain-fir, and in towering cliffs seem to pierce the skies with their sharp peaks, bastions, and jagged ridges, like gigantic fortresses.

Clouds and white mist, driven and torn by gusts of wind, cling to the precipitous walls, and masses of eternal snow lie in the many fissures and depressions, forming large, sharply outlined streaks and patches.

Narrow valleys, basins, and gorges are



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

YANOSIK AND THE THREE WITCHES

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

YANOSIK AND THE WONDERFUL BOOTS

filled with shattered stones or big boulders, which the mountain firs clutch desperately with their bare octopus-like roots and creeping, contorted branches. Small grass and some alpine weeds, gentians, and mountain lilies cover the narrow ledges. These are the only representatives of vegetation in these regions. Hundreds of torrents rush into the lower valleys and unfathomable black lakes, the cold, crystal water of which reflects on their smooth surfaces the barren heights.

"Eye of the Sea" is the largest of these lakes, and the mountaineers naïvely believe it to be bottomless and subterraneously connected with the ocean. "The Monk," a huge conical rock, standing at its border and resembling a dismal-looking giant in a monk's habit, is much dreaded; for if he moves from his pedestal, his fall announces some great disaster to the country.

The inhabitants of the nearer villages send for the whole summer the majority of their cattle and sheep into the *hale,* or pastures, in the high mountains. With the cattle their sons and daughters go, or the flocks are intrusted to a *batsa,* or experienced shepherd, who has as helpers several *yuhasses*, young men or boys.

In the spring, driven by gaily singing yuhasses and girls, thousands of cattle, sheep, and burdened horses, with much bellowing and the sound of a thousand bells, leave the villages, pass the spruce

forests, climb slopes, ledges, and ridges, then slowly divide in smaller parties to reach their different points of destination, where primitive log cabins give them shelter at night and in storm.

Among several of these cabins scattered amid boulders in a valley, one much larger, called the *shalas,* has in the middle of its dark interior a flat stone on which trunks of spruce are burning. Thick smoke fills the dark space and escapes through the many chinks in the roof and between the logs that form the walls. There are no windows, and the only door is scarcely four feet high and has for threshold a thick, round log. Inside, the intruder from the city cannot breathe in the thick smoke. But all this troubles only a stranger; for the shepherds the shalas is a cozy sitting-room, kitchen, and dining-room in one. Here they come to cook their *kluska* in a big pot, which is then surrounded by the whole little community of sheepskin-covered men, lads, and sunburned girls. Their spoons dip one after another in the steaming contents of the pot, and the silence is broken only by some short remark like, "Voytek, don't take so much on your spoon," or, "Don't crowd; keep down your elbows."

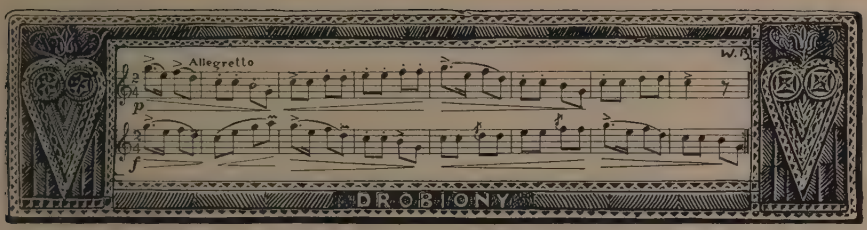
In the evening, when the cows are milked and all the work is done, they gather again about the fire. Everybody has had some hard experience during the day: Voytek has met a bear; Ulana's cow fell into a ravine, and Stashek, who is always ready to help pretty Ulana, had great difficulty to save the animal. But soon the warmth of the fire brings out the humor; jokes begin to mingle with the more serious talk; lasses giggle, and the groups draw nearer to the fire.

Interesting stories about Yanosik and his brigands follow one another. How tall, how strong, and how bold he was! But no wonder; for "not a woman, but a rock, was his mother." Everybody has much to tell about his marvelous vicissitudes, and everybody knows where the inaccessible cavern is, high in the cliffs of the Kościeliska valley, where Yanosik and his band had their nest, and from which they made sallies on the "Hungarian side" and lurked for traveling merchants.

On one of his journeys Yanosik had to stop for the night in a hut of three witches. When he lay down, the witches, thinking him asleep, said: "He seems to be a brave lad, and if he proves to be really so, we will give him the wonderful boots."

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE DANCE



"DROBIONY" DANCE AND A ZAKOPANE ORNAMENT—MOTIVE CALLED "PAZENICA"

Upon saying this, one of the old women took a little red charcoal from the hearth and put it on Yanosik's body, to try him. "If he jumps, he is not brave; if he can stand the charcoal, the boots will be his." Yanosik heard all, and felt the burning coal, but did not move, and the next morning he put on the boots, with which he could stride a mile at each step.

All near the fire marvel at this, and many think what a good thing it was to be such a brigand. It is true that most of them ended on the gallows, but even this seems heroic to our yuhasses, and they sing:

When I shall be hanged,
My gallows will be set with corals,
With precious stones,
And the road to it paved with silver,
And music will play.

Then other songs follow:

Mountains, our mountains,
You are our castles;
Beech leaves
Our pillows.

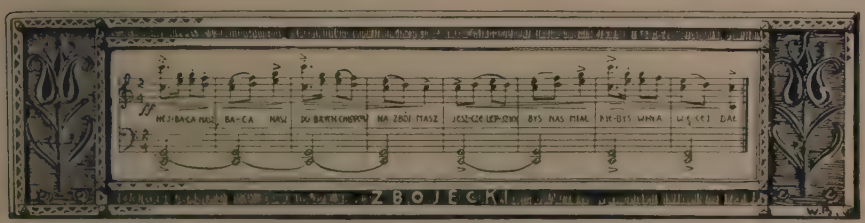
(Goó-ry ná-se goó-ry
Vy na-se ko-mó-ry
Boo-kó-ve lees-téts-kee
Ná-se po-doo-séts-kee.)

From a corner the whining sound of the *genśle,* a primitive stringed instrument resembling the violin, changes into the lively tune of the *drobiony* dance, and a boy follows its quick tempo and weird accents in small steps, always jumping on the same spot, shaking his long hair, and looking fixedly at his toes.

The tune again changes into the more energetic *zboyecki,* or brigand dance, and soon the dark interior of the shalas is full of jumping yuhasses and their big shadows. With violent leaps and bounds they surround the fire, and in the red light and smoke, with their grotesque attitudes, their sunburned and smoked faces shining with sweat, their long hair flying, and the flashing ciupagas swinging in their hands, they look like enraged demons. The girls cling to the walls, and watch the dancers with interest. Then voices join the music:

In cellar
Bandits were dancing;
They ordered fine music
And a look at their feet.

One after another they stride over the high threshold and out into the dark of the drizzly night. The music stops, the door repeats frequently its squeaking minor cadence, soon the fire dies out, and the shalas is empty.

Everybody goes to his cabin, rattles the hasp, and, slamming the door, makes his way in the dark between the two rows of cattle and climbs to his bed of spruce twigs

"ZBOYECKI" (ZBOO-YETS-KEE), OR BRIGAND DANCE, AND ZAKOPANE ORNAMENT—MOTIVE CALLED "LELEVA"

spread on the round rafters above the backs of the cows, that by constant munching, groaning, and ringing the bells at their throats would seriously disturb the sleep of a visitor from the city.

At daybreak, when the highest cliffs begin to gleam in the first rays of the sun, the yuhas takes his flocks into remote ridges and slopes. In his shaggy serdak and woolen cloths, he does not differ in color from the sheep that crowd about his feet and understand every one of his whistles and shouts. He climbs the steep slopes and narrow ledges, and they follow him, scrambling higher and higher until one, hardly seeing them, wonders by what law of equilibrium they remain suspended there, and why they do not fall with the stones which, dislodged by their feet, bound down the precipices in great leaps.

Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A FIGHT BETWEEN A YUHAS AND A LIPTAK

All around is total silence. Some small animals resembling the American woodchuck, frightened by the approaching flock, hide themselves in the crevices of

the rocks. These are the Tatra marmots, here called *swistak;* they inhabit only the highest parts of Tatra.

From time to time the yuhas remains standing, silently contemplating the mountains opposite. They are of constant interest to him; he is familiar with every detail of them, and has a name for every one of their peaks, passes, slopes, or rugged crags. Now, with his keen eye, used to looking over great distances, he discovers on the far peaks a flock of *giemza* (the Tatra chamois) springing from cliff to cliff over the giddy precipices or leaping down the perpendicular rocks. Sometimes their sentinel hears a suspicious sound, and the whole flock stops at once, remaining absolutely motionless for so long a time that it is hard to believe them living creatures. At such a moment it is impossible to discover them, as their color matches well with the surrounding cliffs.

A great eagle appears in the sky, sailing on almost motionless wings in large circles high above the valley, and sometimes returning to his nest suspended on a giddy cliff. The shepherd finds it, climbs the almost perpendicular crags, and, hanging over the abyss, reaches the nest. The eagle falls on him like lightning, and, in desperate protection of his young ones, with claws and beak furiously attacks the intruder. The fight is in midair, in the domain of eagles, but the man with his ciupaga is victorious and takes the eaglets and the eagle's feathers, the trophies of his courage, which are much admired by the gooral girls. He returns to his flock and puts the young birds in his woolen bag.

Somewhere among the pines far below a girl's clear voice repeats a melancholy song, harmonizing well with these wild surroundings, with the murmur of some distant torrent, and with the sound of little cow-bells. The song ends with a brilliant cascade of tones which the cliffs echo and carry to the lonely shepherd's ears. He knows the voice, and replies with a short, wild shout. Another, more animated song comes from below:

Sound, my voice, wide through forests, until thou reachest my Yaś.

Yanicek, Yanicek, what hast thou on thy cheeks?
Red lilies? Give them to me.

From stone to stone a magpie jumps;
She likes Yanicek's eyes.

And so songs and shouting fill the clear mountain air for hours, until the sun sinks, the shiny rocks of higher peaks begin to glow like red-hot iron, and Yanicek with his sheep comes down into the dark valley.

Sometimes a yuhas goes to the highest ridges on the Hungarian frontier and looks into the green valleys of the Liptaks (Slovaks of the southern slopes of Tatra), where he rarely has been; for there is an old hatred between our goorals and their ultramontane neighbors, and it must be unusually important business which could take a Zakopaner to a Liptov village, or a Liptak to Zakopane. But sometimes a yuhas, allured by the sight of rich grass, crosses the frontier and leads his sheep to the green Hungarian slope; but woe to him if he is caught by a Liptak! A bloody fight is then unavoidable. For a while, with sharp ciupagas ready to strike, they wrestle desperately until one receives the fatal blow and rolls down the precipice. If the yuhas succumbs, the Liptak captures his sheep, and then a large sum must be paid to release them.

THY MONUMENT

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

IF so men's memories not thy monument be,
Thou shalt have none. Warm hearts, and not cold stone,
Must mark thy grave, or thou shalt lie unknown.
Marbles keep not themselves; how then keep thee?

THE GOLDEN WHISTLE

BY H. C. BAILEY

PEAL THE FIRST

THEY had called her Claire - Denise - Cécile-Bênoite de la Ferté, but she was quite small. So the honeysuckle eluded her. A little gray woman, she stood on a boulder above the brook, one arm uplifted, and still the cream-pink petals nodded two good inches over the tips of her twitching brown fingers. The sun found her face and flashed in her brown eyes and showed the faint flush of crimson in her ivory cheek, the full lips parted in anxious longing for her flower. So she stood in Auvergne three hundred years ago.

Bright and blue a sword gleamed over her head. The honeysuckle stalk was cloven, and the flower came fluttering down to brown fingers. The Demoiselle Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bênoite de la Ferté turned swiftly upon her boulder. All in one moment she beheld the gray eyes, the stiff, little yellow moustachios and peaked beard, the sunburnt face and square jaw, of a slim fellow in gray frieze. He saluted her with his sword. Denise sprang down from her boulder to curtsey.

"I thank you a thousand times, sir," she murmured.

"It is, mademoiselle, a thousand times too many."

"But guess how I wanted my honeysuckle."

"I conceive. One wishes always for what one has not."

"Faith, sir, you are a philosopher."

"On the contrary, mademoiselle, I am sane."

Denise gave him another curtsey. "My felicitations, sir," she murmured, with mocking eyes. "Now, I wish very much for what I have."

"But you have great treasures, mademoiselle," says he of the gray frieze; and then, as she started, "of beauty at the least," he explained quickly.

Denise exalted her chin. "I thought you were sane, sir."

"*Pardieu,* I had almost forgotten," the gray frieze admitted. "Mademoiselle, pardon. I promise to be—quite sane. But (pardon again) you spoke of wishing for what you have. You fear, then, to lose it. Here is Raoul de Ratine, a poor Norman gentleman, will defend it to the end."

"Infinite thanks, M. de Ratine." Her lips curled. "I see that you do not know what I am."

"It suffices, mademoiselle, that you are what I see. Ah, pardon, pardon, I become insane."

"Know then, sir, that I am Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bênoite"—she spoke the names slowly with a vast contempt and ended in a rush—"de la Ferté, and I have nothing in all the world."

"Accept, mademoiselle, my entire devotion," says M. de Ratine.

"And I ought at this hour to be a nun."

"By the faith of my body, no!" cried M. de Ratine, with enthusiasm.

"At least my cousin commended me to

a convent," says Denise in a small, contemptuous voice.

M. de Ratine turned up his moustachios. "I inform your cousin that he is a fool," he remarked.

The ivory cheeks of Denise dimpled. She looked at M. de Ratine under her eyelashes. "My cousin is the Duc de Contal," she said meekly.

M. de Ratine addressed heaven and earth. "M. le Duc de Contal, you are a fool: I would say it to your face if I could."

"He is only a ninth cousin," said Denise.

"Even that is presumption," said M. de Ratine.

Denise looked up a moment with a gleam of laughter in her brown eyes, then turned away and sat down on the boulder and played with her honeysuckle. M. de Ratine contemplated her gravely. Denise set the flowers in her bosom. "M. de Ratine," she said, and paused awhile. Then she looked up. His gray eyes met hers honestly. "M. de Ratine—my father was the Sieur de Verneuil. That —all that"—the little brown hand made a wide gesture over the rolling pasture to the terraces of vines and the round blue mountains—"all that was his, and my dear château. And a year ago he—he died—and all passes to the Duc de Contal. M. le Duc wrote to me and counseled me the convent at Clermont. I—I could not." She blushed and looked down and was silent. M. de Ratine bowed gravely, and he, too, regarded the ground. "Then M. le Duc wrote and 'regretted my lack of vocation to Heaven' (oh, yes, he was pleased to be witty), and begged me 'be my own abbess at Verneuil till I found a vocation on earth.'" Flashing eyes, flaming cheeks were displayed to M. de Ratine. "And I stay there," cried Denise; "I live in his house, eating his bread. And I hate it, I hate it. But I can no other."

"I desire infinitely to say two words to Contal alone," says M. de Ratine.

"You know him?" cried Denise.

"Till now, mademoiselle, I believed that I did. I thought him a gentleman."

"He!" cried Denise in scorn.

M. de Ratine turned up his moustachios. "The comment suffices," he remarked. Then he looked at her keenly. "But you, mademoiselle, at least are safe here? None dares to trouble, to annoy?" M. de Ratine seemed to know how peaceable was Auvergne under the good King François I.

The girl's eyes fell before his, and furrows came deep on his brow. She flushed, and did not answer for a while. "I thank you, sir; I believe I am safe," she said at last.

M. de Ratine made a bow. "Permit me, mademoiselle," he said, and held out on the palm of his hand a golden whistle. "If any knave should dare to annoy, let the whistle sound. Believe me, it will be heard."

Denise looked at him doubtfully. "By you, M. de Ratine?" He bowed. "You stay here, then? Your pardon, sir—why?"

M. de Ratine turned up a moustachio. "I study," he remarked, "the natural products of Auvergne."

"Oh, I trust they please you?"

"Mademoiselle, I have never seen the like."

"But, then,"—her brow puckered,—"do you purpose to live here?"

"I still hope," says M. de Ratine. He fell on his knee by her side and took her hand. "Mademoiselle—"

Denise started up. "Do not forget that you are sane, sir," she cried, laughing and blushing.

"I was offering, mademoiselle, not my heart, but my whistle," says M. de Ratine.

"Then I need not refuse," said Denise, laughing still, and took it and made him a curtsey and went lightfoot over the pasture.

Left alone, M. de Ratine kicked three stones splashing into the brook. "Contal," said he, "I desire to say two words. I think one suffices: Contal, *bête.*"

Denise found a cavalier among the pines—a cavalier in crimson and cloth of gold, who stood across her path, smiling with lips and eyes.

"Again, M. de Canillac!" she cried sharply.

"Again! Always, my queen of loveliness, always your slave."

"Have the kindness, sir, to be my slave elsewhere," said Denise, with her chin exalted, and tried to pass him.

M. de Canillac was broad. "Ah, De-

nise, cruel always," he sighed, still barring the way.

"Sir, must I say 'always coward'?" cried Denise as he caught her arm.

"*Mordieu!* not that at least!" cried Canillac, holding her still. He threw his head back and his chest forward. "Prove me!" said he, and looked handsome.

"Faith, sir, you prove yourself," said Denise, with curling lip.

"Nay, listen, my fair." Black curls fell about his face as he bent to her ear, black eyes were aglow. "I dare your wrath, for I love you, Denise, and, *pardieu,* with that same cause I will dare your cousin Contal."

But still her cheeks were ivory white. "Oh, remember he is not a woman, sir," says she.

"Were he King François I would dare him still," cried the amorous, valorous gentleman. "Whisper one word, my queen, and I uphold you in Verneuil forever, and Contal may do his worst. Make me happy, Denise, and you shall hold your loved lands of Verneuil—"

"For the profit of M. de Canillac!" cried Denise. "So here is the end of romance: We are to be two thieves together! Oh, indeed, I thank you for the honor. Pray, sir, give me the path." And again she tried to pass him, but Canillac, only smiling, alway smiling, took her in his arms.

The golden whistle pealed clear.

"Why that?" cried Canillac, laughing. "Little one, who will dare touch Canillac?"

"The devil, some day," said M. de Ratine.

At the placid voice, Canillac let go his prey and started round. "Thank you," said M. de Ratine, and knocked him down. Canillac started up red with wrath and the blow, and whipped out his sword and ran upon Ratine. M. de Ratine shook out his gray cloak, caught the wild thrust in it, and closed. In a moment the Comte de Canillac was again upon his broad back on the pine needles, and M. de Ratine was breaking the sword across his knee. When Canillac had struggled up again, M. de Ratine politely offered him the two pieces. "I thought you might like one for each hand," he explained.

M. de Canillac amazed him with a loud laugh.

"*Pardieu,* sir, you teach me a lesson, and I thank you."

"It was a pure pleasure," says M. de Ratine.

But Canillac had turned to Denise. "But to you, mademoiselle, to you, how can I excuse myself? Ah, I think I was mad." He made a sweeping bow. "Pardon, pardon, ten thousand times!" Then he laughed a little. "And yet, and yet, mademoiselle, when you look into the mirror you will see a great excuse for my ardor."

"M. de Canillac," Ratine drawled, "try not to be so very ardent again."

"Sir, my word for it! Mademoiselle, I have learned a lesson. I kiss your hands." M. de Canillac bowed low and strode off to the sycamore whereto his horse was tethered.

M. de Ratine turned up his yellow moustachios and watched. He was surprised by two little cold hands clasping his. M. de Ratine looked down and saw himself in misty brown eyes, saw little full lips tremble betwixt a laugh and a sob. M. de Ratine grasped the cold hands close. "Ah, my friend, my friend," said the little full lips. M. de Ratine drew her closer, her heart beat against his arm, and she did not flinch from the light in his eyes.

Suddenly M. de Ratine let fall her hands.

"Mademoiselle," says he, "do not let me imitate M. de Canillac."

Denise hung her head and blushed. "M. de Ratine—you will come to the château?"

M. de Ratine stiffened. "How, mademoiselle?" he cried. "Shall I eat the bread of Contal?"

Denise stared a moment, then gave a little gasping sob. "Ah, I see how base you think me, then!" she murmured, and turned faltering away.

In a moment M. de Ratine was down on his knee, holding her hand: "Mademoiselle, I think you a saint and angel; I—but let me be sane!" He kissed her hand and rose and went quickly through the trees.

For, in fact, M. de Ratine desired to observe M. de Canillac. M. de Ratine lay down at the edge of the wood and

watched Canillac ride away over the pastures. M. de Ratine communed with himself: "In fact, M. de Canillac, you were too polite. Why were you so polite? I desire infinitely to know. And that dear Canillac, he only recedes into the sunset." On went Canillac toward the valley past a herd of mountain ponies that flung up their heads to the wind and sniffed at him. "I suppose, my dear Canillac," says Ratine, "you wished us to think you a gentleman, to believe that we need not fear your malice. In fact, we do not fear you greatly, my dear. We—" M. de Ratine stopped his communings and started up. He stood on the hill-side and his gray eyes dwindled to points of light. "By the faith of my body," cried M. de Ratine, "he is gone to church! That good Canillac!"

PEAL THE SECOND.

In the morning before the sun was high Denise, in her silver-gray, came through the rose-garden and out to the pine wood. Sure, she needed more honeysuckle. In the gloom of the wood M. de Canillac met her again. Still he was smiling. Denise drew herself up to her little height. "Sweet, I am come for my answer," says M. de Canillac.

"You have had it, sir," cried Denise, flushing.

"Is it still the same?"—he was always smiling.—"Bed has not made you wiser?"

"It is still, it is always, the same!" cried Denise, with a stamp of her foot.

"I cannot believe it, *pardieu*. Confess, my fair, it is changed. It is now, 'I am yours, François'? Whisper it, then, my queen of blushes."

"Never!" cried Denise.

"Now!" cried Canillac, and sprang at her.

The golden whistle pealed again.

But feebly and short, for her hand was torn from her lips, a kerchief was pressed upon them. Other men were about her; roughly her hands were bound, and her ankles; the kerchief was tied over her mouth. Gasping, and hot with shame, she was borne away in Canillac's arms. The troop mounted and went off at speed over the pastures, and M. de Canillac, holding the writhing girl close to his bosom, said in her ear, "Confess, my fair, the answer is changed," and laughed and kissed her. And Denise moaned.

Soon they came to the little gray church, and M. de Canillac dismounted and bore in his prey. One man, his squire, went in with him.

Before the altar waited a priest with his book. Canillac set the girl down and held her so that she could not fall. Still she was gagged and bound, and still Canillac was smiling.

"My son," said the priest, "I trust the maiden comes of her own good will?"

"My father, you perceive her joy," said Canillac.

The priest looked an instant at her face, crimson and twisted in her agony. "Peace be with her!" said the priest, with a snuffle. "There is promise of bliss, my son." And he opened his book and began to read the Latin hastily. The words burned into the girl's brain, but she could not move or cry; only she set her eyes on the white face of the Virgin painted above the altar and prayed.

Canillac was gripping her bound hand in his, Canillac was drawing her closer, when, like rolling thunder, broke the thud of galloping horses and the ground began to tremble.

"France! France! St. Denis! Death!" the shouts of war rose loud.

For M. de Ratine, having ears, had heard his whistle peal; but, having eyes also, had seen Canillac's troop; and so, being only one man on foot, had not come to the rescue. Breathing short through his nostrils, M. de Ratine ran back to the cave where he made his lodging, endued himself in his cuirass of Milan steel, and flung a leg over his Normandy mare. Discreetly and afar he followed M. de Canillac's troop; but his tawny brows were drawn and he communed with himself in oaths. Then suddenly with a glad cry, "St. Denis de Contal!" he clapped his hand on his thigh and his spurs to his mare and laughed.

Before him the herd of mountain ponies were feeding calmly. Waiving his sword aloft, shouting loud, M. de Ratine galloped down upon them, and the frightened beasts stared an instant, then turned tail, and the whole herd went galloping headlong over the pasture. Down upon the church swept a tempest of

tossing manes. Shouting, swearing, wrenching at their bridles, Canillac's men were whirled away in the mad charge of the herd.

"France! France! St. Denis! Death!" roared Ratine, reining up at the door. Down he sprang, cast his reins about the bridle-spike, drew his sword, and rushed in.

Canillac's man met him in the doorway with a howl—"Dog!"

"I bite," said Ratine, and ran him through and sprang over him up the aisle. The priest fled.

Canillac cast Denise down on the stones and plucked out his sword and turned on Ratine, crying, "Devil!"

"Go greet him," said Ratine, and thrust straight. Then, as Canillac reeled back gurgling, M. de Ratine caught Denise up and cast her over his shoulder and ran hot-foot to his mare. He sprang to the saddle, he spoke to the mare, and she tossed her head and thundered off with her double burden.

Canillac's men were drawing out of the herd and spurring back.

PEAL THE THIRD

M. de Ratine wiped his sword on the mare's broad flank, then with light drawing strokes cut the cords at the girl's wrists and ankles. Then Denise caught the kerchief from her mouth and gasped and sneezed. "Oh, my friend, my friend!" said Denise, and held M. de Ratine very tight.

The gray eyes looked down into hers. "You believe that?" asked M. de Ratine.

Denise laughed a little: "Do I believe it? Truly yes."

"Believe it always, Denise," said M. de Ratine. "Also hold by the sword-belt." The graven, gleaming cuirass was cool to her burning cheek as she clung to him.

Over the short mountain grass they thundered. M. de Ratine had his head a little turned, with an ear to judge the distance of Canillac's men, with his eye searching for landmarks. The blue mountains ranged themselves anew and once more anew as the mare galloped on. A breath of heather, a keener, cold air, stung their nostrils as the plateau rose higher. The round peaks came nearer, the grass changed to tufted pink heather, gray-blue stones broke bare through the earth. More steeply still rose the ground. They were out on a narrow, bare track with the mountains closing in on each hand. The mare's deep flanks were heaving. Nearer and nearer yet came the clatter of Canillac's men.

Anxious-eyed, Denise looked up at M. de Ratine. But Ratine was leaning forward over her and peering ahead. He laid his hand on the mare's neck and, "Mimi, Mimi," he said gently, and Mimi tossed her wet head bravely, and gathered herself for one last struggle. And now Canillac's men were shouting, "Death, murderer, death!" Ratine turned in his saddle and let out a roar, "Death! Death!"

Swiftly bare walls of rock drew closer on each side; then Mimi felt the bit, and checked. Down sprang Ratine and set Denise on her feet. "Run and blow!" he said.

"Blow?" gasped Denise.

"Your whistle. Run! Run!" and Denise ran.

And the golden whistle pealed high and clear, and the mountains echoed its voice.

Ratine sprang to the saddle again and reined round to meet the charge. Howling, it came in column. There was no room for two cavaliers abreast in the pass above Montluçon. Came the first with his sword like a lance in rest, and Ratine swayed in his saddle and let the point go by and stabbed the man in the side before the second was on him. As the point slid along his cuirass, Ratine slashed at the man's neck, and so two horses went rushing by with their riders falling, limply thudding. Tail to nose, the rest of the troop reined up in a hurry.

Then with a cry: "On foot, lads, and together!" and down they sprang, and rushed in a mass to stab the mare and get her rider down. With an oath, Ratine made Mimi rear above the swords and sprang down to fight for his mare. Back to the rock in the narrow path he was foining and thrusting madly, and his tanned face grew darker and the muscles bulged in his jaw.

But the Demoiselle Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bênoite de la Ferté had been very

much surprised. To her whistle had come an answering shout, and, lo! as she ran and the little town of Montluçon broke on her view through the rocks, the houses began to vomit forth men and horses. A wild squadron came galloping up, and the leader of them howled at Denise: "Where is he? Where?" And Denise, amazed, drew back from the rush and pointed up the pass. The leader stood in his stirrups as he galloped and, gaining the crest of the track, shouted: "Contal! St. Denis de Contal! Contal!" and the squadron took up the cry.

Canillac's men heard it and fell back from Ratine's darting point, gazed an instant, liked not the sight, and ran to their horses. M. de Ratine leaned back against the rock panting, and the mare Mimi came to him and put her nose on his shoulder. *"Pardieu,* Mimi, we conquer—thus far," panted Ratine, caressing.

Then the wild squadron came up to him and checked, saluting. "Ah, Contras," said M. de Ratine, "chase me these rascals a little, Contras." He pointed with red sword at Canillac's flying troop. "They disfigure my landscape."

PEAL THE FOURTH

M. de Ratine put up his sword, put his arm through Mimi's bridle, and walked on down the pass to Montluçon. Close above the town a little gray woman waited with her hand to her eyes, peering anxiously through the sunlight.

"My gratitude, mademoiselle, for your whistle," said M. de Ratine.

Denise came to him very quickly. "Ah, sir, you are safe?" she cried. "You are not wounded, sir?"

"I regret, mademoiselle, that I have shed for you only the blood of others. But doubtless they regret that, too. Let us pass to Montluçon." And he offered his arm.

Denise put her little brown hand in it. "And these men who came, are they yours?"

"Pardieu, no, mademoiselle. Yours."

"Mine?" cried Denise, round-eyed.

"At least they came to your whistle," said M. de Ratine.

"M. de Ratine, I do not understand you."

Ratine gazed a moment into the wide brown eyes.

"Unhappily," he said in a lower voice—"unhappily now you must."

While he spoke they came upon a big white pavilion. Two grooms ran to take Mimi. Into the pavilion, while she gazed at him wondering, M. de Ratine led Denise. The golden carpet was like down beneath her feet; roses lay fragrant in bowls of silver on the white tables; the canvas walls were hidden behind brocade.

"Mademoiselle, Raoul-Denis-Philibert-Geoffroi, Duc de Contal, presents to you his obeisances and begs you honor him as his guest." So M. de Ratine, to flushing cheeks, to parting lips, to wondering brown eyes.

"But—but—where is M. le Duc?" Denise stammered. M. de Ratine looked down at the hand in his arm. "Mademoiselle, where he would most desire to be."

Denise drew her hand from his arm and started back.

"You are he?" she cried, and her eyes kindled.

He bowed. "But it is, mademoiselle, what I cannot help."

The ivory cheeks were crimson now, her eyes aflame, her bosom was rising fast. "Then—then you were false!" she cried. "You lied to me! You cheated—you tricked me! Yes! To surprise my secrets—you spied—"

"Does anything surprise you in the Duc de Contal?" he said gravely.

"Ah—you—" cried Denise, and a sob broke her voice and she turned away a moment. Then, meeting his eyes again with cheeks all white. "M. le Duc!" she cried fiercely, "I hated you before I knew you—now—I despise!"

"Mademoiselle, you were logical; you are now just," said Contal.

"Aye, sneer at me, sir! You have the power."

"Neither power nor will, *mordieu!"* cried Contal, sharply, flushing beneath the tan. Then he drew himself up and bowed. "Mademoiselle, I will beg you yet rest here till I may provide you safety at Verneuil. That shall be yours by law, as it has always been by right. And the Duc de Contal—eh, the Duc de Contal promises to trouble your eyes no more—

unless yourself command him." He bowed low and went out.

Denise watched the slim figure stalk out to the sunshine, stood looking long, with her hands clasped on her bosom. Tears began to dim the brown eyes, her throat was trembling, and she bit at her lip.

The Duc de Contal was in the stable with his arm round Mimi's glossy neck. "Ah, Mimi, Mimi, after all—we lose," said he. But Mimi devoured her hard-earned mash. The Duc de Contal sighed for her insensibility and for himself.

Then the golden whistle pealed faintly.

Within the pavilion Denise was vastly concerned with a bowl of crimson roses. Sure, she could not hear the swift step or see Raoul-Denis-Philibert-Geoffroi. Nay, who in all the world could have foretold the coming of him? And yet, "Mademoiselle, one is here to obey," said the Duc de Contal.

Denise looked down most intent on her roses. "You remember—you told me—one wishes always for what one has not—I—I wish for your pardon."

Contal went down on his knees and took her hand. It trembled a little in his. "We are, then, companions," said he; "for 't is your pardon I desire very much, Denise," and he kissed her hand.

Denise smiled down at him with misty eyes.

"There was never any one made me so ashamed," said Denise; and then, timidly: "We—we are friends?"

The Duc de Contal rose up. "Denise, one wishes always for what one has not," he said softly.

Denise looked into his eyes a moment, then put her other hand in his. "Still?" said Denise. And was engulfed.

A FRENCH RIVER

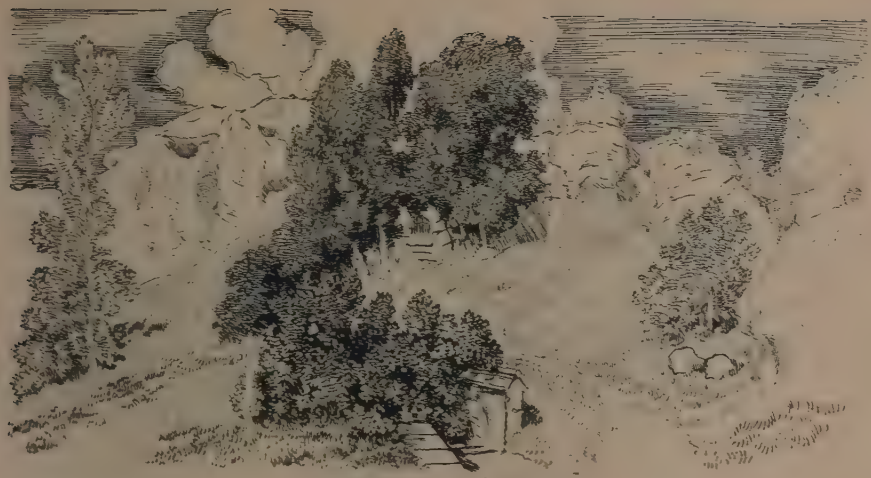
THE LOVELY MARNE FROM ITS SOURCE TO PARIS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

WE know our France a little, and love it more, and we had long since learned enough of the beauty of its rivers to realize the difficulty of choosing one among them for special exploration. The picturesqueness of the Loire and the Seine no one could deny, and this to us was an argument against them, for it meant that they run through the few familiar and traveled parts of undiscovered France. on the Rhone there would be plenty of excitement of the sort which led Stevenson to write to I. (they were to have made the trip together, and the scheme fell through) that his regret was he could never know the exact spot where they would have been killed. The river no sooner bursts out of the glacier than it goes diving underground, as it does again farther on, and it amuses itself by various other similar little games rather too exciting for our purpose.

Then there is the Saône; but there is



THE SOURCE OF THE MARNE

also Hamerton's big book about it. Of the other chief French rivers, there remain the Garonne, which, if little known, is not particularly interesting, and the Marne, which is not known at all. We had seen it once, a shadowy stream in the moonlight, at Nogent. We had crossed it at Meaux over a bridge lined with old mills —a bridge not to be forgotten. We had caught a glimpse of it at Châlons, when, for the moment, we were more occupied with cathedrals than with rivers. This, certainly, was not knowing much, but it was enough to make us want to know more. And by a happy editorial suggestion to the Marne our choice was directed.

To discover its source on a good map requires no great genius or luck. There it is, as plain as possible, where the narrowing blue line begins, not very far from Langres in the department of the Haute-Marne. But it is another matter when you get to Langres, magnificently placed on a towering bluff, with a venerable and stirring history and a proper pride in having given birth to Diderot, whose statue stands in the *place,* but with a population absolutely indifferent to their river. Still, I suppose a river one can jump across seems no great thing. The people we asked could only tell us that it did not rise from a near lake, as we had thought, and was not the little stream that we could see running round in the valley; and even of this they were not sure until we had trudged to both lake and stream. Then some one suggested that perhaps the Marne rose somewhere over the hills, which was a trifle vague.

The more we asked, the more curious they all became. What did two foreigners want with the source of the river? Spies, of course; for Langres is very near

CLIFFS ON THE UPPER RIVER

CANAL BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE NEAR LANGRES

A LOCK ON THE MARNE

THE MARNE AT JOINVILLE

the German frontier, and *l'affaire,* the unspeakable *affaire,* had just entered upon a new stage. In the last thirty years the average Frenchman has lost nothing of his old hatred and suspicion of the Germans, a fact that it is well to recognize when traveling through his country. Probably it is natural, and I have no doubt it would be just as bad with us, or a thousand times worse, if Spain were next door to America. However, we made as few inquiries as possible, and on the morning of our second day in Langres we fortunately did meet a man who may never have gone so far himself, but who actually knew where the source was to be found.

THE MARNE NEAR SAINT DIZIER

We came to it about three miles to the southeast of the town, in a solitude so complete that it might have been worlds away. To be accurate, the river has three sources, though this hardly accounts for the confusion on the subject, since they are close together in the same pretty green gorge, shut in by precipitous little cliffs. The first is at the head of the gorge, in a cave called La Marnotte. The French, who, like the Romans, express their love for nature by religious symbols, have consecrated the silent gorge to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue is set up in the rock above the cave—the same Virgin who crowns the topmost peak of Le Puy, who makes the tragic way of the cross up the steep slopes of Rocamadour, who so often in France guards or completes the beauty of the landscape, so that you wonder which is prettier, the simple piety of the people

VITRY-LE-FRANÇOIS

THE BRIDGE NEAR CHÂLONS

THE MARNE AT ÉPERNAY

or their decorative fashion of showing it. At the feet of the Virgin of La Marnotte, steps lead to a locked door in the ground from which the river first flows, or should flow, into sight; but not so much as a drop of water was oozing out when we were there at the end of a tropical summer. Not far from it, however, the other two springs had done their work, and a streamlet began to trickle through the meadow, and, not much farther, there was a little dam and a little mill, and the Marne may be said to have fairly started on its career.

Before long it was passing a tiny village, with a picturesque church, a great war statue, and smelly old farm-houses—the French village. And before it had gone more than a mile or so on its way, it had arrived at all the dignity of a three-arch bridge and a valley of its own. Like everything else in France, the rivers have to work, and here was the Marne, in its babyhood, turning its little mill, and by the time it had run its course down to Langres it was joined by the canal of the Saône and Marne, and from that moment, until it lost itself in the Seine at Paris, it was the River of Commerce, though, to look at it, you might never have imagined it concerned itself with anything more businesslike than beauty. But France is the thriftiest country in the world, and the busiest, and nothing must be wasted, from the people's labor to the grass that grows by the wayside. We saw the peasants mowing even the narrow strip along the tow-path. As for the Marne, it supplied its canal so industriously that, after Langres, it was little more than a series of dams and back-waters, choked with lilies and reeds.

This made it enchanting from the pictorial point of view. It was a succession of beautiful pictures, which, to be genuine classics, needed only the shepherds playing their pipes in the pleasant shade when the noonday sun is hot and singing in gentle rivalry, but who have long since disappeared before the *pêcheur à ligne,* his wife, and his family.

WHERE THE MARNE BROADENS

From the practical point of view, however, there were drawbacks. It became a serious question how we were to get down the river and enjoy these pictures—one reason, perhaps, why so few travelers have seen it. No boat, not so much as a

THE MARNE NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

canoe, could be forced through the reeds and the lilies without a great deal of trouble, while, every mile or so, one would have to get out and carry it round a weir—a *barrage* of sharp-pointed posts.

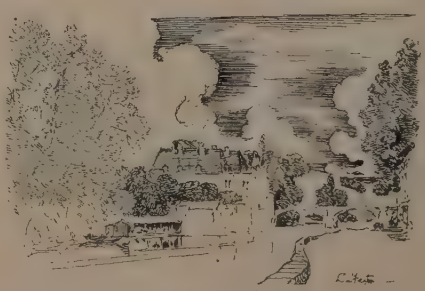
The next best plan would be to take a barge on the canal. But we had not the unlimited leisure for a boat that goes at so easy a pace that one may see all day the same church spire on the horizon.

AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

No sooner, however, did the canal join the river than there was a tow-path quite good enough for our bicycles. And it made an extremely pretty road. On one side was the canal, on the other the river. Sometimes the canal went over the river, crossing and recrossing it, once disappearing in a tunnel, and, as a rule, keeping well out of the way of towns and villages. Indeed, so successfully did the Marne avoid the towns that I remember that first day, after Langres, we passed only one or two little villages until at last, late in the afternoon, we began to wonder what in the world had become of Chaumont, where we had planned to spend the night. We ought to have come to it, according to the people, "some little quarter of an hour" sooner.

Still we rode, and still there was no Chaumont, and finally there were no people, and it grew dark. Yet Chaumont is supposed to be on the Marne, and is a town of many thousand inhabitants. But it was as invisible from the waterside as are so many of the towns of the Norfolk Broads, and

BELOW CHÂTEAU-THIERRY



THE MARNE AT LA FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE

THE VALLEY OF THE MARNE

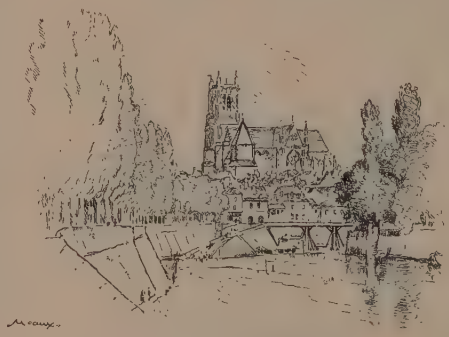
we had gone miles beyond it before we discovered our mistake.

This helps to explain the character and the charm of the Marne. It is a pastoral stream, shrinking from noise and excitement of any kind. It is not, like the Seine, "bordered by cities and hoarse with a thousand cries." On its banks is no romantic succession of castles, as on the Loire and the Rhone, or of pretty villages, as on the Saône. It is so shy that often, as at Chaumont, you may think yourself miles away from the nearest house, while beyond the wood or behind the hill rise the smoke and spires of a thriving town. The scenery is as quiet. While most rivers starting from a high plateau force their way violently through gorges and tear like torrents across the country, the Marne flows as placidly as the streams of the Lotus-Eaters' land, and draws its waters as slowly from the purple hills. Here and there the shores contract and fall to the water in vertical cliffs, but on a miniature and dainty scale. Then the high banks gradually lower, and the landscape widens, and on each side stretches the broad, beautiful plain where cattle are at pasture. Sometimes the plain meets the white horizon, sometimes it is bounded by low, rolling hills, and always it is full of variety of light and shadow. On the Marne one remembers the definition of classic landscape as one in which everything is elegantly, not passionately, treated; for everywhere, in the curves of the river, in the tree forms and in their grouping, in the lines of the rounded hills, in the tender green of the meadow-land, is this elegance—the elegance of Claude, of Corot. The river never quickens its pace. It is not met by any great tributaries, only occasionally by a sluggish brook, which, however, I always found dignified into a river in the guide-book. Nevertheless, it keeps on growing, until at Châlons it is about as big as it ever is; for, after that, the canal drains it so constantly that even near Paris it is in places frequently choked with reeds and lilies.

THE BRIDGE OF THE MARNE AT MEAUX

THE MARNE NEAR MEAUX

But the Marne, if it shuns the excitement of towns and villages, has a life of its own, and a very all-engrossing life it seems. We were continually passing the barges, not only trailed by slow horses along the canal, but drawn up among the reeds, the boatman apparently as indifferent to town distractions as is the river. We were also continually passing fishermen, who, the whole way from Langres to Paris, sat in endless rows, solemn, meditative, the one serious element in the river industry.



IN THE CITY OF MEAUX

It is to the credit of the Marne that it is able to retain this shyness, this pastoral charm, while passing through one of the busiest parts of rich, prosperous, hard-working France. The slow barges, the meditative fishermen, the sleepy, green banks, might make us forget for a time that life held any more urgent task than the idling away of the hot September day. Then, on the rare occasions when we came to a town, we would see the factory chimneys smoking and hear the hum of machinery, and later on, toward Épernay, we would look beyond the poplars to great hillsides of vines, and it would occur to us that we were in the old province of Champagne, the wealthiest wine district of a wine-growing country, and that the French are no mean competitors in the manufacturing race for millions. On the highroad we might have been oppressed by all these signs of commercial energy and prosperity, as one is in the neighborhood of Lille, for example. On the

THE MILLS AT MEAUX

Marne they never ceased to be a surprise; we never could get used to them. Yet almost all the towns the upper river has the courage to approach are commercial. Now and then a little place may try half-heartedly to remain purely picturesque, like Joinville, which finds it distinction enough to have been the birthplace of the great chronicler whose name it bears. But Joinville is among the few exceptions. Saint-Dizier, one of the first important towns, is wholly commercial. Vitry-le-François, though it owes its name and even its existence to that François who created the love of art in France, and who, I imagine, built its gates and bridges, cannot escape the taint of its position at the junction of the Marne and the canal that connects the river and the river trade with the Rhine. As for Châlons, which comes next and is one of the chief cities in the department of the Marne, it is a big and bustling trade center. Strictly speaking, it is not on the river at all. It stands rather on one of the numerous canals that intersect the entire country about here. It is curious that the French, who have done more than most nations to cultivate the graces of life, should be the people to boast the most perfect system of canals and roads in the world; more curious still that, when most practical, they are still careful not to sacrifice the purely graceful or decorative. The roads and canals are built for use, but, between their serried ranks of poplars, they become so many stately groves and avenues crossing the country from end to end.

THE MARNE NEAR NOGENT

At Châlons you are in military headquarters. The little soldiers, who dash with red the streets of most large French towns, fill those of Châlons with perpetual scarlet, while in the cafés there is a ceaseless clanking of officers' swords against the marble-topped tables and a clinking of spurs. And there are big barracks, and many drills, and a stirring sound of bugles. For Châlons is on the direct line from Paris to the frontier, and the old provinces of La Champagne and La Brie have always been a fighting-ground from the remote past of Clovis, which Frenchmen can afford to think of with equanimity, to the vivid yesterday of the Franco-German War, of which I wish the little river could wash away all memories, as it has all traces on its shore. In Châlons it is not much easier to forget than on the grave-strewn field of Gravelotte or in the well-to-do streets of Sédan, where we had been the summer before.

THE MARNE NEAR PARIS

Châlon has small time to think of art of any kind, past or present, for all its interests that are not military have been absorbed by champagne. For a hundred commercial travelers who stop to study the quality of the year's vintage, the chances are that not more than one artist, or architect, or student, stays to study the really beautiful cathedral of St.-Étienne, with its fine old glass, and the even lovelier church of Notre-

THE CHÂTEAU MARNE

Dame, with its wonderful Romanesque sculptures, and the occasional old fifteenth- or sixteenth-century building that can be found by wandering through the streets.

Still, champagne is only one of the chief interests at Châlons; it is Épernay's whole existence. The place seems fairly to bubble and froth and overflow with champagne, so insolently, almost blusteringly, does it wear its prosperity. It is full of big, aggressively brand-new houses, all as alike as two peas—built after the pattern of a Noah's ark, with a bit of machine-made decoration added. That is the sort of thing that one comes across wherever building is going on throughout France. For it is the present ideal of the Beaux-Arts, and it will be of America, too, if we do not take care; and not even the fine name of *Neo-Grec* bestowed upon it can make up for its empty monotony. I do not understand why there should be so little endeavor to reproduce the beautiful old French domestic architecture, of which examples are to be had in many French towns. The champagne kings of Épernay would have to go only a short distance up or down the Marne to supply themselves with better models than the academic plans of the modern architect.

However, if one lives in a town called Épernay what inducement is there to think of anything but champagne? And the names of the near towns, not on the Marne, but within easy reach, are also only synonyms for the wine which, Mr. Henry James says, is the most agreeable of all the delightful gifts of France to the world. Sillery is only a few miles away, Rheims not many more. And now, on each side the river, are the green hills where folly grows, and there is one long vista of vineyards. They are never as beautiful as the vineyards of Italy, where the vines, still festooned from tree to tree as in Vergil's time seem, Gautier thought, to be dancing an endless *farandole* through the golden corn. In France nothing disputes the soil with the vines; they twine about low poles, are carefully pruned, and are cultivated with great neatness. I always

CONFLUENCE OF THE MARNE WITH THE SEINE NEAR CHARENTON

IN CHARENTON

remember Mr. James's description of the country about Épernay. "The effect at a distance"—he was in the railway-train,—"was that of vast surfaces, long, subdued billows of pincushion." An English hop-garden is prettier and more luxuriant than a French vineyard; but when it is a question of the value of a vast space of green in the landscape, there is not much choice, and a Kentish road, winding between hop-gardens and cherry-orchards, has no greater charm than the Marne running and turning, with its willows and poplars, among the sunny, vine-clad hills. But what a difference in results—beer and champagne!

Gradually, as we rode, there was a slight change in the village architecture along the shores. The washed stone houses of the upper river began to give way to half-timbered cottages. But the character of the river scarcely varied. We kept thinking, as we got farther down, that at every town we must find the boats, when we could leave our bicycles for a while, and, drifting or sailing or sculling down the Marne, study the world on its banks from the river itself. But lovely as the river was, there was no drifting or sailing or sculling to be had. There were no boats, except, perhaps, a fisherman's punt lying right across the channel, or a lonely ferry, until we reached Château-Thierry, where, when we wheeled into it in the late afternoon, we did see a little pleasure-craft, with white sails flying, steering toward the golden west.

A few miles farther on, and the pleasure-boat, like the King of France and his twenty thousand men, had to turn round and go home again. For below this, as in the upper stretches, navigation for any distance was impossible. The guide-book may assure you that the river is navigable all the way from Saint-Dizier to Paris, but this means navigable by the aid of the canal to which the river has shifted all its active commercial responsibilities. Free from care, the Marne itself goes meandering off, vagabondizing gaily in the most irrelevant curves and loops, in gleaming rings sluggishly winding through valley and plain, still avoiding the towns when it can. And somewhere about here it leaves La Champagne for La Brie, where the people have the reputation of taking life, when they are not fighting, as easily as the river—as they should, for nowhere does cultivation look so well able to take care of itself; and on the Marne flows between the same green banks, the same green vineyards, the same green meadows dotted with the cattle one naturally expects to see in the province that has given its name to a world-renowned cheese, and where there is scarcely a town that has not christened another of more strictly local fame.

And so, flowing past Nanteuil and Méry, it comes to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, a little town with innumerable memories, sad and gay, and perhaps the most perfect picture the river has to show. The ruins of the castle of the Condés are a reminder that this peaceful valley was the scene of the fierce religious wars of the sixteenth century. The town once claimed Mme. de Pompadour among its children, but though the authorities are not now so sure about it, one cannot quite forget her on the Marne just here. For she, too, played a leading part in the prologue to the great tragedy from which even quiet La Ferté could not altogether escape. It was one of the places where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI stopped as they were brought back, prisoners really, to Paris, after the mad flight to Varennes. From the hill above the town one looks far down a valley so smiling—to use the French adjective for it—one cannot believe it ever served as background for anything sadder than the dance of Corot's nymphs or the shepherding of Watteau's flocks. Everywhere the Marne is lined with Corots, or, to be more exact, with subjects for Corot. The only originality of the great landscape-painter was to see, as no one had seen before, the grace and exquisiteness and elegance of his native land, and to make just such scenery as this on the Marne a mine for all French landscape-painters—only, really, as you can learn in the Salon any year, they have not yet discovered the Marne. People are apt to think of France as the dullest, most monotonous country in Europe, all "wearisome plains," as Shelley described it. But I can never cycle along French roads or by French rivers without wondering why this should be. Ruskin is one of the few foreigners who have appreciated the variety and distinction of its beauty. There is a passage in his "Modern Paint-

ers" which seems to me to express this beauty so well, in so few words, that I cannot help quoting it. "Of all countries," he says, "for educating an artist to the perception of grace, France bears the bell; and that, not romantic nor mountainous France, not the Vosges, nor Auvergne, nor Provence, but lowland France, Picardy, Normandy, the valleys of the Loire and Seine, and even the district so thoughtlessly and mindlessly abused by English travelers as uninteresting, traversed between Calais and Dijon; of which there is not a single valley but is full of the most lovely pictures, nor a mile from which the artist may not receive instruction: this due chiefly to the grandeur of its lines of poplars and the unimaginable finish and beauty of its tree forms." And between Calais and Dijon, he might have said as truly, the valley of the Marne is the loveliest of all.

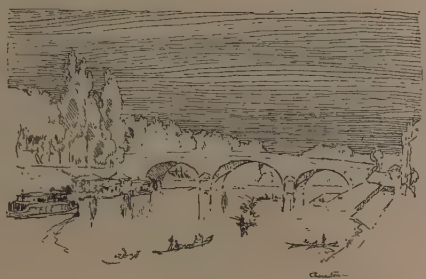
After La Ferté, lock-keepers became most disagreeable and the tow-path most awful. We were not allowed to take a boat on the canal, and we could not get one on the river. The only thing to do was to look with envy at the great express canal-boats that rush through by steam from Antwerp, from Brussels, from Havre, to Marseilles, and to conciliate the lock-keeper when we could, and make the short cut with the canal through the fields. For now there was no keeping by the side of the vagabond Marne. It was far too capricious for any road. When we were forced to the highway, we would lose sight of it, and rejoin it, and then lose sight of it again. The result was a series of surprises, none more to our fancy than when we rode suddenly out upon the bridge of mills which leads into Meaux. The little jeweler-shops of the Ponte Vecchio are famous the world over, but who has heard of the picturesque old mills that twice bridge the Marne as it passes by this ancient cathedral town? More pastoral prettiness there may be above, more animation below, but nowhere on the river is there such picturesqueness as here, where the old, many-storied, weather-beaten mills have faced one another for untold years, while below the water has gone dashing over the wheels, and along the shore, now with its embankment, the fishermen have cast their lines, and across the bridge the peasants, in their heavy market-carts, have rumbled into Meaux.

The town does not altogether carry out the picturesque promise of the river-banks; but I remember with pleasure an old inn, built round a fine court, relic, I fancy, of posting days, with, inside, a stately old stairway and a bedroom overlooking a shady flower-garden. I remember, too, the cathedral, where, ages before it was so cruelly restored, the great nave was filled with the eloquence of Bossuet, name from which instinctively I shrink. I can never outgrow early impressions, and Bossuet, with Bourdaloue and Fénelon, represents for me the tortures of French class. I have hated his eloquence ever since. But I shall have a kindlier feeling for the Bishop of Meaux now that I have been in the cathedral where he preached his tormenting sermons, and have lingered by the stairway up and down which, no doubt, he usually passed from his palace to his pulpit.

Another surprise of another kind was when, below Lagny, once famous for the yearly fair, we were met by an overpowering, all-pervading smell of chocolate, even before we rode into Noisiel. As for the town, it reeked of chocolate. There were storehouses of chocolate, and trains of chocolate starting for the uttermost ends of the earth, and posters in praise of chocolate, and shops for the selling of chocolate, and palaces built upon a solid foundation of chocolate. For at Noisiel are great chocolate factories, and the town seemed to have no other interest or occupation.

A surprise again was waiting at Bry, where we began to feel the influence of Paris, where there was a suburban steam-tram, and where we found quite a different Marne—a cockney Marne, one might say; to which, just as all London escapes on Sunday to the Thames about Hampton Court and Molesey Lock, all Paris comes once a week, when the river for the day is as gay and animated as in the upper reaches it is always slumberous and still. We found boats on the water, and boats to hire, and landing-places all along. And there were the *villas bourgeoises,* the little foolish rose and green and yellow chalets and kiosks, and the gardens with their big balls of white metal among the flowers, which Daudet thought so tragic when he

saw them one December morning through the smoke of battle. Was there ever another country with such power to pull itself together and stand on its own feet again? When one remembers Daudet's description, and then finds the foolish little villas as spick and span as ever, and the gardens as trim, and the only reminder of those terrible days the monument on the hill at Champigny, where so many of the brave little soldiers fell on those two memorable early winter days of 1870, one sees in a small way what, in a greater, has been accomplished throughout the country by the thrift and energy of the people. It is strange, really, how few traces are left of the German invasion. There is hardly a town that has not still its share of broken sculptures and dishonored churches and palaces to attest to the fury of the Revolution, now a century old; but only a monument here and there, or a tomb, marks the passage of the Germans, even where they worked such havoc as here in the valley of the Marne.



THE OLD BRIDGE AT CHARENTON

To be honest, one does not think of all this while one wanders down the banks on Sunday. It is far too gay. The river, with its Sunday color and life and movement, was constantly suggesting the Thames to me; but with a difference, for it was as French as the Thames is English. Everywhere the day's festival was in full swing: at Nogent, which well becomes its statue of Watteau, and is as pretty as any village, even Pangbourne or Mapledurham on the Thames; at Joinville-le-Pont, where the Marne, as if in despair to think the end of its wanderings at last within sight, takes one long stupendous turn, the longest on its route, while the canal dives deliberately through the hills to save time; at Charenton, known better as the place where Paris sends its poor mad people. The shores were crowded: on the road, a procession of cycles, the men in their startling jerseys, the women in their hideous bloomers; on the banks, rows of fishermen, and once we came to a fishing *concours,* all the anglers of the Marne congregated, it seemed, in one spot. The river was crowded with every sort of craft, except where the course was cleared for a wonderful water-tournament, the Parisian version of the Provençal *joute.* And all along, little inclosures, shut in by reed fences, made an endless ballroom, where men and women turned perpetually in a solemn waltz to the jangling of a steam or other big hurdy-gurdy, and occasionally to the brazen sounds of a shockingly bad band. The air was as strong with the smell of fried fish as Drury Lane or any little Venetian *calle,* and, mingling with it at the hour of the *apéritif,* were the fumes of absinthe, of which all France is redolent every morning at eleven and every afternoon at five. The crowds were enjoying themselves, as only French crowds can, with a certain grace of manner that is as distinctly the charm of the people as grace of form and line is of the landscape.

But the Marne, though near Paris it has this Sunday interval of gaiety, is on all other days fairly true to itself to the very end. The crowds have gone, and, for the most part, the river runs between shores as rural as if it were still winding through the pasture-lands of La Brie or between the vineyards of La Champagne. Only yesterday, even at Charenton, it must have been as quiet and deserted, for Corot, painting on the banks close by, could find nothing more exciting to put in his picture than a woman in a punt held fast among the reeds and lilies; while to Turner, at the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, the repose seemed so overdone that in his drawing he was forced to stir the river into life by the paddle of a single steamboat. But to-day Charenton is nothing but a mass of smoking chimneys, huge warehouses, busy factories, penny steamboats, and canal barges and bargees, a place all astir with the noise and bustle and prosperity of a large port. It was funny to remember that here, where

the very air is tainted with commerce, and life becomes eminently practical, not a hundred years ago, Shelley, Mary, and Claire—Mary in a black-silk gown—started to walk across France with a donkey, surely three of the most delightfully foolish and inconsequent young people who ever set out in life together.

The Marne was not less willing than we were to reach the end of its journey at the bridge of Charenton. I have read somewhere that this really is not the end—that the Marne preserves its independence as it flows, side by side with the Seine, past Notre-Dame, past the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries, past the golden dome of the Invalides, past the Champ-de-Mars, and so on all through Paris, past the fortifications, until at Meudon the stronger Seine finally conquers and absorbs it. If there is any scientific authority for this, I do not know. But I should be slow to believe that the Marne, careful heretofore to avoid the towns on its route, would of a sudden show itself so eager to fight its way through the biggest of them all. It may be that, just as the light lingers after the sun has set, so the current cannot be checked at the very point of meeting with the Seine. But the Marne, as a river, ceases to exist at Charenton, and there one of our many voyages of discovery was over.

THE COLONEL'S COLLECTION

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

BY the time they were three days out there were still at least a dozen of his fellow-passengers to whom the Colonel had not imparted, in all confidence, the reason for his crossing; and there were at least another dozen who were as yet in darkness regarding that outrageous circumstance which, at the last hour, had all but brought him to change his mind and refuse to cross at all.

In the matter of the first, he was voyaging to Europe to gather that collection of pictures which alone would be worthy of his recently erected mansion in Parkersburg—which, again, with the less-informed, constrained him to unbosom himself even more intimately. It was upon his estate in West Virginia that had been made that recent famous discovery of coal—"I suppose, sehs, to be frank about it, the greatest discove'y of coal that has eveh been made in No'th Ame'ica." The monetary consideration

which the United States Coke & Smelting Company had thrust upon him for even a small portion of that estate "had vi'tually compelled him to set up a place propo'tionate. A man owes no less to his country and his State, sehs."

Having built his mansion, he had been immediately made to feel that it was no less incumbent upon him to go still further. He had purchased five new dogs, all sure enough thoroughbreds, too; but the people in his part appeared to expect other things from him. Finally some of them had suggested pictures, and forthwith he had acquiesced therein. "But when my niece in New Yo'k, from whose studio I had already been able to obtain sev'yal admi'able canvases,—I take it you have all huhd of huh, sehs; huh wo'k yields to that of no painteh on the continent,—when she luhned that it was natchully my intention to confine myself, save foh huh of cou'se, to the ahtists of my native State, she advised me most strongly to the cont'a'y. 'Uncle Cal,' she said, 'I know yoh natchuh, and I know you will insist on havin' only masteh-pieces. Ve'y well, Uncle,' she said, 'theh 's no use yoh stoppin' half-way. You must go di'ect to Pa'is.' " Hither the Colonel was now betaking himself, *via* Liverpool, London and Dover.

The second matter, the outrageous circumstance, had come from his having taken that Liverpool and London route. In the last five minutes on the New York pier he had learned that Peter the Great could not go along with him. In fact, no canine whatever, not introduced by week-long leading-strings of red-tape, could be landed in the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at all! It was something which had affronted the Colonel the more intolerably, too, in so much that ever since the war years he had entertained the most friendly relations with England, and he was surely asking very little in return. As he further said, it was n't as if he was bringing the other nine along. "Moh than that, sehs, as it is hahdly necessa'y to say to those of you who cast yoh eyes oveh the animal when on the wha'f, Peter the Great is undoubtedly the finest specimen of Great Dane in the United States. I will not say in the wo'ld, foh I have neveh had the oppo'tunity of matchin' him with the impeyial kennels of St. Petehsbu'g. You undehstand, of cou'se, sehs, that the Great Dane and the Russian boa'-hound ah one and the same strain."

The Colonel had felt, too, that Peter the Great would have made it easier for him to open the portals of acquaintanceship. There were still no fewer than five stokers and almost as many deckhands whose admiring friendship the old gentleman had not made as yet. "The human animal, seh, inhehently distrusts and fights shy of his own breed; but what man of fine principle and hono'able soul does not feel a kyind of natchul affinity foh a clean-strain dog! And as foh Peter the Great!"

What alone had persuaded his owner to make the voyage without him was that he had engaged himself to meet his young friend Belknap in Paris a week from Wednesday.

II

BELKNAP was a young man of much talent and good nature. He was just finishing his course in architecture, and he knew his way around with a brush as well. The particular friend of the Colonel's niece in New York had had his very willing promise that, as far as he could possibly be of assistance to the old gentleman, therein should he be wholly at his service; he always took a holiday through most of June, July, and August, anyway. It is not improbable, for reasons which need not intrude themselves upon the present story, that his entire readiness to be good to the Colonel came not altogether from a singleness of mind. But that aside. All that need be said is that he looked forward to his weeks in commission as to weeks of fine-weather sailing on summer seas. He would be undertaking a task in all things congenial, flattering, and easy of accomplishment.

But it did not prove to be easy at all. From the first it might well appear that the Colonel felt that his own position as a connoisseur could alone be established by a policy of judicially pronounced and maintained objections. "Yes, seh, it 's ve'y tol'able, ve'y tol'able, indeed," he would say. "As you p'int out, theh 's coloh in that pictchuh, a te'ible lot of

coloh, I may say. But throw yoh eye oveh that theh middle distance, Belknap; speakin' pu'ely as ahtist, what do you think of that theh middle distance?" It was not long, too, before he had borrowed "chiaroscuro," "tone color," and "atmospheric values" from Belknap's vocabulary, and he turned them upon him with an effect no less decisive.

His criticisms, moreover, were generally upon much broader lines than those which suggested themselves to the young man's mind. Among other of the "moh mode'n tendencies of the painteh's aht," he deplored the use of too much blue and purple. "And foh the most paht they leave theih canvases extrao'dina'ily rough. You look at them sideways, and it 's sho as if they 'd left the bahk on them."

His guide said that he would no doubt find the old masters much more admirable; but the Colonel was compelled to pronounce against them, too. "They ah a soht of thing that was all right foh old feudal countries an' mona'chies and so fo'th; but wheh theh 's real progress, you won't find them any moh. When you get back to Ame'ica, Belknap, you 'll find they 've given up paintin' them altogetheh."

Belknap, with a doggedness of good intention which would not be defeated, began to introduce him to various individual artists. They at once proceeded to dine and wine the old gentleman with an effusiveness which only aroused his immediate distrust. "It might be just as well foh you to give them a tip, my friend, always polite, of cou'se, that I 'm a kyind that it 's no use tryin' to play with foh a suckeh." He did not like their green drinks either; and the indigestion which followed the spiced meats of the great boulevard restaurants gave every sign of resulting in a dyspepsia no less of the spirit than of the duodenum. Certain other things worked upon his bile, too. One distinguished young member of the Batignolles studios asked him in very bad English if there was any style of picture which he really preferred. The Colonel, to be quite safe, mentioned Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The youthful genius, who was of the following of Puvis de Chavannes, thereby received a shock that he could not, for all his tact of profession and nationality, altogether dissimulate. "And afteh bein' careful to hold in ev'ything I might have said," blew off the Colonel afterward, "about *his* skim-milk, bleached-out, dyin'-of-wea'yiness soht of wo'k!"

Two days later they met him in the Parc Monceau. With him there was a fine gray deer-hound wearing a muzzle. And this last circumstance more than confirmed the Colonel in his opinion of him. "He an't even got an eye foh beauty," he said. "Without that mis'erable rat-trap round his jaws theh 's a dog that would be runnin' out six inches of fluted rose-leaf fineh than you 'll see in any of yoh conse'vato'ies. And as foh the humanity of it, why, seh, a dog gets the same natchul comfo't in takin' his cool-off through his tongue that a-way as a man does in takin' his iced julep through a straw."

Belknap began walking him through the Salons. But it was plain that the old gentleman was gradually filling with that antipathy to all pictures which comes from dragging one's self day by day between alleyed miles of them. In the end he began to hunch his shoulders and to balk with an old man's stubbornness. He wanted young Belknap's advice, as he told himself, "but I neveh could stand to be fo'ced. And while it was a great pleasuh to view theih Salons,—though I could n't see the need foh moh than *one* of them,—theh was sholy no need foh Belknap to begin talkin' of stahtin' out in the mawnin' befoh I had been oveh to the Heyald Office to see if any Charleston men o' Parkersburgers had been arrivin' recently." Was it that the old gentleman had walked into a world not realized, and his vagueness of uncertainty and discontent came from a kind of general homesickness?

At any rate, he had been in Paris for six weeks, spring had become midsummer, and he had yet to put his first canvas into storage. About Belknap's neck hung the millstones of responsibility. He had a choice of doing a number of things, all equally inadvisable. But about that time another exhibition of art was opening in Brussels. It was an exhibition of "Independents," and the Flemish "Independents" go to a length in the impressionistic faith which would give qualmish

pause to Monet and Renoir. That their work, therefore, would find favor with the Colonel was in no wise probable. But it would at least be cooler in Belgium, and a wholesome change of air. Belknap spoke to the Colonel about it, and the Colonel showed at once that he would go most gladly.

III

THEIR arrival in Brussels might indeed have been a *joyeuse entrée;* but they had scarcely driven out of the station yard when they passed two Belgian dogs in muzzles. Belknap hastily explained that this was enforced by civic statute. The old gentleman shut his lips and sat back. On the next square, however, his eyes fell upon something whereat nothing in the world could have restrained him.

It was a third dog, and this time it was not merely muzzled, but, in complete harness and under the guidance of a leather-faced young peasant, was tugging at a heavy vegetable barrow.

The Colonel was out and on the curb before the landau had stopped. Belknap kept his seat long enough to realize the futility of either argument or expostulation, then he followed. And acting as half-way interpreter, he turned the Colonel's explosions of West Virginian into French for their coachman's understanding; the latter in his turn bewilderedly turned them into broken Flemish for the comprehension of the countryman. In five minutes the dog had changed hands; it was out of harness forever, and the Colonel was lifting it in in front of him. In another quarter of an hour he was helping one of the white-aproned hall-boys of the Hôtel Splendide to tie it in a boskily secluded corner of the inner court.

The old man was still breathing hard. "Lawd!" he said. "I neveh huhd of such a thing! The mis'able, lazy, misbegotten scound'el! I sh'u'd say if he 'd spent *minutes,* he 's spent *days* rivettin' up that collah and yoke and traces! And I don't doubt he was calculatin' to have the helpless beast haul that go-caht of his foh the rest of his natchul life!"

It was again Belknap's duty to supply enlightenment. But this time he shirked. It would only spoil the Colonel's luncheon; he could break it to him over the cigars. But after luncheon he shuffled again; it would be some diversion first to go over and look at the exhibition of the "Independents."

That exhibition was one which only too quickly removed any final doubts he had as to what would be the old gentleman's opinion of the artistic standards of the *nouveau siècle.* The teller of this tale has no desire to make it the vehicle of any narrow and Philistine point of view of his own, but it must be written down without equivocation that the first room into which chance turned the Colonel's steps was hung with canvases which were to him, at least, of as staggering a novelty as if they had been so many sections of framed wall-paper or of pictorial rag-carpet. From the beginning of their picture-viewing pilgrimages, Belknap had been defeated in all his efforts to have the old gentleman preserve the proper focusing distance; he had always insisted upon getting in close, "to look foh the hidden masteh-touches." Now, however, he went backward as if he had been thrown upon his beam-ends.

"Good God, Belknap!" he said; "I —I neveh—" Then, with sudden doubt: "I trust that you will not see fit to make spoht of me, seh."

No, Belknap was certainly not making sport of him. He could at any rate readily assure himself of that; it was no double insult that was being inflicted upon his intelligence. He advanced to close quarters, and fixedly regarded some of the canvases again. If he had felt it necessary in Paris to criticize that abuse of blues and purples in our modern art, he was now given an opportunity to pass judgment upon pictures which might well seem to have been soused in the ultramarine of the domestic wash-tub. He saw "Sunsets at Sea" which were like archaic eggs broken on the end of coal-oil barrels. Nay, he saw pictures upon which the paint had manifestly been neither brushed nor flung nor squirted. They were entirely composed of regular, bean-sized rhombs—chromatic harlequin coats of lavender and pea-green, violet and orange.

"I 'll neveh believe it," the Colonel kept saying, "I 'll neveh believe it! And, save us! oveh yandeh they ah *wo'se,* if

anything! No, Belknap; right heah 's wheh I quit. This is aht with the distempeh, the chicken-pox, the pip! No, seh; no fu'ther foh me! I 'll go get some fresh aih! We can meet again at the hotel round suppeh-time. You 'll most likely find me lookin' afteh that theh dog of mine."

He got down the stairs, and fleeing through the square, made up the hill toward the Porte de Namur.

He had not gone a hundred yards along the boulevard before he received the third shock of the day. It was dog again. This time the animal was laboriously approaching him between the shafts of a cart on which were piled several hundreds of the first edition of "Le Soir." This time the Colonel did not shout at the man in charge of it; he had begun to recognize that Walloon was even less a natural form of human intercommunication than was French itself. He simply put himself in the middle of the road, and spread his arms as he had seen the gendarmes do on Paris crossings. The man, as yet only half-persuaded that he had to do with a disordered mind, veered off and attempted to steer around him. The Colonel sprang over and blocked him again. But even then he did not allow his indignation to explode. He merely brought his cane up to the guard and shook it quiveringly.

When, several minutes after that, the first Englishman came up the boulevard, and pushed stolidly into the crowd, now all but filling the street from curb to curb, with a voice of tremulous thunder the Colonel was addressing himself to the multitude at large. "Yes, sehs, by chance and good fo'tune I 've got the both of them in the one day! The otheh was oveh in the loweh paht of the town. I should say he was the beginneh, foh his caht was oldeh. But if this heah chap has had it luhned to him, he 's gone fu'theh in it. He 's had *shafts* built foh the puppose! As you see, though, I ain't a-threatenin', fellow-citizens. I 'm containin' myself, I 'm actin' peaceable. I 've got a little money to spend in a case like this, and all I 'm a-askin' him is to say how much he 'll take foh the animal the way he stands."

Belknap returned from the company of the "Independents" about five. He learned that the old gentleman had got back an hour earlier, and in the courtyard of the Hôtel Splendide there was tied another canine, even leaner and more ill-favored than the first. Truly, the thing was becoming altogether too ridiculous. Six weeks in Paris without buying a picture! Six hours in Brussels and already—He made for the smoking-room. There he found the Colonel with frightful gestures detailing the outrage anew to a pair of wholly uncomprehending and very nervous-looking young Luxembourgers.

Belknap drew him off, got him into another corner, and sitting down with him, eye to eye, told him the truth in all its fullness. The Colonel, a hand on each knee, his head thrust forward, his mouth staringly a-gape at the ignominy of it, had to learn that in that Belgian capital, and, indeed, in very many other centers of the Flemish and Teutonic peoples, the practice of using dogs as animals of draught was general. The wonder was that he had not seen more of it already. They did not merely pull vegetable barrows and newspaper carts; he would find them put to almost every kind of hauling job in which their strength could prove of value.

The old man sat dumb. For once in twenty years his cigar had gone black out, half-smoked.

"Why," continued Belknap, a trifle ill at ease, "it is n't really anything out of the way, you know. It 's merely using them like horses."

"But, *Lawd!* a ho'se—a ho'se has *always* had to wo'k. He 's like a man: he 's neveh knowed no betteh. But a dog—a dog 's bawn with the free spiyit."

"Well, then, sticking to dogs; there 's the Eskimo husky. And the Indians—"

"Sholy, sholy; but, with the husky, that 's jest his natchul way of havin' *fun*. He 's out on the snow and ice, hitched free and loose, and given a chance to run like bedevilled Ned. He 's got company, he 's got summehsettin' room, he can take his tuhn-an'-a-half around befoh he lies down—why, he 's got length of tetheh enough to fight in in comfo't. He ain't muzzled up, and hooped in, drudgin' and draggin' a go-caht oveh Belgian blocks. And you tell me that theh ah hund'eds of dogs both heah and round-about a-doin' that?"

Belknap had once more to affirm it.

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"IT WAS OUT OF HARNESS FOREVER, AND THE COLONEL WAS LIFTING IT IN IN FRONT OF HIM"

"Ve'y well," said the Colonel, "I 've been given *my* commission. And I can see it was sho Providence that sent me hitheh. I cyan't coveh theih *whole* kentry,—I 'm due home by the fyust of Septembeh,—but I 'm a-goin' to go my distance towa'ds stoppin' the thing *heah*."

IV

THE Colonel's plan for stopping it was not elaborate: it was simply that of buying up all the dogs in servitude that he could get his hands upon. But he went to work with the system and organization of an old campaigner. You can get anything save virtue and happiness from the major-domo of a Continental hotel. Next morning the Colonel obtained the services of an interpreter and general commercial agent. He was a sleek, much-smiling young man whose name, mispronounced though it was by his fellow-countrymen, the old gentleman could still recognize as "John." It was something which made essentially for a wider basis of understanding and confidence.

And, indeed, when John comprehended what was desired of him from the present alienated foreigner, he showed unmistakably that it was employment capable of affording him some of the truest pleasure given to mortals this side of Paradise. When one of those stodgy Brabançons with his four-footed vassal swung into their field of vision, the Colonel

might swell with rage renewed, but in John's soul was only pure delight. Here was a *hobereau* who had every belief that his dog would go home with him that night and with him return to town yet again to-morrow: on the contrary, in half an hour he would have no dog at all. And, if, too, that commercial agent subverted commissions not mentioned in the contract, he accomplished it with an ar-

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'NO, BELKNAP, RIGHT HEAH 'S WHEH I QUIT'"

tistic virtuosity which did not allow the old man's feelings to be wounded by the first suspicion of it.

But, all that apart, it was such a buying combination as had never before sought the highways and market-places of Brussels. Milk carts were indefinitely halted. Ice barrows, diminutive tumbrils laden with baskets and sea-weed, *brancards* of yellow sand for café floors, bread carts, laundry carts, perambulating fruit and refreshment stands, one by one they fell into the the untiring net.

And when, by the afternoon of that second day, dogs, all alike of the most sad-eyed, gaunt, unlovely kind, were arriving at the Splendide no longer singly, but in twos and threes, there had been worked up a degree of popular excitement about the portals of that hotel, and an amount of expostulation from the guests within it, for which, having that peculiarly shrinking and self-conscious nature of high-class hostelries, it had no relish whatever. And when presently there again entered the Colonel, heaving of bosom, but fiercely triumphant of eye, the majordomo was regretfully compelled to call upon him most politely in his room.

The old gentleman had already learned a few things about the urbane and affable European. He started his right hand toward his pocket.

It was one of those flanking movements which must of necessity be victorious. The majordomo, as a true tactician, surrendered at once. Morover, his *morale* still being excellent, he was able further to oblige the Colonel by remembering that leading into the rear court from the street behind it there was a little passage; and adjacent thereto was a large, if ancient, shed, which the "General" would doubtless find much more suited to his purposes than the court itself. Also it would give him much more room.

The Colonel could already foresee the need of that. He came back to luncheon, indeed, on the morrow, to inform Belknap, with a new burst of enthusiasm, that he had just made final arrangements to ship the first batch of the emancipated over to free America on the next Antwerp boat. "I cyan't in natchuh keep them any longeh as they ah. It 's eitheh chain them in leash o' let them out in muzzle. And, as you said you'self yeste'day, theh ah suhtain conditions which sooner o' lateh become impossible. I 've wiahed a letteh to the fahm; Chahlie and Jack 'll meet them in New Yo'k, and in anotheh two days they 'll have moh room to run in than fox-hounds. But come out and look at them befoh they go. It ain't any Madison Squaih Gya'den Kennel Show; but it 's somethin' foh a right-thinkin' mohtal to get a whole lot moh *satisfaction* out of."

He left the young man in the garden while he went around to the pantry window after a basket of beefsteak. And, as Belknap waited there, he felt himself ringed in by the gaze of his wondering fellow-guests more painfully than ever. Nor was it only that. In this last week this most absurd of counter-currents had completely washed his feet from under him. If the Colonel had ever intended to avail himself of his services, it was evident that he had absolutely forgotten it by now.

The old gentleman returned with the basket, and from the fountained court they passed through the little wicket and thence into the open door of the Colonel's barracoon.

It was certainly no kennel show. If tethered dogs stretched down both sides of it, there was no sudden and tumultuous "Yar-r" to greet the visitors. Crosses of hounds and Newfoundlands, Danes and pointers and shepherds, bulls and mastiffs and retrievers—all these there were, but not a clean-bred dog, not an animal that any fancier could have called beautiful in the whole lank, somber company. And from only one or two of those poor, bony tykes did a weak, uncertain yelp go up when the Colonel flung open the top of his basket.

For the present he was feeding only those which he had redeemed that morning. And if it was with bursts of famished greed that they bolted the meat so prodigally tossed to them, once they had eaten, they fell back into a kind of furtive nervousness, as if they believed that to attract attention would the sooner betray them for what they really were. "Lawd!" said the Colonel, letting himself down on an old wine crate, "my h'aht does sholy go out to them! It seems like they 've fai'ly fohgotten how

Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR *PICTURES?*'"

to *snahl.*" Toward one another, indeed, they acted with that dulled tolerancy of the over-driven. There was no thought of fighting. Heaven only knows that the desire for anything but rest had been long fagged out of them.

And Belknap felt the pity of it, too. But the imp of protest died slowly in him. "I should think by this time," he said, "you 'd be getting some idea of what you 've tackled."

What pettishness there was in the observation the Colonel overwhelmingly ignored. "Some idea, Belknap? You well may say it! In these last two o' three days I 've seen things I cayn't hahdly ask you to believe. You mahk that noble old codgeh up theh in the shadow? That dog, seh, is half Saint Be'nahd, and he was pullin' at a caht full of bottles and bones! No wondeh he cyan't bring hisself to hold his head up. At his age I don't reckon he eveh will again. And you see those theh six I 've put undeh the windows? Do you know how they weh hahnessed? *Beneath* the caht, seh; yes, seh, ev'y God-fohgotten man Jack of 'em! Not only had they to drudge the soul out of theihselves, but theh had to do it undeh conditions wheh it would seem like it was no moh use foh them to have eyes, o' eahs, o' nose, o' any senses whatsoeveh! Now, seh, what is the greatest blot on Ame'ica, the dog-chuhn, compahed with *that?* I tell you again, Belknap, it was somethin' moh than chance that brought me up to this misbegotten bu'g."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the young man, with a baffled hopelessness, which, however, had sweetened and was more generous now; "but what about your *pictures?*"

"Pictchuhs? Pictchuhs? Why, heavens an' yuth, I sholy don't need to say that I 've no time foh that soht of thing jest now!" He rubbed his forehead for a moment, then added with something of apology, "Pe'haps a little lateh, Belknap; pe'haps a little lateh."

"You say you 'll have to be sailing for home within a fortnight?"

"Sholy. I 've promised Eugina, that niece of mine, foh the fyust of Septembeh."

"Well, but—" Yet, even as he opened his mouth, understanding invaded him. He looked down the length of the shed, and realized that the Colonel's collection had not merely been begun; it was rapidly shaping itself toward its completion.

V

THROUGHOUT the days that followed the Colonel rested not in completing it. Experience, too, had made him keener and more resourceful. That fiend-like astuteness which guides the hateful steps of the dog-catcher in our home cities was in those two weeks far distanced and surpassed in that chief city of the Belgians. By this time the Colonel did not stop with the purchase of the dog alone; he made his bargain include the harness, thereby taking double measures to checkmate and paralyze the shameless traffic for the future. By dint of exercising superhuman self-control, he had become otherwise canny, too. *Now,* only when John had the bargain safely made and the dog was in his hands did that queller of canine slavery give full voltage to his feelings.

The stolid mask of the huckster or dairyman or truck farmer expressed only a wordless and gawking amazement. To him, for the serf he had just been deprived of, the coin he was carrying off in his baggy velveteens probably represented the most adequate of compensation; but the Colonel never for a moment took any such view of the transaction. All the old gentleman saw was that the lout was compelled to depart from the field hauling his cart himself. "Yes, tug ahead," he would send after him, "you great, big, hulkin' mass of uselessness! Hitch up yoh bettehs, will you? Yes, tug and haul, and try to sweat out some of yoh *meanness!* I reckon I 've put a spoke in *yoh* wheel that you 'll remembeh foh long time to come."

When it was a case of a woman, chivalry interposed its shield. Yet, here too, if the Colonel said nothing, he bent upon each and every one of those much-offending females such a regard as he could not but feel would gradually sear deeper and deeper into their souls with a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Nor could he deny himself that fierce smile of triumph when the rescued dog was safely his.

As for the mere barter and exchange aspect of it, if time had permitted the Colonel to continue his buying during many days more, indubitably he would have loosed the links and parted the rivets of all the lesser intramural commerce of Brussels. It was not alone that the price of dogs was skied; for in this case none purchased ever got back upon the street again. And many late possessors of them were soon to realize that there was little prospect enough of their being able to get substitutes until such time as they would no longer be of use to them. There were milk and paper-routes which so fell away from all their former regularity that all their former patrons fell away from them. There were bundles of laundry that were delayed so long in delivery that it had been almost better for those laundrymen had they never attempted to deliver them at all. There were small fruits and vegetables unreckonable which got to market only for the tailings; and the sellers thereof were of so weakened and enfeebled a spirit that the buyers might have them at any price they chose. In short, there ensued such a degree of retributive demoralization as would almost have satisfied the Colonel himself.

In rural Brabant, moreover, the good old horror of the legend of Doctor Faustus still survives; and there were ancient, fireside crones who did not hesitate to mutter that there had been people who had sold their dogs, and who had found out later that at the same time they had been selling *something else.* And the dog himself, but now turned coal-black, forky-tailed, and dragonish of breath,—would in due season return to require that *something* of them! It was only too well remembered, indeed, with what diabolical a blending of exultation and fury that buyer of dogs had roared upon their former owners, once the bargain had been completed. If the Colonel had returned only a few weeks later, he would have encountered many canines which he could not have purchased had he had behind him the united funds of the Bank of England and the *Crédit Lyonnais!*

But when, *this* time, the old gentleman finally took his departure, the majority of those who looked on were of the opinion that there did not seem to be any *immediate* necessity for his return.

Some of us were so fortunate as to be able to tramp the length of the "Farm" with him the Christmas following. Obviously it contained all the dogs that he could have any present use for. Nor had he as yet been able to get the idea out of the minds of many of his humbler neighbors that he had some commercial scheme ahead which called for the employment of canine hair or peltries. "Sho," he said shamefacedly, "you don't need to look at 'em so te'ible close to see that theh ain't any mighty likelihood of *that!* The new life is only beginnin' to get into theih *vitals* and *bones;* it 'll be anotheh yeah befoh it wo'ks out of theih *epidermises!*"

The new life was certainly there, however. We found dogs tearing deliriously through the bush with no apparent aim save that of unrestricted motion. Others would suddenly be seized with the fit and dash round and round in a circle, ten or fifteen courses at a stretch. And having done so they would as suddenly drop tail and ears and slip away again before Fate should notice them, and once more recall the cart and harness. "But they ah pickin' up, pickin' up," said the old gentleman, forcing an affectionate channel through some fifty or three score of them. "Yes, sehs, and some of the *youngeh* ones have actchully got fah enough to begin to fight!"

Coming back, one of our party was so tactless as to speak of the matter of buying pictures. Strangely enough, the Colonel was not offended, however. In fact, it seemed to give him an opportunity of making an explanation which for a long time had been upon his mind.

"Pictchuhs? Look heah, sehs," he whispered in all confidence; "of cou'se I did n't want to staht any ahgument with Belknap by saying so oveh theh, but I 'm fo'ced to confess to *you,* gentlemen, that havin' seen the best ancient and havin' seen the best mode'n, I 've got a niece in New Yo'k that can twuhl a bresh around the whole *passel* of 'em."

Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole from the painting in the National Gallery, London. See "Open Letters"

DOÑA ISABEL CORBO DE PORCEL, BY GOYA

BY STAGES

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

"I DID N'T see the pickles anywhere, John."

"They're in the boot with the other things, Mummy."

"Then why don't we start?"

The driver of the Raymond-Yosemite Cannon Ball Express, a slim, tall, brown man in a long dust-coat and wide felt hat, wearing as to his hands fringed gauntlets and as to his upper lip a veritable swash-buckler's mustache, half black and half white, turned upon the fat proprietor of the Raymond Hotel a pair of lazy, insolent gray eyes and said in a sad voice:

"Jest step inside, Georgie, and put a little catch-up on the belated traveler's aigs."

"Then we are waiting for some one," said Mrs. Selkirk to John.

"Yes, Mummy."

"But I don't see where he 's going to sit. We booked the two middle seats."

"There be three middle seats, Mummy. You shall sit on the outside, I 'll sit in the middle, and he can have the other rail."

"He 's a her," drawled the driver, in his sad voice.

At that moment she came out of the dining-room. She was a slim maiden in a dust-coat, with a gay, little, wistful face that looked straight into your eyes from the heart of a brown sunbonnet. John Selkirk thought that he had never before seen a maiden whom a sunbonnet became. He stepped from the stage to the platform and lifted his hat.

"Would you prefer the middle or the outside seat?" he said.

She was the kind of girl who blushes before speaking, and then speaks in a perfectly assured voice, and discloses two rows of white teeth.

"I 'll sit in the middle," she said.

When they were seated and had tucked a thin dust-cloth about their knees, a voice in the rear of the stage called, "All ri'," the driver drawled, "Git ap!" and cracked his whip, and the horses entered the first mile of the seventy which the stage was to travel that day at a respectable trot.

The box-seat was occupied by the driver, and the Honorable Butler-Lee and wife of London, England; the middle seat by Mrs. Selkirk, the fair stranger, and John Selkirk, in the order named; and the rear seat by a Chinese dignitary and two members of his suite. Just outside of Raymond the stage began to be overtaken by clouds of dust of its own making. The driver chewed and spat; the Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee coughed and complained; Mrs. Selkirk dozed, for it was only six in the morning; and the three Orientals, to whom dirt is the capital sin, assumed expressions of dignified disgust which they were to forsake for only one moment during the entire journey. But John Selkirk and the fair stranger were already deep in a conversation, and objected neither to the heat of the sun nor to the assaults of the dust.

The Selkirks, mother and son, were moneyed San Franciscans of good family. John Selkirk was thirty-five, at a guess, a little stout, a good shot, able enough to look after his own and his mother's property, an amiable club-man, and something of a snob. His youth had been wild, and he had reached the border of middle age without the least wish to sacrifice his lazy independence to a wife or to give hostages to fortune.

"Yes," said the fair stranger, "I 'm going to join friends in the valley; and as for traveling alone—why, a woman can go anywhere in America by herself, the men are so chivalrous."

"Yes, are n't they?" said Selkirk, rather proud to be included in the generality. "And are you and your friends going to be strenuous, and climb all the trails, and have your pictures taken on overhanging rocks, and all that?"

"I shall be strenuous," said the fair stranger, with a slight accentuation of her usual ante-responding blush, "but I shall not do any climbing. I shall remain strictly on the ground floor of the valley and—and do—chores."

"I never do any chores if I can help it," said Selkirk. "I 've even acquired something of a name for general uselessness."

"You say that with a tinge of pride."

"Yes; I think men are usually very well satisfied to have any reputation at all. A man might have none, and that would indicate beyond doubt that nobody took any interest in him. Would you mind waking my mother? I am afraid she will fall out."

"She must n't be waked," said the fair stranger; "getting up early and sleeping on trains is much too hard on older women. I 'll see that she does n't fall."

She slipped her slender arm over the back of the seat and part way around Mrs. Selkirk's angular shoulders: a slight guttural sound on the part of the aristocratic old lady was the only response to this kindly intentioned act; and it may be that the old lady also leaned a trifle toward and on her young protectress. There was something so simple and hearty about the episode that John Selkirk felt a certain enlargement and warming in the region of his heart.

"You must n't tire yourself," he said.

"Indeed, no," she said; "it is so nice to have something to do."

"Shall you be in the valley long?"

"Oh, yes, quite a long time. And you?"

"It depends," said Selkirk, "on circumstances. If we like it, you know, and if —if mama finds somebody to talk to, and—"

The stage lurched with violence, and Mrs. Selkirk woke with a start.

"Good heavens!" she said. "Have I been asleep?"

The good heavens did not answer, but John Selkirk said, "Audibly, Mummy," and laughed his pleasant laugh.

Mrs. Selkirk felt the fair stranger's arm being stealthily withdrawn from about her shoulders.

"My dear," said Mrs. Selkirk, "I am *very* grateful, and I promise you I shall not go to sleep again."

"I wonder," said John Selkirk to himself, "if anything interesting would happen if I should go to sleep and show signs of falling out?"

It was five o'clock. Up the last piece of tortuous and steeply inclined road between the outer world and Yosemite, and drawn by its last relay of jaded horses, crept the Cannon Ball Express. Occidentals and Orientals were of one color, and of one degree of exhaustion. Their eyes were full of dust, their ears, noses, mouths, and throats were full of dust. Their shoes were full of dust, their pockets, purses, watches, and minds were full of dust. Only the driver looked human. The noses of the Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee, which at starting had been cheerful and red, were now a sickly gray, and their owners leaned against each other like persons sick at sea. Fong Lang Tang and the two members of his suite were a sickly gray from top to toe, but what could be seen of their faces continued to wear expressions of dignified disgust. In the very middle of the middle seat, with arms extended on each side for props, and far too exhausted to sleep, sat Mrs. Selkirk. Quarter of a mile ahead of the stage, tramping through the dust, were the only cheerful members of the party.

"But you 're not going to forsake us entirely for your friends in the valley, Miss Chester? You 'll throw a man a word now and then, and even go for a walk, won't you? It 's not quite the square thing to make a whole journey endurable and then desert."

Little Miss Chester allowed something like a sigh to escape her.

"Shall we hurry," she said, "and try to get to Inspiration Point before the others? Somehow I think it would be more—more fun to see it for the first time like this."

"So do I," said Selkirk, and they set off at a great pace.

"Do you see that cream-colored rock through the tops of the trees? No; higher —there. That must be part of the valley."

"Yes," said little Miss Chester; "that must be El Capitan. Don't you feel as if

something wonderful were going to happen—just round the corner?"

They had crossed the top of the divide and were descending the zigzagging road which is at the actual lower end of the valley, but cut off from any vision of it by a whole forest of magnificent pines. And then suddenly and tranquilly the curtain of pines swept back, as it were, and they were on a bare space of moss and rock, and before them and around them and above was spread the valley.

"Heavens!" said Selkirk, "but it 's peaceful!" They seated themselves side by side on a smooth stone, and for some moments did not speak.

"I 'm glad," said Selkirk, presently, "that we saw it first like this, without the others."

"It *is* good, *is n't* it?" she said.

"It—it," said the lazy and careless Selkirk, "makes a man think different. It 's the only beautiful thing I ever saw that—that was n't sad, too."

"Yes," she said, "it 's very, very cheerful and hopeful." It may be that it was accidental: she started to her feet. "Here comes the stage," she said.

"I—I—beg your pardon," said Selkirk, "I—"

The stage came rumbling and clattering down the hill and drew up in the open. The Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee gazed upon the serene valley, but were too exhausted to speak; Mrs. Selkirk tried to smile at her son, but the dust on her face turned the expression into a very fair representation of a death's-head; and the three Orientals for one fleeting instant put away their expressions of dignified disgust.

THREE hours later Mrs. Selkirk and her son, bathed and refreshed, were shown seats in the dining-room. Everybody else had been fed, and they had the place to themselves.

Selkirk glanced over the menu and, without looking up, gave the orders to the servant-girl.

"You did n't look at her, John," said his mother.

"At whom?"

"The maid. She—she 's *notre compagne de voyage.*"

"Why, Mummy, you don't mean—a servant—waiting on us—on *me.*"

"Yes, my dear."

He pushed back his chair.

"In that case," he said, "I 've dined quite enough. You 'll find me outside."

"John," said Mrs. Selkirk, "I knew all along. We had a little talk after lunch at Wawona. Her father was the celebrated Emmanuel Chester of Oakland. There is no better blood in the State. But the estate went to pieces after he died, and Jean Chester has to—to do this sort of thing to support her mother. I have no feelings toward her but of admiration. No, don't make things any harder for the poor girl. She—she cried on my shoulder at Wawona."

Little Miss Chester came in from the kitchen bearing a tray upon which were two plates of barley consommé and two plates of fried trout.

John rose with the utmost deference.

"Have you dined, Miss Chester?" he said.

"Why—why, not yet, Mr. Selkirk; there 's a big Raymond party in, and we 've been very busy in—in the kitchen."

"Then you will oblige me," he said, "by joining my mother and me. We have not dined, either."

Little Miss Chester looked very much perplexed.

"Please sit down," he said.

She looked pitifully from Selkirk to the vacant chair to which he was pointing. He took the tray from her, and set it at one side.

"Miss Chester," he said, "I have never used force toward a woman, but if you don't sit down with my mother and me I shall make you." Then she sat down at his right hand.

"Will you begin on soup?" he said in his ordinary, lazy voice.

"But—" she protested.

"You are here," he said, "on a pleasure trip with my mother and me. You will go back to town with us and back to your mother in Oakland, and if it is necessary that you should work, we will find something better for you to do."

Her hands rested nervously on the edge of the table. Quite openly Selkirk covered one of them with one of his.

"Please don't," said little Miss Chester; "I think I 'm going to cry."

The head waitress stood uncomfortably

near the little comedy, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Please," said Selkirk, "will you get some more soup and fish?"

With one haughty stare at little Miss Chester the head waitress swung on her loppy heel and vanished through the swinging door into the kitchen.

John Selkirk chuckled.

"To-morrow," he said, "Miss Chester, you and I will get on a couple of donkeys and ride up to—Glacier Point."

But little Miss Chester was crying very quietly into her soup.

And at sight of that, without more ado, once and forever, Selkirk gave himself over to the indolent luxury of loving and being loved.

THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTH

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.

THIRTY years ago, when I was a boy in Georgia's central city, one part of the suburbs given over to negroes contained an aggregation of unfurnished, ill-kept, rented cabins, the occupants untidy, and, for the most part, shiftless. Such a thing as virtue among the female members was in but few instances conceded. Girls from this section roamed the streets at night, and vice was met with on every corner. Recently, in company with a friend who was interested in a family residing in the same community, I visited it. I found many families occupying their own homes, flowers growing in the yards and on the porches, curtains at the windows, and an air of homelike serenity overflowing the entire district. In the house we entered, the floors were carpeted, the white walls were hung with pictures, the mantels and tables held bric-à-brac. In one room was a parlor organ, in another a sewing machine, and in another a piano, where a girl sat at practice.

In conversation with the people of the house and neighborhood, we heard good ideas expressed in excellent language and discovered that every one with whom we came in contact was possessed of sufficient education to read and write, while many were much further advanced.

Just one generation lies between the two conditions set forth, and the change may be said to indicate the urban negro's mental and material progress throughout the whole South. Of those of us who see only gloom ahead for the negro, the question may be fairly asked, Where else in the world is there a people developing so rapidly?

The men who have purchased these houses, the women who keep them, have achieved a higher standard of citizenship, and the reaction on their descendants has, so far as their influence is operative, helped to free the streets of vice. So far as this community is concerned, one great stride toward the elevation of the race has been taken and the pace set.

I single out this community because it is near at hand, and its history within my own experience, and because the factors

underlying its regeneration are those on which the South must rely for an eventual settlement of the most dangerous phase of the so-called race question—a settlement to arrive rapidly along natural lines, if undisturbed by the mistaken zeal of meddlers, and slowly in proportion to their interference.

The community is on the high-road to a better civilization, because the male members command a higher scale of wages, and because they have become home-owners. And they command higher wages partly because the country is prosperous, but mainly because education has opened up to them a pathway for ideas and taught them to observe and think. For it may be stated as a fundamental that progress ever travels on ideas and abject poverty is embalmed in ignorance.

To attempt an analysis of the singular but well-known sense of manhood and independence that comes with the consciousness of a home all paid for by one's own labor, would require more space than this whole article may hope to command; and it would be unnecessary to a full appreciation of it by the home-owning public. Every man who has possessed in fee simple a spot of land knows the feeling. The happiness of home-owning strikes the American negro with peculiar force. The centuries have taught him that the people who command respect are the owners of lands and homes; and once in his own home, the home itself begins to teach him higher things. The home at once demands to be made attractive. It demands respect not only from its occupants, but from its neighbors. It demands safety from invasions. It takes on a sanctity that extends to every member of the family, and decent living is the rule. No stranger may at night signal in the shutters of this house, no woman venture forth to roam the streets. It has become the home of a self-respecting American citizen.

And having secured for himself a permanent home, the possessor adds himself to the higher class and demands that the public around him share the respect he feels for himself. Moreover he becomes amenable to the reasons which sway all other home-owners. He sees the force of arguments for low taxation, good streets, adequate police service, quick transportation, and fire departments. And seeing so much, he eventually learns that his ballot must neither be suppressed nor sold.

And every man removed from the ranks of the homeless to the ranks of the home-owners is an element of danger to a community converted into an element of safety.

The safety of the South lies in such conversions. The first attack on the problem of the negro, therefore, is to make his interests coincide with those of the whites—make him a home-owner.

There is, however, a deeper philosophy in the possession by fee simple of a home than is indicated in the foregoing. At the risk of becoming dogmatic, I confidently venture the statement that no man can expand to his full possibilities in a rented house. The Christian virtues blossom in their perfection about one's own fireside. Every lesson of morality, every elevated thought, doubles there its power and influence. And this is as true of the nomad's tent, the negro's cottage, as of the homes of the rich and strong. Here is the beginning of all good government; the family is the type of the state. The men who have learned to command their own full powers and restrain themselves constitute, when united, a community, and the union of communities is the state. As a nation, we may bathe our brows in the clouds, but we shall always warm our feet by the firesides of home.

While I do not advocate the selling of their farming lands by Southerners to anybody, the logic of the Southern solution is to lay a pathway by education to the jungles of the negro's mind and encourage him to become a home-owner and a citizen. And so irresistible is this logic that those who stand for his total disfranchisement stand also committed against his education. In protecting his own home, he will necessarily protect those of his white neighbors. In rendering his family secure, he will secure also the families of all. It is the give and take of civilization, and history records revolution and ruin where one element of society is too long reckless of the safety and welfare of another.

And in the conclusion of this argument for the negro in his own home, I shall state that though closely connected with the press for twenty-five years, I

have never known a home-owning negro to commit the nameless crime.

Perhaps I am too much an optimist to be a valuable witness in the unending trial of the negro before the bar of public opinion by press and pulpit; but I see no unavoidable danger to the South in his presence. On the contrary, I believe in his final, complete, and peaceful incorporation into the American system without injury to himself or to his white neighbor. Forty years ago he emerged from slavery virtually without more than the clothes he wore on his back. Twenty years later he owned in this city (Macon) $167,990 worth of taxable property, and in 1903, $253,950. In 1886 the aggregate value of the negro's property in this city and the surrounding county was $445,220, and these values had risen in 1904 to $823,295. Elsewhere he has done even better. There is hope for a race with such a history, and those who talk of substitution and deportation may do well to consider where the South will find a substitute who will preserve the peace and achieve more. The negro has much to learn, but the question arises, Is it easier to teach him, put him to work when idle, restrain him when evil-minded, and strip him down to an earnest, industrious worker while the leaven of home influence is working in him, or easier to call in an illiterate alien of different language and centuries of the shadow of a king and make an American of him?

And who is going to deport the negro, and under what law? Deportation is the idlest dream ever dreamed by an American. The fact is, few serious-minded Southerners want to part with him.

It is the negro's misfortune that he may by a few stump speeches and a pot of ink be made a bogy on the approach of every election. Let us meet this fact squarely and philosophically; no man, woman, or child living to-day will ever see an end to this bogy business in politics. Its recurrence is inevitable. But all the people need not be fooled all the time; and so may we of to-day who have graduated take a dispassionate view of the solution.

Looking back through the American history of the negroes and considering the vicissitudes of their life, the hardships some of them have endured and the resultant condition, their faithfulness in captivity, their peacefulness for two hundred years, their swift evolution from complete ignorance, their rapid adoption of the white man's methods, and their amiable life as a people, the fair-minded and unprejudiced student must accord them a high place among the laboring populations of the earth. As a race they have done well. As a race they are doing well. As a race they can and do produce criminals. So does our own; so does every race under the sun, every state, every city.

But the crime of a white man against a white man or white woman is one thing, and the crime of a negro against a white man or white woman is another. Human nature and the instinct of the race make it so. It is the South's misfortune; it is the misfortune of the law-abiding negro. There is no remedy for the fierce passions of resentment against the negro criminal except the complete evolution of the negro.

Shall we assist or retard it? For what is the South spending its millions on the negro if not to assist it? I regret that there are good men in some regions who believe that an ignorant, hopeless people are easier to control and safer to live with than an educated and aspiring people. We are accustomed to call the South's difficulty "the race question," and in accepting this term we lose sight of the real issue, and debate impossible remedies. It seems to me that the real difficulty lies in the fact that we have in the South a conflict between two degrees of moral development embarrassed by a difference in race. There is no race conflict. The South is immensely friendly to the good negro.

Is there anything in the South's domestic organization so endangered by these people as to justify a sacrifice of individual independence and freedom of thought? The white race controls the legislative departments as well as the judiciary, political, and municipal. They have the military organization and control of the schools, and are greatly in the majority, with the ratio working yearly in their favor to an increased degree. They have the wealth of the South, the lands, the mines, and the railroads. And they have the experience of centuries as well as the sympathy of the world, including

that of their late opponents, whose money they are handling by millions. Over and above all, they are backed by the Anglo-Saxon instinct to command.

We know to the youngest college boy that this country will never in part or in the whole be governed or directed by other than the white race. There is room enough here for the negro as a citizen, room to expand, develop, and be a man; and nowhere on earth is he safer in person and property than in the South: but there is no chance for him, or for any other than the Caucasian, to control the destinies of this nation or any State therein. The situation is not of his or anybody's making. Neither political party is responsible for it. It is simply a question of race and majority against race and minority; and the white race increases both by natural increase and accessions from without, while the negro is limited to natural increase.

There is no threat to the South in the negro's presence there. For at last the only negro who threatens our civilization is the criminal negro; and the only white man who threatens the negro is the white criminal; and our whole system is a failure if this question may not be left where Georgia has placed it, in the keeping of the courts, the church, and the schoolhouse. It is safe to leave it there. And while he gropes his way toward the light, it is wise and charitable to give him aid, comfort, and the benefit of a broad Christian tolerance.

The situation is one that appeals to the common sense of the Southern people; and this term may be enlarged to embrace the law-abiding, property-holding, and intelligent men of African descent. I believe these men, recognized as factors in our industrial development, will become passionate lovers of their native land and defenders of their homes side by side with their white neighbors. It needs only tolerance, forbearance, encouragement, and the recognition of individual merit to accomplish this. Social equality, the nightmare of the former generation, the jest of this, has no bearing on the subject. Let us, without regard to party, invoke the material aid of these people to build up the South, and continue, but in an increased degree, to give them guarantee of the same security of life, liberty, and property that we enjoy.

As among us the higher type control, so among them. Side by side, each in his own sphere, the Southern white man and the Southern negro may abide mutually helpful as Americans.

Neither can settle the questions involved in their lives, but both may; and despite political riders, I believe both will. I must believe this or prepare my descendants to face anarchy.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

COUN'T not the cost of honor to the dead!
The tribute that a mighty nation pays
To those who loved her well in former days
Means more than gratitude for glories fled;
For every noble man that she hath bred,
Immortalized by art's immortal praise,
Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,
To lead our sons as he our fathers led.
These monuments of manhood, brave and high,
Do more than forts or battle-ships to keep
Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify
The heart of youth with valor wise and deep;
They build eternal bulwarks, and command
Eternal strength to guard our native land.

IN THE STRAND, APPROACHING ST. MARY LE STRAND

THE LONDON 'BUS

PICTURES BY THORNTON OAKLEY

Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STRAND

Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A JAM ON LONDON BRIDGE—TOWER BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE

Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

LUDGATE HILL—ON THE WAY FROM ST. PAUL'S

FENWICK'S CAREER[1]

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

XIII

GREAT LANGDALE was once more in spring. After the long quiet of the winter, during which these remoter valleys of the Lakes resume their primitive and self-dependent life, there were now a few early tourists in the two Dungeon Ghyll hotels, and the road traffic had begun to revive. Phœbe Fenwick, waiting and listening for the post in an upper room of Green Nab Cottage, ran hurriedly to the window several times in vain, drawn by the sound of wheels. The cart which clattered past was not that which bore Her Majesty's mails.

At the third of these false alarms she lingered beside the open casement window, looking out into the valley. It was a weary woman who stood thus,—motionless and drooping; a woman so tired, so conscious of wasted life and happiness, that although expectation held her in a grip of torture, there was in it little or nothing of hope.

Twelve years since she had last looked on those twin peaks, those bare fields and winding river! Twelve years! Time, the inexorable, had dealt with her, and not softly. All that rounded grace which Fenwick had once loved to draw had dropped from her, as the bloom drops from a wild cherry in the night. Phœbe was now thirty-five—close on thirty-six; and twelve years of hard work, joyless struggle, and pursuing remorse had left upon her indelible marks. She had grown excessively thin, and lines of restlessness, of furtive pain and suspicion, had graven themselves, delicately, irrevocably, about her eyes and mouth, on her broad brow and childish neck. There were hollows in the cheeks, the cutting of the face seemed to be ruder, and the skin browner, than of old. Nevertheless, the leanness of the face was that of energy, not that of emaciation. It pointed to life in the open air, a strenuous physical life; and, but for the look of fretting, of ceaseless and troubled longing with which it was associated, it would rather have given beauty than taken it away.

Her eyes were more astonishing than ever; but there was a touch of wildness in them, and they were grown in truth too big and staring for the dwindled face. A pathetic face!—as of one in whom the impulse to weep is always present, yet for ever stifled. It had none of that noble intimacy with sorrow which so often dignifies a woman's whole aspect; it spoke rather of the painful, struggling, desiring will, the will of passion and regret, the will which fights equally with the past and with the future, and is, for Buddhist and Christian alike, the torment of existence.

Again a sound of wheels drew her eyes to the road. But it was only the Hawkshead butcher going his rounds. He stopped below the cottage, and Miss Anna's servant went out to him. Phœbe sighed afresh in disappointment, her ears still strained the while to catch the first sound of that primitive horn, wherewith the postman in his cart, as he mounts the Langdale valley, summons the dwellers in the scattered farms and cottages to come and take their letters.

But very likely there would be no letter at all. This was Thursday. On Saturday Miss Anna had met her and Carrie at Windermere, and had brought them to the old place. Sunday and Monday had

[1] Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

been filled with agitated consultations. Then, on Tuesday, a neighbor living in Elterwater, and an old friend of Miss Anna's, had gone up to London, bearing with her a parcel addressed to "John Fenwick, Constable House, East Road, Chelsea," which she had promised to deliver, either personally, or through one of the servants of the boarding house whither she was bound.

This lady must have delivered it on Wednesday,—some time on Wednesday,—she would not pledge herself. But probably not till the afternoon, or evening. If so, there could be no letter. But if not a letter, a telegram; unless, indeed, John were determined not to take her back; unless her return were in his eyes a mere trouble and burden; unless they were to be finally and for ever separated. Then he would take his time,—and write.

But—*Carrie!* Phœbe resumed her wandering from room to room, and window to window, her mind deafened as it were by the rush of her own thoughts—unable to rest for a moment. He must want to see Carrie! And that seeing must and should carry with it at least one interview with his wife, at least the permission to tell her story, face to face.

Was it only a week since under a sudden impulse she had written to Miss Anna?—from the Surrey lodging, where for nearly two months she had hidden herself after their landing in England. Each day since then had been at once the longest and the shortest she had ever known. Every emotion of which she was capable had been roused into fresh life, crowding the hours; while at the same time each day had flown on wings of flame, bringing the moment,—so awful, yet so desired,—when she should see John's face again. After the slow years of self-inflicted exile; after the wavering weeks and months of repentance, doubt, and changing resolution, life had suddenly become breathless,—a hurrying rush down some Avernian descent, toward crashing pain and tumult. For how could it end well? She was no silly girl to suppose that such things can be made right again with a few soft words and a kiss.

Idly her mind wandered through the past; through the years of dumb, helpless bitterness, when she would have given the world to undo what she had done, and could see no way, consistently with the beliefs which still held her; and through the first hours of sharp reaction, produced partly by events in her own history, and partly by fresh and unexpected information. She had thought of John as hard, prosperous, and cruel; removed altogether out of her social ken, a rich and fashionable gentleman who might have and be what he would. The London letter of a Canadian weekly paper had given her the news of his election to the Academy. Then, from the same source, she had learnt of the quarrel, the scene with the Hanging Committee, the noisy resignation, and all the controversy surrounding it. She read and re-read every line of this scanty news, pondering and worrying over it. How like John, to ruin himself by these tempers! And yet of course he had been abominably treated!—anyone could see that. From her anger and concern sprang new growths of feeling in a softened heart. If she had only been there!

Well!—what did it matter? The great lady who advised and patronized him no doubt had been there. If she had not been able to smooth out the tangle, what chance would his despised wife have had with him?

Then—last fall—there had come to the farm in the green Ontario country, a young artist, sent out on a commission from an English publishing firm who were producing a great illustrated book on Canada. The son of the house, who was at college in Montreal, had met him, and made friends with him; had brought him home to draw the farm, and the apple-orchards, heavy with fruit. And there, night after night, he had sat talking in the rich violet dusk; talking to this sad-faced Mrs. Wilson, this Englishwoman, who understood his phrases and his ways, and had been in contact with artists in her youth.

John Fenwick! Why of course he knew all about John Fenwick! Quarrelsome, clever chap! Had gone up like a rocket, and was now nowhere. What call had he to quarrel with the Academy? The Academy had treated him handsomely enough—much better than it had treated a lot of other fellows. The public would n't stand his airs and his violence.

Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"CARRIE CAME UP TO HIM AND LINKED HER ARM IN HIS" (See Page 239)

He was n't big enough. A Whistler might be insolent, and gain by it; but the smaller men must keep civil tongues in their heads. Oh, yes, talent of course —enormous talent!—but a poor early training, and a man wants all his time to get the better of *that*,—instead of spouting and scribbling all over the place. No —John Fenwick would do nothing more of importance.—Mrs. Wilson might take his word for that—sorry if he had said anything unpleasant of a friend of hers. General report besides made him an unhappy, moody kind of fellow, living alone, with very few friends, taking nobody's advice,—and as obstinate as a pig about his work.

So said this young Daniel-come-to-judgment, between the whiffs of his pipe, in the Canadian farm-garden, while the darkness came down and hid the face of the silent woman beside him.

And so Remorse, and anguished Pity, sprang up beside her—gray and stern comrades—and she walked between them night and day. John, a lonely failure in England—poor and despised. And she, an exile here, with her child. And this dumb irrevocable Time, on which she had stamped her will, so easily, so fatally, flowing on the while, year by year, toward Death and the End!—and these voices of "Too late!" in her ears!

But still the impulse of return grew,—mysteriously it seemed,—independently. And other facts and experiences came strangely to its aid. In the language of Evangelicalism which had been natural to her youth, Phœbe felt now, as she looked back, that she had been wonderfully "led." It was this sense indeed which had softened the humiliation and determined the actual steps of her homeward pilgrimage; she seemed to have been yielding to an actual external force in what she had done.

For it had not been easy, this second uprooting. Carrie, especially, had had her own reasons for making it difficult. And Phœbe had never yet had the courage to tell her the truth. She had spoken vaguely of "business" obliging them to take a journey to England,—had asked the child to trust her—and taken refuge in tears and depression from Carrie's objections. In consequence, she had seen the first shadow descend on Carrie's youth; she had been conscious of the first breach between herself and her daughter.

In a sudden agony, she walked back to the window in her own room, looking this time, not towards Elterwater and the post, but towards Dungeon Ghyll and the wild upper valley.

Anna Mason had taken Carrie for a walk. At that moment, on Phœbe's prayer, she was telling the child the story of her father and mother.

Phœbe's eyes filled. She was, in truth, waiting for judgment—at the hands of her husband—and her daughter. Ever since their flight together, Carrie had been taught to regard her father as dead. As the years went on, "poor Papa" was represented to her by a few fading memories, by the unframed picture which her mother kept jealously locked from sight, which she had been only once or twice allowed to see.

And now? Phœbe recalled the anguish of that night, when Carrie, returning to her mother in Surrey, from a day's expedition to town, with a Canadian friend, described the queer, passionate, gray-haired man—"Mr. Fenwick they called him"—whom she had seen directing the rehearsal at the Falcon Theatre. Phœbe had a vision of herself leaning back in her chair, wrapped in shawls, feigning the exhaustion and blindness of nervous headache,—while the child gave her laughing account of the scene, in the intervals of kissing and comforting "poor mummy?"

And that drive from Windermere, beside Miss Anna, with Carrie opposite!—Carrie excitable, happy, talkative,—her father's child,—now absorbed in a natural delight, exclaiming at the beauty of the mountains, the trees, the river, catching her mother's hand, to make her smile too, and then in a sudden shyness and hardness, looking with her deep jealous eyes at the unknown friend opposite, wondering clearly what it all meant, resenting that she was told so little, and too proud to insist on more,—or, perhaps, afraid to pierce what might turn out to be the unhappy or shameful secret of their life?

Yet Phœbe had tried to make it plausible. They were going to stay with an old friend, in a place which Carrie and her parents had lived in when she was a baby, near to the town where she was born. She knew already that her mother

was from Westmoreland, from a place called Keswick; but she understood that her mother's father was dead, and all her people scattered.

Until they came actually in sight of the cottage, the child had betrayed no memory of her own; though as they entered Langdale her chatter ceased, and her eyes sped nervously from side to side, considering the woods and fells and whitewashed farms. As they stopped, however, at the foot of the steep pitch leading to the little house, Carrie suddenly caught sight of it,—the slate porch, the yew-tree to the right, the sycamore in front. She changed color, and as she jumped down, she wavered and nearly fell.

And without waiting for the others she ran up the hill and through the gate. When she met them again at the house-door, her eyes were wet.

"I 've been into the kitchen,"—she said, breathlessly,—"and it 's so strange! —I remember sitting there, and a man"—she drew her hand across her brow—"a man, feeding me. That—that was father?"

Phœbe could not remember how she had answered her; only some trembling words from Anna Mason, and an attempt to draw the child away,—that her mother might enter the cottage alone and unwatched. And she had entered it alone, —had walked into the little parlor.

The next thing she recollected—amid that passion of desperate tears which had seemed to dissolve her, body and soul—were Carrie's arms round her, Carrie's face pressed against hers.

"Mother! mother! Oh! what *is* the matter? Why did we come here? You 've been keeping things from me all these weeks,—for years even. There is something I don't know—I 'm sure there is. Oh, it *is* unkind. You think I 'm not old enough—but I am. Oh! you ought to tell me, mother!"

How had she defended herself? staved off the inevitable, once again? All she knew was that Miss Anna had again come to the rescue, had taken the child away, whispering to her. And since then, in these last forty-eight hours,—oh! Carrie had been good! So quiet, so useful,—unpacking their clothes, helping Miss Anna's maid with the supper, cooking, dusting, mending, as a Canadian girl knows how, —only stopping sometimes to look round her, with that clouded, wondering look, as though the past invaded her.

Oh! she was a darling! John would see that,—whatever he might feel toward her mother. "I stole her,—but I 've brought her back. I may be a bad wife,—but there 's Carrie! I 've not neglected her—I 've done the best by her."

It was in incoherent, unspoken words like this that Phœbe was for ever pleading with her husband, even now.

Presently, in her walk about the room, she came to stand before the mantelpiece, where a photograph had been propped up against the wall by Carrie,—of a white-walled farm, with its outbuildings and orchards—and, gleaming beneath it, the wide waters of Lake Ontario. Phœbe shuddered at the sight of it. Twelve years of her life had been wasted there.

Carrie, indeed, took a very different view.

Restlessly the mother left her room and wandered into Carrie's. It was already—by half-past nine—spotlessly clean and neat; and Eliza, the girl from Hawkshead, had not been allowed to touch it. On the bed lay a fresh "waist," which Carrie had just made for herself, and on the dressing-table stood another photograph,—not a place this time, but a person,—a very evident and very good-looking young man!

Phœbe stood looking at it forlornly. Carrie's young romance,—and her own spoilt life,—these two images held her. Carrie would go back, in time, across the sea,—would marry, would forget her mother.

"And I 'm not old, neither,—I 'm not old."

Trembling she left the room. The door of Miss Anna's was open. Phœbe stood on the threshold, looking in. It had been her room and John's in the old days. Their very furniture was still there,—as in the parlor, too. For John had sold it all to their landlord, when he wound up affairs. Miss Anna knew even what he had got for it,—poor John!

She dared not go in. She stood leaning against the door-post, looking from outside, like one in exile, at the low-raftered room, with its oak press, and its bed, and its bit of green carpet. Thoughts

passed through her mind,—thoughts which shook her from head to foot.

The cottage was now enlarged. Miss Mason, when she took it on lease three years before this date, had built two new rooms, or got the Hawkshead landlord to build them. She had retired now, on her savings; and there lived with her an old friend, a tired teacher like herself. It was one of those spinster marriages,—honorable and seemly *ménages*—for which the Lakes have always been famous. But Miss Wetherby was now away, visiting her relations in the south. Had she been there, Phœbe could never have made up her mind to accept Miss Anna's urgent invitation. She shrank from everybody,—strangers, or old acquaintance, it was all one. The terror which rankled in her mind, next to the disabling, heart-arresting terror of the first meeting with her husband, was that of the first moment when she must discover herself to her old acquaintance in Langdale or Elterwater,—in Kendal or Keswick,—as Phœbe Fenwick. She had arrived, closely veiled, as "Mrs. Wilson," and she had never yet left the cottage door.

Then again she caught her breath, remembering that at that very moment Carrie was learning her true name from Miss Anna,—was realizing that she had seen her father without knowing it, was hearing the story of what her mother had done.

"Perhaps she 'll hate me!" thought Phœbe miserably. Through the window came the soft spring air. The big sycamore opposite was nearly in full leaf, and in the field below sprawled the helpless, new-born lambs, so white beside their dingy mother. The voice of the river murmured through the valley, and sometimes, as the west wind blew stronger, Phœbe's fine and long-practiced ear could distinguish other and more distant sounds, wafted from the leaping waterfalls which threaded the ghyll, perhaps even from the stream of Dungeon Ghyll itself, thundering in its prison of rocks. It was a characteristic Westmoreland day, with high gray cloud, and interlacing sun, the fells clear from base to top, their green or reddish sides marked with white farms, or bold clumps of fir; with the blackness of scattered yews, landmarks through generations; or the purple-gray of the emerging limestone. Fresh, lonely, cheerful,—a land at once of mountain solitude, and of a long-settled, long-humanized life,—it breathed kindly on this penitent, anxious woman; it seemed to bid her take courage.

Ah! the sound of a horn echoing along the fell. Phœbe flew down to the porch; then, remembering she might be seen, perhaps recognized by the postman, she stepped back into the parlor, listening, but out of sight.

The servant, who had run down to fetch the letters, seemed to be having something of an argument with the postman. In a few minutes she reappeared breathless.

"Ther 's no letters, mum," she said, seeing Phœbe at the parlor window—"And I doan't think this has owt to do here." She held up a telegram, doubtfully,—yet with an evident curiosity and excitement in her look. It was addressed to "Mrs. John Fenwick." The postman had clearly made some remark upon it.

Phœbe took it.

"It 's all right. Tell him to leave it."

The girl, noticing her agitation and her shaking fingers, ran down the hill again to give the message. Phœbe carried the telegram up-stairs to her room, and locked the door.

For some moments she dared not open it. If it said that he refused to come?—that he would never see her again? Phœbe felt that she should die of grief,—that life must stop.

At last she tore it open:—

"Sending messenger to-day. Hope to follow immediately. Welcome."

She gasped over the words, feeling them in the first instance as a blow,—a repulse. She had feared,—but also she had hoped,—she scarcely knew for what,—yet at least for something more, something different from this.

He was not coming, then, at once! A messenger! What messenger could a man send to his wife in such a case? Who knew them both well enough to dare to come between them? Old fiercenesses woke up in her. Had the word been merely cold and unforgiving it would have crushed her indeed; but there was that in her which would have scarcely dared complain. An eye for an eye—no

conscience-stricken creature but admits the wild justice of that.

But a "messenger!"—when she that was lost is found, when a man's wife comes back to him from the dead! Phœbe sat voiceless, the telegram on her lap, a kind of scorn trembling on her lip.

Then her eye caught the word "welcome,"—and it struck home. She began to sob, her angry pride melting. And suddenly the door of her room opened, and there on the threshold stood Carrie,—Carrie, who had been crying too,—with wide, startled eyes, and flushed cheeks. She looked at her mother, then flew to her, while Phœbe instinctively covered the telegram with her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother!—how could you? And I *laughed* at him—I did—I *did!*" she cried, wringing her hands. "And he looked so tired! And on the way home Amélie mimicked him—and his voice—and his queer ways; and I laughed. Oh! what a beast I was! Oh! mother, and I told you his name, and you never—never—said a word!"

The child flung herself on the floor, her feet tucked under her, her hands clasped round her knees, swaying backwards and forwards in a tempest of excited feeling, hardly knowing what she said.

Phœbe looked at her bewildered; then she removed her hand, and Carrie saw the telegram. She threw herself on it, read the address, gulping, then the words—

"A messenger!" She understood that no more than her mother. It meant a letter perhaps? But she fastened on "immediately"—"welcome."

And presently—all in a moment—she leapt to her feet, and began to dance and spring about the room. And as Phœbe watched her, startled and open-mouthed, wondering if this was all the reproach that Carrie was ever going to make her, the flushed and joyous creature came and flung her arms round Phœbe's neck, so that the fair hair and the brown were all in a confusion together, and the child's cheek was on her mother's,—

"Mummy!—and I was only five, and you were n't so very old—only seven years older than I am now—and you thought father was tired of you—and you went off to Canada right away. My!—it was plucky of you—I will say that for you. And if you had n't gone, I should never have seen George. But—oh! mummy, mummy!"—this between laughing and crying—"I do guess you were just a little fool!—I guess you were!"

Miss Anna sat down-stairs listening to the murmur of those hurrying voices above her in Phœbe's room. She was darning a table-cloth, with the Manchester paper beside her; and she sat peculiarly erect, a little stern and pinched,—breathing protest.

It was extraordinary how Carrie had taken it. These were your Canadian ways, she supposed. No horror of anything—no shyness. Looking a thing straight in the face, at a moment's notice,—with a kind of humorous common-sense,—refusing altogether to cry over spilt milk, even such spilt milk as this,—in a hurry, simply, to clear it up! A mere metaphorical refusal to cry, this,—for after all there had been tears. But the immediate rebound, the determination to be cheerful, though the heavens fell, had been so amazing! The child had begun to laugh before her tears were dry,—letting loose a flood of sharp, shrewd questions on her companion; wondering, with sparkling looks, how "George" would take it; and quite refusing to provide that fine-drawn or shrinking sentiment, that "moral sense," in short, with which, as it seemed to the elder woman, half hours of this quality in life should be decently accompanied. Little heathen! Miss Anna thought grimly of all the precautions she had taken to spare the young lady's feelings,—of her own emotions,—her sense of a solemn and epoch-making experience. She might have saved her pains.

But at this point the door up-stairs opened, and the "little heathen" descended presently to the parlor, bringing the telegram. She came in shyly, and it might perhaps have been seen that she was conscious of her disgrace with Miss Anna. But she said nothing; she merely held out the piece of pink paper; and Miss Anna surprised out of her own "moral sense," fell upon it, hastily adjusting her spectacles to a large and characteristic nose.

She read it frowning. A messenger! What on earth did they want with such a person? Just like John!—putting the

disagreeables on other people. She said to herself that one saw where the child's levity came from.

"It 's nice of father, is n't it?" said Carrie,—rather timidly,—touching the telegram.

"He 'd better have come himself," said Miss Anna, sharply.

"But he is coming!" cried Carrie. "He 's only sending a letter—or a present—or something—to smooth the way—just as George does with me. Well, now then,"—she bent down, and brought her resolute little face close to Miss Anna's—"where 's he to sleep?"

Miss Anna jumped,—pushed back her chair,—and said coldly: "I 'll see to that."

"Because, if he 's going into my room," said Carrie, thoughtfully,—"something 'll have to be done to lengthen that bed. The pillow slips down, and even I hung my feet out last night. But, if you 'll let me, I could fix it up—I could make that room real nice."

Miss Anna told her to do what she liked. "And where 'll you sleep to-night, pray?"

"Oh! I 'll go in to mother."

"There 's a second bed in my room," said Miss Anna, stiffly.

"Ah! but that would crowd you up," said the girl softly; and off she went.

Presently there was a commotion upstairs,—hammering, pulling, pushing.

Miss Anna wondered what on earth she was doing to the bed.

Presently Phœbe came down, white and fluttered enough to satisfy the most exacting canons. Miss Anna tried not to show that she was dissatisfied with the terms of the telegram, and Phœbe did not complain. But her despondency was very evident, and Miss Anna was extremely sorry for her. In her restlessness she presently said that she would go out to the ghyll, and sit by the water a little. If anybody came, they were to shout for her. She would only be a stone's-throw from the house.

She went away along the fell-side, her head drooping,—so tall and thin, in her plain dress of gray Carmelite, and her mushroom hat trimmed with black.

Miss Anna looked after her. She knew very little indeed, as yet, of what it was that had really brought the poor thing home. Her own fault, no doubt. Phœbe would have poured out her soul, without reserve, on that first night of her return to her old home. But Miss Anna had entirely refused to allow it. "No, no!" she had said, even putting her hand on the wife's trembling lips; "you sha'n't tell me. Keep that for John,—it 's his right. If you 've got a confession,—it belongs to *John!*"

On the other hand, of the original crisis,—of the scene in Bernard Street, the spoilt picture, and the letters of Madame de Pastourelles, Miss Anna had let Phœbe tell her what she pleased, and in truth,—although Phœbe seemed to be no longer of a similar opinion,—it appeared to the ex-schoolmistress that John had a good deal to explain,—John and the French lady. If people are not married, and not relations, they have no reasonable call whatever to write each other long and interesting letters. In spite of her education, and her reading, Miss Anna's standards in these respects were the small puritanical standards of the English country town.

The gate leading to the steep pitch of lane opened and shut. Miss Anna rose hastily and looked out.

A lady in black entered the little garden, walked up to the door, and knocked timidly. Was this the "messenger?" Miss Anna hurried into the little hall.

"Is Mrs. Fenwick in?" asked a very musical voice.

"Mrs. Fenwick is sitting a little way off on the fell," said Miss Anna, advancing. "But I can call her directly. What name, please?"

The lady took out her card.

"It 's a French name," she said, with smiling apology, handing it to Miss Anna.

Miss Anna glanced at it, and then at the bearer.

"Kindly step this way," she said, pointing to the parlor, and holding her gray-capped head rather impressively high.

Madame de Pastourelles obeyed her, murmuring that she had sent her carriage on to the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, whence it would return for her in an hour.

Eugénie had made her first speech,—her first embarrassed explanation. She and Miss Anna sat on either side of the parlor

table, their eyes on each other. Eugénie felt herself ill at ease under the critical gaze of this handsome gray-haired woman, with her broad shoulders, and her strong brows. She had left London in hurry and agitation, and was after all but very slenderly informed as to the situation in Langdale. Had she inadvertently said something to set this formidable-looking person against her and her mission?

On her side Miss Anna surveyed the delicate refinement of her visitor; the black dress, so plain, yet so faultless; the mass of brown hair, which even after a night's railway journey was still perfectly dressed,—no doubt by the maid without whom these fine ladies never venture themselves abroad; the rings which sparkled on the thin fingers; the single string of pearls, which alone relieved the severity of the black bodice. She noticed the light, distinguished figure, the beauty of the small head; and her hostility waxed within her. John's smart friend belonged to the pampered ones of the earth, and Miss Anna did not intend to be taken in by her, not for a moment.

"Mr. Fenwick has been terribly overworked,"—Eugénie repeated, coloring against her will,—"and yesterday, he was quite broken down by your letter. It seemed too much for him. You will understand, I 'm sure. When a person is so weak, they shrink,—don't they?—even from what they most desire. And so he asked me—to—to come and tell Mrs. Fenwick something about his health, and his circumstances these last two years—just to prepare the way. There is so much—is n't there?—Mrs. Fenwick cannot yet know; and I 'm afraid—it will pain her to hear."

The speaker's voice faltered and ceased. She felt through every nerve that she was in a false position, and wondered how she was to mend it.

"Do I understand you that John Fenwick is coming to see his wife to-night?" said Miss Mason at last, in a voice of battle.

"He arrives by the afternoon train," said Eugénie, looking at her questioner with a slight frown of perplexity.

"What is the matter with him?" said Miss Anna, drily.

Eugénie hesitated; then she bent forward, the color rushing again into her cheeks.

"I think"—her voice was low and hurried, and she looked round her to see that the door was shut, and they were really alone,—"I think it has been an attack of depression — perhaps — perhaps — melancholia. He has had great misfortunes and disappointments. Unfortunately my father and I were abroad, and did not understand. But, thank God!"—she clasped her hands involuntarily—"I got home yesterday—I went to see him—just in time——"

She paused, looking at her companion as though she asked for the understanding which would save her further words. But Miss Anna sat puzzled and cold.

"Just in time?" she repeated.

"I did n't understand at first," said Eugénie, with emotion; "I only saw that he was ill and terribly broken. But he has told me since—in a letter I got just before I started. And I want you to advise me—to tell me whether you think Mrs. Fenwick should know——"

"Know what?" cried Miss Anna.

Madame de Pastourelles bent forward again, and said a few words under her breath.

Anna Mason recoiled.

"Horrible!" she said,—"and—and so cowardly! So like a man!"

Eugénie could not help a tremulous smile; then she resumed,—

"The picture had come,—just come. It was that which saved him. Ah, yes,"—the smile flashed out again—"I had forgotten! Of course, Mrs. Fenwick must know! It was the picture—it was *she* that *saved* him, but your note, by some strange accident, had escaped him. It had fallen out, among some other papers on the floor,—and he was nearly beside himself with disappointment. I was lucky enough to find it, and give it him. But oh! it was pitiful to see him."

She shaded her eyes with her hand a moment, waiting for composure. Miss Anna watched her, the strong mouth softening unconsciously.

"And so, when he asked me to come and see his wife first,—to tell her about his troubles and his breakdown,—I felt as if I could not refuse,—though, of course, I know"—she looked up appealingly—"it may well seem strange and

intrusive to Mrs. Fenwick. But perhaps when she understands how we have all been searching for her these many months——"

"Searching!" exclaimed Miss Anna. "Who has been searching?"

Her question arrested her companion. Eugénie drew herself more erect, collecting her thoughts.

"Shall we face the facts as they are?" she said at last, quietly. "I can tell you very shortly how the case stands."

Miss Anna half rose—looked at the door—sat down again.

"Mrs. Fenwick, you understand, may return at any time!"

"I will be very short. We must consult—must n't we?—for them both."

Timidly—her eyes upraised to the vigorous old face beside her—Eugénie held out her delicate hand. With a quick impulsive movement—wondering at herself—Miss Anna grasped it.

A little while later Miss Anna emerged from the parlor. She went up-stairs to find Carrie.

Carrie was sitting beside the open door of her room, calmly ripping up a mattress. The bed behind her had been substantially lengthened, apparently by the help of a packing-case, in which Mrs. Fenwick had brought some of her possessions across the Atlantic. A piece of white dimity had been tacked round the packing-case.

"Carrie! what on earth are you doing?" cried Miss Anna in dismay.

"It 's all right," said Carrie,—"I 'm only making it over. It 's got lumpy." Then she laid down her scissors, flushed, and looked at Miss Anna.

"Who 's that down-stairs?"

"It 's a lady who wants to see your mother. Will you go and fetch her?"

"Father's 'messenger'?" cried Carrie, springing up, and breathing quick.

Miss Anna nodded. "Your mother should be very grateful to her," she said in rather a shaky voice.

Carrie put on her hat in silence, and descended. The door of the parlor was open, and between it and the parlor-window stood the strange lady, staring at the river and the fell opposite,—apparently deep in thought.

At the sound of the girl's step Eugénie turned.

"Carrie!" she cried involuntarily—"you are Carrie!" And she came forward, impetuously holding out both her hands. "How like the picture—how like!"

And Eugénie gazed in delight at the small, slight creature, so actively and healthily built, in spite of her fairy proportions, at the likeness to Fenwick in hair and skin, at the apple-freshness of her color, the beauty of her eyes, the lightness of her pretty feet.

Twelve years!—and then to find *this,* dropped into your arms by the gods—this living, breathing promise of all delight! Deep in Eugénie's heart there stirred the pang of her own pitiful motherhood, of the child who had just flickered into life, and out of it, through one summer's day.

She shyly put her arm round the girl.

"May I"—she said timidly—"may I kiss you?"

Carrie, with down-dropped eyes, a little grave, submitted.

"I am going to tell my mother. Father sent you, did n't he?"

Eugénie said "Yes" gently, and released her. The child ran off.

Phœbe came slowly into the room, with an uncertain gait, touching the door and the walls like one groping her way.

"Oh! Mrs. Fenwick!"

It was a little cry from Eugénie—deprecating, full of pain. Phœbe took no notice of it. She went straight to her visitor.

"Where is my husband, please?" she said, in a strong, hoarse voice, mechanically holding out her hand, which Eugénie touched, and then let drop,—so full of rugged, passionate things were the face and form she looked at.

"He 's coming by the afternoon train." Eugénie threw all her will into calmness and clearness. "He gets to Windermere before five,—and he thought he might be here a little after six. He was *so* ill yesterday—when I found him—when I went to see him! That 's what he wanted me to tell you before you saw him again,—and so I came first,—by the night train."

"You went to see him—yesterday?" said Phœbe, still in the same tense way. She had never asked her guest to sit, and

she stood herself, one hand leaning heavily on the table.

"I had heard from the lawyers—the lawyers my father had recommended to Mr. Fenwick—that they had found a clue—they had discovered some traces of you in Canada—and I went to tell him."

"Lawyers?" Phœbe raised her left hand in bewilderment. "I don't understand."

Eugénie came a little nearer. Hurriedly, with changing color, she gave an account of the researches of the lawyers during the preceding seven months,—interrupted in the middle by Phœbe.

"But why was John looking for us, after—after all this time?" she said, in a fainter, weaker voice, dropping at the same time into a chair.

Eugénie hesitated; then said firmly, "Because he wished to find you, more than anything else in the world. And my father and I helped him all we could——"

"But you did n't know?"—Phœbe caught piteously at her dress,—"you did n't know——?"

"That Mr. Fenwick was married? No—never!—till last autumn. That was his wrong-doing, toward all his old friends."

Phœbe looked at the dignity and pureness of the face before her, and shrank a little. "And how was it found out?" she breathed, turning away.

"There was a Miss Morrison——"

"Bella Morrison!" cried Phœbe suddenly, clasping her hands,—"Bella! Of course, she did it to disgrace him."

"We never knew what her motive was. But she told—an old friend—who told us."

"And then—what did John say?" The wife's hands shook,—her eyes were greedy for an answer.

"Oh! it was all miserable!" said Eugénie, with a gesture of emotion. "It made my father very angry, and we could not be friends any more,—as we had been. And Mr. Fenwick had a wretched winter. He was ill—and his painting seemed to go wrong—and he was terribly in need of money—and then came that day at the theatre——"

"I know," whispered Phœbe, hanging on the speaker's lips,—"when he saw Carrie?"

"It nearly killed him," said Eugénie gently. "It was like a light kindled, and then blown out."

Phœbe leant her head against the table before her, and began to sob,—"If I 'd never let her go up that day! When we first landed I did n't know what to do—I could n't make up my mind. We 'd taken lodgings down at Guildford—near some acquaintances we 'd made in Canada. And the girl was a great friend of Carrie's,—we used to stay with them sometimes in Montreal. She had acted a little at Halifax and Montreal,—and she wanted an opening in London—and somebody told her to apply at that theatre—I forget his name."

"Halifax!" cried Eugénie,—"Halifax, Nova Scotia? Oh, now I understand! We have searched England through. The stage-manager said one of the young ladies mentioned Halifax. Nobody ever thought——"

She paused. Phœbe said nothing; she was grappling with some of the new ideas presented to her.

"And this was his second search, you know," said Eugénie, laying a hand timidly on Phœbe's shoulder. "He had done all he could—when you left him. But when he lost sight of Carrie again—and so of you both—it wore his heart out. I can see it did. He is a broken man." Her voice trembled. "Oh, you will have to nurse—to comfort him. He has been in despair about his art—in despair about everything. He——"

But she checked herself. The rest was for him to tell.

"For a long time he seemed—so—so successful," said Phœbe, plucking at the table-cloth, trying to compose voice and features.

"Yes—but it did n't last. He seemed to get angry with himself—and everybody else. He quarreled with the Academy—and his work did n't improve—it went back. But then—when one 's unhappy——"

Her smile and the pressure of her hand said the rest.

"He 'll never forgive me!" said Phœbe, her voice thick and shaking. "It can never be the same again. I was a fool to come home."

Eugénie withdrew her hand. Unconsciously, a touch of sternness showed itself in her bearing, her pale features.

"No, no!" she said, with energy. "You will comfort him, Mrs. Fenwick—you will give him heart and hope again. It was a cruel thing—forgive me if I say it once! —it was a cruel thing to leave him! A man like that—with his weaknesses and his temperament—which are part of his gift really—its penalty—wants his wife at every turn,—the woman who loves him—who understands. But to desert him for a suspicion!—a dream! Oh! Mrs. Fenwick, there are those who—who are really starved—really forsaken—really trampled under foot—by those they love!"

Her voice broke. She stood gazing straight before her, quivering with the passion of recollection. Phœbe looked up—awed—remembering what John had said, so long ago, of the unhappy marriage, the faithless and cruel husband. But Eugénie's hand touched her again.

"And I know that you thought—*I*—had made Mr. Fenwick—forget you. That was so strange! At that time—and for many years afterwards—my husband was still alive. If he had sent me a word —any day—any hour—I would have gone to him—to the ends of the world. I don't mean—I don't pretend—that my feeling for him remained unchanged. But my pride was—my duty was—that he should never find *me* lacking. And last year—he turned to me—I was able to help him—through his death. I had been his true wife—and he knew it."

She spoke quietly, brushing the tears from her eyes. But with the last words, her voice wavered a little. Phœbe had bowed her head upon the hand which held hers, and there was no spectator of the feeling in Eugénie's face. Was her pure conscience tormented with the thought that she had not told all, and could never tell it? Her innocent tempting of Fenwick,—as an act partly, of piteous self-defence against impulses of quite another quality and power,—this must remain her secret to the end. Sad evasions, which life forces upon even the noblest worshipers of truth!

After a minute, she stooped and kissed Phœbe's golden hair.

"I was so glad to help Mr. Fenwick—he interested me so. If I had only known of you—and the child—why, how happy we might all have been!"

She withdrew her hand, and walked away to the window, trying to calm herself. Phœbe rose and followed her.

"Do you know?"—she said piteously, —"can't you tell me?—Will John take me back?"

Eugénie paused just a moment; then said steadily, "He is coming here, because you are his wife,—because he is faithful to you,—because he wants you. Don't agitate him too much! He wants resting and healing. And so do you!" She took Phœbe's hands again in hers. "And how do you think anybody is to deny you anything, when you bring such a gift as that?"

Carrie and Miss Mason were entering the little garden. Eugénie's smile, as she motioned towards the girl, seemed to reflect the May sunshine, and Carrie's young charm.

XIV

But after Madame de Pastourelles was gone, a cloud of nervous dread fell upon the little cottage and its inmates. Phœbe wandered restlessly about the garden, waiting—and listening—hour after hour.

The May evening drew towards sunset. Flame descended on the valley, striking athwart the opening which leads to its farthest recess, superbly guarded by the crags of Bowfell, and turning all the mountain-side above the cottage, still dyed with the fern of "yester-year," to scarlet. A fresh breeze blew through the sycamore leaves, bringing with it the cool scents of rain-washed grass. All was hushed—richly hued—expectant—like some pageant waiting for its king.

Alas—poor king! In the full glory of the evening light, a man alighted from a wagonette at the foot of the cottage hill, and dragged his weary limbs up the steep ground. He opened the gate, looking round him slowly to right and left.

Then, in the porch, Fenwick saw his wife. He walked up to her, and gripped her wrists. She fell back with a stifled cry; and they stood there,—speechless and motionless—looking into each other's eyes.

XIV

Phœbe first withdrew herself. In that first moment of contact, Fenwick's changed aspect had pierced her to the heart. But the shock itself brought self-control.

"Come in," she said, mechanically; "Miss Anna's gone out."

"Where 's Carrie?" He followed her in, glancing from side to side.

"She—she 'll be here directly." Phœbe's voice stumbled over the words.

Fenwick understood that the child and Anna Mason were leaving them to themselves out of delicacy; and his exhaustion of mind and body recoiled impatiently from the prospect of a "scene," with which he felt himself wholly unable to cope. He had been sorely tempted to stay at Windermere, and telegraph that he was too ill to come that day. Such a course would at least have given him the night's respite. But a medley of feelings had prevailed over the impulse; and here he was.

They entered the little parlor, and he looked round him in amazement, muttering, "Why, it looks just as it did,—not a thing changed."

Phœbe closed the door, and then turned to him trembling.

"Won't you—won't you say you 're glad to see me, John?"

He looked at her fixedly, then threw himself down beside the table, and rested his head on his hands.

"It 's no good to suppose we can undo these twelve years," he said, roughly; "it 's no good whatever to suppose that."

"No," said Phœbe—"I know."

She too sat down, on the other side of the table, deadly pale, not knowing what to say or do. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at her, with his searching painter's eyes.

"My God!" he said, under his breath, —"we are changed, both of us—are n't we?"

She too studied the face before her, the gray hair, the red-rimmed eyes, of which the lids fluttered perpetually, shrinking from the light, the sombre mouth; and slowly a look of still more complete dismay overspread her own; reflected, as it were, from that half-savage discouragement and weariness which spoke from the drawn features, the neglected dress, and slouching figure, and seemed to make of the whole man one sore, wincing at a touch. Her heart sank,—and sank.

"Can't we begin again?" she said in a low voice, while the tears rose in her eyes. "I 'm sorry for what I did."

"How does that help it?" he said irritably.—"I 'm a ruined man. I can't paint any more,—or at any rate the world does n't care a ha' p' 'orth *what* I paint. I should be a bankrupt,—but for Madame de Pastourelles——"

"John!" cried Phœbe, bending forward—"I 've got a little money—I saved it—and there are some shares a friend advised me to buy, that are worth a lot more than I gave for them. I 've got eight hundred pounds,—and it 's all yours, John,—it 's all yours."

She stretched out her hands in a yearning anguish, and touched his.

"What friend?" he said, with a quick suspicious movement, taking no notice of her statement; "and where have you been—all these years?"

He turned and looked at her sharply.

"I 've been in Canada—on a farm—near Montreal."

She held herself erect, speaking slowly and carefully, as though a moment had arrived for which she had long prepared; through rebellion, and through yielding; now in defiance, and now in fear: the moment when she should tell John the story of her flight. Her manner, indeed, —for one who could have understood it, —proved a curious thing; that never, throughout their separation, had she ceased to believe that she should see her husband again. There had been no finality in her action. In her eyes the play had been always going on, the curtain always up.

"You know I told you about Freddy —Freddy Tolson's—coming to see me —that night? Well, it was the things he said about Canada made me do it. Of course I didn't want to go where he was going. But he said that one could get to Canada for a few pounds, and it took about nine days. And it was a fine place, and anyone could find work. He 'd thought of it, he said, but as he had friends in Australia, he was going there. And so, when he 'd left the cottage, I thought—if, when I came up to town,—I—I did find what I expected,—I 'd take Carrie,—and go to Canada."

Fenwick rose, and thrusting his hands into his pockets began to walk up and down excitedly.

"And of course—as you expected it—you found it," he said bitterly. "Who could ever have *conceived* that a woman could act in such a way! Why, I had been kissing your photograph the minute before! Lord Findon had been there, to tell me my pictures were in the Academy all right, and he 'd given me five hundred pounds for them—and the check——"

He stopped in front of her, rapping the table with his finger for emphasis,—"The check was actually in the drawer!—under your hand—where I 'd left it. It was too late to catch the north post for a letter to you, so I went out to tell one or two people, and on the way I bought some things for you at a shop,—prettinesses that I 'd never been able to give you. Why, I thought of nothing but you."

His voice had risen to a cry. He stooped, bending over the table, his haggard face close to hers.

She recoiled, and burst into a wild sob—

"John, I—I could n't know!"

"Well, go on,"—he said abruptly, raising himself—"go on. You found that picture in my room,—I 'll tell you about that presently,—and you wrote me the letter. Well, then you went back to Euston, and you sent Daisy away. After that?"

His stern, sharp tone, which was really the result of a nerve tension hardly to be borne, scared her. It was with painful difficulty that she collected her forces enough to meet his gaze and to reply.

"I took Carrie to Liverpool. We had to wait three days there. Then we got on a steamer for Quebec. The voyage was dreadful. Carrie was ill, and I was so—so miserable! We stopped at Quebec a little. But I felt so strange there, with all the people speaking French—so we went on to Montreal. And the Government people there who look after the emigrants found me a place. I got work in a hotel—a sort of housekeeper. I looked after the linen, and the servants, and after a bit I learnt how to keep the accounts. They paid me eight dollars a week, and Carrie and I had a room at the top of the hotel. It was awfully hard work. I was so dead tired at night, sometimes I could n't undress. I would sit down on the side of my bed to rest my feet; and then the next thing I 'd know would be waking in the morning, just as I was, in my clothes. But so long as I slept, it was all right.—It was lying awake—that killed me!"—

The trembling of her lips checked her, and she began to play nervously with the fringe of the table-cloth, trying to force back emotion. He had again seated himself opposite to her, and was observing her with a half-frowning attention, as of one in whom the brain action is physically difficult. He led her on, however, with questions, seeing how much she needed the help of them. From Montreal, it appeared, she had gone to a fruit-farm in the Hamilton district, Ontario, as housekeeper to a widower with a family of children varying in age from five to sixteen. She had made the acquaintance of this man,—a decent, rough, good-tempered fellow, Canadian-born,—through the hotel. He had noticed her powers of management, and her overwork; and had offered her equal pay, an easier task, and country air, instead of the rush of Montreal.

"I accepted for Carrie's sake. It was an apple-farm, running down to Lake Ontario. I had to look after the house and the children, and to cook—and wash—and bake—and turn one's hand to anything. It was n't too hard,—and Carrie went to school with the others,—and used to run about the farm. Mr. Crosson was very kind. His old mother was living there,—or I—would n't have gone,"—she flushed deeply—"but she was very infirm, and could n't do anything. I took in two English papers,—and used to get along somehow. Once I was ill, with congestion of the lungs,—and once I went to Niagara, with some people who lived near. And I can hardly remember anything else happening. It was all just the same—day after day,—I just seemed to be half alive."—

"Ah! you felt that?" he said eagerly—"you felt that? There 's a stuff they call curair. You can't move,—you 're paralyzed,—but you feel horrible pain. That 's what I used to feel like,—for months and months. And then sometimes—it was different—as if I did n't care twopence about anything, except a little bit of pleasure,—and should never vex myself about anything again. One

was dead, and it did n't matter—was rather pleasant indeed."

She was silent. Her seeking, pitiful eyes were on him perpetually, trying to make him out, to acquaint herself with this new personality, which spoke in these harsh staccato phrases,—to reconcile it with the excitable, sanguine, self-confident man whom she had deserted in his youth.

"Well,"—he resumed, "and what was your farmer like?" Then, suddenly,—lifting his eyes—"Did he make love to you?"

She colored hotly, and threw back her head.

"And if he did, it was no one's fault!—neither his nor mine. He was n't a bad fellow!—and he wanted some one to look after his children."

"Naturally. Quite content also to look after mine!" said Fenwick, with a laugh which startled her,—resuming his agitated walk, a curious expression of satisfaction, triumph even, on his dark face. "So *you* found yourself in a false position?"

He stopped to look at her, and his smile hurt her sorely. But she had made up her mind to a long patience, and she struggled on.

"It was partly that made me come home,—that, and other things?"

"What other things?"

"Things—I saw—in some of the papers about you," she said, with difficulty.

"What—that I was a flat failure?—a quarrelsome ass, and that kind of thing? You began to pity me?"

"Oh, John, don't talk to me like that?" She held out her hands to him in appealing misery. "I was *sorry,* I tell you!—I saw how I 'd behaved to you. I thought if you had n't been getting on, perhaps it was my fault. It upset me altogether!"

But he did n't relent. He still stood—fiercely interrogative—his hands in his pockets, on the other side of the table.

"And what else was there?"

Phœbe choked back her tears.

"There was a woman—who came to live near us,—who had been a maid"—She hesitated—

"Please go on!"

"Maid to Madame de Pastourelles,"—she said hastily, stumbling over the French name.

He exclaimed: "In Ontario!"

"She married a man she had been engaged to for years; he 'd been making a home for her out there. I liked her directly I saw her; and she was too delicate for the life; she came in the fall, and the winter tried her dreadfully. I used to go in to nurse her—she was very much alone,—and she told me all about herself—and about"—

"Madame?"

Phœbe nodded, her eyes swimming again in tears.

"And you found out you 'd been mistaken?"

She nodded again.

"You see—she talked about her to me a great deal. Of course I—I never said anything. She 'd been with her fifteen years—and she just worshiped her. And she told me about her bad husband—how she 'd nursed him, and that,—and how he died last year!"

A wild color leapt into Fenwick's cheeks.

"And you began to think—there might be a false position—there too,—between her and me?"

His cruel broken words stung her intolerably. She sprang up, looking at him fiercely. "And if I did, it was n't all selfishness. Can't you understand, I might have been afraid for her,—and you,—as well as for myself?"

He moved again to the window, and stood with head bent, twisting his lip painfully.

"And to-day you 've seen her?" he said, still looking out.

"Yes—she was very, very kind," said Phœbe humbly.

He paused a moment, then broke out—"And now you see—what you did!—what a horrible thing!—for the most ridiculous reasons! But after you 'd left me—in that way—you could n't expect me to give her up—her friendship—all I had. For nine or ten years, if I prospered at all, I tell you it was her doing—because she upheld me,—because she inspired me—because her mere existence shamed me out of doing—well, what I could never have resisted, but for her. If I ever did good work, it was her doing—if I have been faithful to you,

in spite of everything, it was her doing too!"

He sank down upon the window-seat,—his face working. And suddenly Phœbe was at his knees.

"Oh, John—John—forgive me!—do. John!—try and forgive me!" She caught his hands in hers, kissing them, bathing them with her tears. "John, we *can* begin again!—we're not so old. You'll have a long rest—and I'll work for you night and day. We'll go abroad with some of my money. Don't you know how you always said, if you could study abroad a bit, what good it'd do you? We'll go, won't we? And you'll paint as well as ever—you'll get everything back. Oh John! don't hate me!—don't hate me! I've loved you always—always—even when I was so mad and cruel to you. Every night in Canada, I used to long for it to be morning—and then in the morning I longed for it to be night. Nothing was any good to me, or any pleasure—without you. But at first, I was just in despair—I thought I'd lost you forever—I could never, never come back. And then afterwards—when I wanted to come back—when I knew I'd been wicked—I didn't know how to do it,—how to face it. I was frightened—frightened of what you'd say to me—how you'd look!"

She paused, her arms flung round him, her tear-stained face upraised. In her despair, and utter sincerity, she was once more beautiful,—with a tragic beauty of character and expression, not lost for one moment upon the man beside her.

He laid his right hand on her head amid the masses of her fair hair, and held it there, forcing her head back a little, studying her in a bitter passion,—the upper lip drawn back a little over the teeth, which held and tormented the lower.

"Twelve years!"—he said slowly, after a minute, his eyes plunging into hers—"twelve years!—What do you know of me now?—or I of you? I should offend you twenty times a day. And—perhaps—it might be the same with me."

Phœbe released herself, and laid her head against his knee.

"John!—take me back—take me back!"

"Why did you torture me?" he said hoarsely. "You sent me Carrie six weeks ago—and then swept her away again."

She cried out. "It was the merest accident!" And volubly—abjectly—she explained. He listened to her, but without seeming to understand,—his own mind working irrelevantly all the time. And presently he interrupted her,—

"Besides,—I'm unhinged,—I'm not fit to have women dependent on me. I can't answer for myself. Yesterday—if that picture had come at eight o'clock instead of seven—it would have been too late!"

His voice altered strangely. Phœbe fell back upon the floor, huddled together,—staring at him.

"What do you mean?"

"I should have destroyed myself. That's what I mean. I had made up my mind. It was just touch and go."

Phœbe sat speechless. It seemed as though her eyes—so wide and terrified—were fixed in their places, and could not release him. He moved impatiently; the appeal, the horror of them, were more than he could bear.

"And much better for you if I had!—and as for Carrie!—Ah!—good heavens! there she is."

He sprang up in agitation, looking through the open window, yet withdrawing from it. Phœbe too rose, the color rushing back into her cheeks. This was to be her critical, her crucial moment. If she recovered him, she was to owe it to her child.

Carrie and Miss Mason came along the path together. They had been in a wood beside the Elterwater road; not knowing how to talk to each other; wandering apart, and gathering flowers idly, to pass the time. Carrie held a large bunch of bluebells in her hand. She wore a cotton dress of grayish-blue, just such a dress as Phœbe might have worn in her first youth. The skirt was short, and showed her tripping feet. Under her shady hat with its pink rose, her eyes glanced timidly towards the house, and then withdrew themselves again. Fenwick saw that the eyes were in truth darker than Phœbe's, and the hair much darker,—no golden mist like her mother's, but nearer to his own,—a warm brown, curly and vigorous. Her face was round and rosy, but so delicately

cut and balanced, it affected him with a thrill of delight. He perceived also that she was very small,—smaller than he had thought, in the theatre. But at the same time, her light proportions had in them no hint of weakness or fragility. If she were a fairy, she was no twilight spirit; but rather a cheerful dawn-fairy,—one of those happy household sprites, that help the work of man.

He went and opened the door for them, trembling.

Carrie saw him there—paused—and then walked on quickly—ahead of Miss Mason.

"Father!" she said gravely, and looking at him, she held out her hand.

He took it, and then, drawing her to him, he kissed her hurriedly. Carrie's cheeks grew very red, and her eyes moist, for a moment. But she had long since determined not to cry,—because poor mummy would be sure to.

"I guess you 'll be wanting your tea," she said shyly, looking from him to her mother,—"I 'll go and see to it."

Miss Anna came up behind, concealing as best she could the impression made upon her by the husband and wife as they stood in the porch, under the full western light. Alack! here was no happy meeting!—and it was no good pretending.

Fenwick greeted her with little or no demonstration of any sort, though he and she, also, had never met since the year of Phœbe's flight. His sunken eyes indeed regarded her with a look that seemed to hold her at bay,—a strange look full of bitterness. She understood it to mean that he was not there to lend himself to any sham sentimental business; and that physically he was ill, and could stand no strain, whatever women might wish.

After a few questions about his journey, Miss Anna quietly begged him to come in and rest. He hesitated a moment, then with his hands in his pockets followed her to the parlor; while Phœbe, with Carrie's arm round her, went falteringly upstairs.

Miss Anna made no scene, and asked for no information. She and Carrie bustled to and fro, preparing supper. Fenwick at his own request remained alone in the parlor. But when supper-time came, it was evident that he was too feeble to face an ordinary meal. He lay back in Miss Anna's armchair with closed eyes, and took no notice of Phœbe's timid summons. The women looked in upon him, alarmed and whispering together. Then Miss Anna drew Phœbe away and mixing some milk and brandy sent Carrie in with it. "He go away to-morrow!" she said, in Phœbe's ear,—"we shall see!"

As Carrie entered the parlor with the milk and brandy, Fenwick looked up.

"Where am I to sleep?" he asked her abruptly, his eyes lingering on her.

"In my room," she said softly; "I 'm going in to Miss Anna. I 've lengthened the bed!"

A faint smile flickered over his face.

"How did you do that?"

"I nailed on a packing-case. Isn't it queer?—Miss Anna had n't any tools. I had to borrow some at the farm,—and they were the poorest scratch lot you ever saw. Why, everybody in Canada has tools."

He held her with a shaking hand, still looking intently at her bright face.

"Did you like Canada?"

She smiled.

"Why, it 's *lovely!*" Then her lips parted eagerly. She would have liked to go on talking, to make acquaintance. But she refrained. This man,—this strange new father—was "sick,"—and must be kept quiet.

"Will you help me up to bed?" he murmured, as she was just going away.

She obeyed, and he leant on her shoulder as they mounted the steep cottage stair. Her physical strength astonished him,—the amount of support that this child of seventeen was able to give him.

She led him into his room, where she had already brought his bag, and unpacked his things.

"Is it all right, father? Do you want anything else? Shall I send mother?"

"No, no," he said hastily—"I 'm all right. Tell them I 'm all right; I only want to go to sleep."

She turned at the door, and looked at him wistfully.

"I did make that mattress over—part of it. But it 's a real bad one."

He nodded, and she went away.

"A dream!" he said to himself—"*a dream!*"

He was thinking of the child as she stood bathed in the mingled glory of sunset and moonlight flowing in upon her from the open window; for the long day of northern summer was still lingering in the valley.

"Ah! if I could only *paint*!— oh God, if I could *paint*!"—He groaned aloud, rubbing his hands together in a fever of impotence and misery.

Then he tumbled into bed, and lay there weak and passive, feeling the strangeness of the remembered room, of the open casement window, of the sycamore outside, and the mountain forms beyond it; of this pearly or golden light in which everything was steeped.

In the silence he heard the voice of the beck, as it hurried down the ghyll. Twelve years, since he had heard it last; and the eternal water " at its priest-like task " still murmured with the rocks, still drank the rain, and fed the river. No rebellion there; no failure; no helpless will!

He tried to think of Phœbe, to remember what she had said to him. He wondered if he had been merely brutal to her. But his heart seemed a dry husk within him. It was, as it had been. He could neither think nor feel.

Next day he was so ill that a doctor was sent for. He prescribed long rest, said all excitement must be avoided, all work put away.

Four or five dreary weeks followed. Fenwick stayed in bed most of the day, struggled down to the garden in the afternoon, was nursed by the three women, and scarcely said a word from morning till night that was not connected with some bodily want or discomfort. He showed no repugnance to his wife, would let her wait upon him, and sit beside him in the garden. But he made no spontaneous movement towards her whatever; and the only person who evidently cheered him was Carrie. He watched the child incessantly,—in her housework, her sewing, her gardening, her coaxing of her pale mother, her fun with Miss Anna, who was by now her slave. There was something in the slight foreignness of her ways and accent, in her colonial resource and independence, that delighted and amused him like a pleasant piece of acting. She had the cottage under her thumb. By now she had cleaned all the furniture, "coloured" most of the walls, and mended all the linen, which had been in a sad condition,—Miss Anna's powers being rather intellectual than practical. And through it all, she kept a natural daintiness and refinement; was never clumsy, or loud, or untidy. She came and went so lightly,—and always bringing with her the impression of something hidden and fragrant, a happiness within, that gave a dancing grace and perfume to all her life.

To her father she chattered mostly of Canada, and he would sit in the shade of the cottage, listening to her while she described their life; the big rambling farm, the children she had been brought up with, the great lake, with its ice and its storms, the apple orchards, the sleighing in winter, the beauty of the fall, the splendour of the summers, the boom that was beginning "up west." Cunningly, in fact, she set the stage for an actor to come; but his "cue" was not yet.

It was only from her indeed that he would hear of these things. If Phœbe ventured on them his manner stiffened at once. Miss Anna's strong impression was, still, that with his wife he was always on his guard against demands he felt himself physically unable to meet. Yet it seemed to her, as time went on, that he was more and more aware of Phœbe, more sensitive to her presence, her voice.

She too watched Phœbe, and with a growing involuntary respect. This changed woman had endured "hardness," had at last followed her conscience; and rebuffed and unforgiven as she seemed to be, she was clothed none the less in a new dignity, modest and sad, but real. She might be hopeless of recovering her husband; but all the same, the law which links that strange thing, spiritual peace, with certain surrenders, had already begun to work, unknown even to herself.

As she moved about the cottage and garden indeed, new contacts, new relations slowly established themselves, unseen and unexpressed, between her and the man who scarcely noticed her in words, from morning till night. "I should offend you twenty times a day," he had said to her—"and perhaps it might be the same with me!" But they did not offend each other!—That was the

merciful new fact, asserting itself through this silent, suspended time. She was still beautiful. The mountain air restored her clear pure colour; and what time had robbed her of in bloom, it had given her back in *character,*—the artist's supreme demand. Self-control, bitterly learnt,—fresh capacities, moral, or practical,—these expressed themselves in a thousand trifles. Not only in her tall slenderness and fairness was she presently a challenge to Fenwick's sharpening sense; she began, in a wholly new degree, to interest his intelligence. Her own had blossomed; and in spite of grief, she had brought back with her some of the ways of a young and tiptoe world. Soon he was, in secret, hungry for her history,—the history he had so far refused to hear. Who was this man who had made love to her?—how far had it gone?—he tossed at nights thinking of it. There came a time when he would gladly have exchanged Carrie's gossip for hers; and through her soft silence, as she sat beside him, he would hear suddenly in memory, the echoes of her girlish voice, and make a quick movement towards her, —only to check himself in shyness or pride.

Meanwhile he could not know that he too had grown in her eyes, as she in his. In spite of all his errors and follies, he had not wrestled with his art, he had not lived among his intellectual peers, he had not known Eugénie de Pastourelles through twelve years, for nothing. Embittered he was, but also refined. The nature had grown harsher and more rugged,—but also larger, more complex, more significant, better worth the patiences of love. As for his failure, the more she understood it, the more it evoked in her an angry advocacy, a passionate championship, a protesting faith,—which she had much ado to hide.

And all this time letters came occasionally from Madame de Pastourelles,—indifferently to her or to him,—full of London artistic gossip, the season being now in full swim, of sly stimulus and cheer. As they handed them to each other, without talking of them, it was as though the shuttle of fate flew from life to life,—these in Langdale, and that in London,—weaving the three into a new pattern which day by day replaced and hid away the old.

The days lengthened towards midsummer. After a spell of rain, June descended in blossom and sunshine on the Westmoreland vales. The hawthorns were out, and the wild cherries. The bluebells were fading in the woods, but in the cottage gardens the lilacs were all fragrance, and the crown-imperials showed their heads of yellow and red. Each valley and hill-side was a medley of soft and shimmering colour, save in the higher, austerer dales, where as in Langdale, the woods scarcely climb, and the bare pastures have only a livelier emerald to show, or the crags a warmer purple, as their testimony to the spring.

Fenwick was unmistakably better. The signs of it were visible in many directions. His passive, silent ways, so alien to his natural self and temperament, were at last breaking down. One evening, Carrie, who had been to Elterwater, brought back some afternoon letters. They included a letter from Canada, which Carrie read over her mother's shoulder, laughing and wondering. Phœbe was sitting on a bench in the garden, an old yew-tree just above her on the slope. The heads of both mother and child were thrown out sharply on the darkness of the yew background,—Phœbe's profile, upturned, and the abundant coils of her hair, were linked in harmonious line with the bending figure and beautiful head of the girl.

Suddenly Fenwick put down the newspaper which Carrie had brought him. He rose, muttered something, and went into the house. They could hear him rummaging in his room, where Phœbe had lately unpacked some boxes forwarded from London. He had never so far touched brush or crayon during his stay at the cottage.

Presently he returned with a canvas and palette.

"Don't go!" he said peremptorily to Carrie, raising his hand. "Stand as you were before."

"You don't want me?" asked Phœbe, startled, her pale cheeks suddenly pink.

"Yes, yes, I do!" he said impatiently. "For God's sake don't move, either of you!"

He went back for an easel, then sat down and began to paint.

They held themselves as still as mice. Carrie could see her mother's hands trembling on her lap.

Suddenly Fenwick said in emotion: "I don't know how it is,—but I *see* much better than I did."

Miss Anna looked up from the low wall on which she was sitting. "The doctor said you would, John, when you got strong," she put in quickly. "He said you 'd been suffering from your eyes a long time without knowing it. It was nerves like the rest."

Fenwick said nothing. He went on painting, painting fast and freely,—for nearly an hour. All the time Phœbe could hardly breathe. It was as though she felt the doors opening upon a new room in the House of Life.

Then the artist put his *canvas* on the grass, and stood looking at it intently.

"By Jove!" he said presently. "By Jove!—that 'll do."

Phœbe said nothing. Carrie came up to him and linked her arm in his.

"Father, that 's enough. Don't do any more."

"All right. Take it away,—and all these things."

She lifted the sketch, the palette and brushes, and carried them into the house.

Then Fenwick looked up irresolutely. His wife was still sitting on the bench. She had her sewing in her hands.

"Your hair 's as pretty as ever, Phœbe," he said, in a queer voice. Phœbe raised her deep lids slowly, and her eyes spoke for her. She would offer herself no more,—implore no more,—but he knew in that moment that she loved him more maturely, more richly, than she had ever loved him in the old days. A shock, that was also a thrill ran through him. They remained thus for some seconds gazing at each other. Then, as Carrie returned, Phœbe went into the house.

Carrie studied her father for a little, and then came to sit down on the grass beside him. Miss Anna had gone for a walk along the fell.

"Are you feeling better, father?"

"Yes—a good deal."

"Well, then—now—I can tell you *my* news."

And she deliberately drew out a photograph from her pocket, and held it up to him.

"Well,"—said Fenwick, mystified. "Who 's the young man?"

"He 's *my* young man,"—was Carrie's entirely self-possessed reply. "I 'm going to marry him."

"*What?*" cried Fenwick. "Show him to me."

Carrie yielded up her treasure rather timidly.

Fenwick looked at the picture, then put it down angrily.

"What nonsense are you talking, Carrie! Why, you 're only a baby. You ought n't to be thinking of any such things."

Carrie shook her head resolutely.

"I 'm not a baby. I 've been in love with him more than a year."

"Upon my word!" said Fenwick, "you must have begun in the cradle! And has it never occurred to you—lately—that you 'd have to ask my leave?"

Carrie hesitated.

"In Canada I would n't have to," she said at last decidedly.

"Oh! they 've abolished the Fifth Commandment there, have they?"

"No—no. But the girls choose for themselves!" said Carrie, tossing back her brown curls with the slightest touch of defiance. Fenwick observed her, his brow clouding.

"And you suppose that I 'm going to say Yes at once to this mad proposal?—that I 'm going to give you up altogether, just as I 've got you back? I warn you at once, I shall not consent to any such thing!"

There was silence. Fenwick sat staring at her, his lips moving, angry sentences of authority and reproach forming themselves in his mind,—but without coming to speech. It was intolerable, inhuman,—that at this very moment, when he wanted her most, this threat of fresh loss should be sprung upon him. She was *his*—his property. He would not give her up to any Canadian fellow, and he altogether disapproved of such young love-affairs.

"Father—" said Carrie, after a moment,—"when George asked me—we did n't know—"

"About me? Well, now you do know," said Fenwick, roughly. "I 'm here,—and

I have my rights." He put out his hand and seized her arm, looking at her, devouring her, in a kind of angry passion.

Carrie grew a little pale and, coming nearer, she laid her head against his knee.

"Father, you don't understand what we propose."

"Well, out with it, then!"

"We would n't think about being married for three years. Why, of course we would n't! I don't want to be settled all that soon. And besides we 're going abroad,—you, and mummy, and I. I 'm going to take you!" She sat up, tossing her pretty head, her eyes as bright as stars.

"And be thinking all the time of the Canadian chap?—bored with everything!" growled Fenwick.

Carrie surveyed him. A film of tears sparkled.

"I 'm never bored. Father!"—she held herself erect, throwing all her soul into every word—"George is—*awfully—nice!*"

Ah! the "life-force"! There it was before him, embodied in this light, ardent creature, on whose brown head, and white dress the June sun streamed, through the sycamore-leaves. With a groan—suddenly—Fenwick weakened.

"What's his horrid name?—who is he?—quick!"

Carrie gave a little crow—and began to talk, sitting there, on the grass, with her hands round her knees. The interloper it appeared had every virtue, and every prospect. What was to be done? Presently Carrie crept up to him again.

"Father!—he wants to come to Europe. When you 've found a plan,—if we let him come and hitch up alongside of us somewhere,—why, he would n't be any trouble!—*I*'d see to that! And you don't know whether—whether a son—might n't suit you!—Why!—you 've never tried!"

He made an effort, and held her at arm's length.

"I tell you, I can say nothing about it—nothing—till George has written to *me!*"

"But he has,—this mail!" And in triumph she hastily dragged a letter out of the little bag at her waist, and gave it him. "It came this afternoon, only I did n't know if you might have it."

He laughed excitedly, and took it.

An hour later, Fenwick rose. The day had grown cool. A fresh breeze was blowing from the north down the fell-side. He put his arm round Carrie as she stood beside him, kissed her, and in a gruff, unintelligible voice murmured something that brought the tears again to her eyes. Then he announced that he was going for a short walk. Neither Phœbe nor Miss Anna was to be seen. Carrie protested on the score of his health.

"Nonsense! The doctor said I might do what I felt I could do."

"Then you must say good-bye to me. For Miss Anna and I are going directly."

Fenwick looked scared, but was soon reminded that Miss Anna was to drive the child that evening to Bowness, where Carrie was to be introduced to some old friends of Miss Anna's and stay with them a couple of days. He evidently did not like the prospect, but he made no audible protest against it, as he would perhaps have done, a week before.

Carrie watched him go,—followed his figure with her eyes along the road.

"And I 'm glad *we* 're off!" she said to herself, her small feet dancing; "we 've been cumbering this ground—Miss Anna and I—a deal too long!"

He was soon nearly a mile from home; rejoicing strangely in his recovered power of movement, and in the freshness of the evening air. He found himself on a hill above Elterwater, looking back on the lake, and on a wide range of hills beyond, clothed, in all their lower slopes, with the full leaf of June. Wood rose above wood, in every gradation of tone and loveliness, creeping upward through blue haze, till they suddenly lost hold on the bare peaks, which rose augustly clear, into the upper sky. The lake with its deep or glowing reflections,—its smiling shore,—the smoke of its few houses,—lay below him; and between him and it, glistening sharply, in a sun-steeped magic, upon the blue and purple background of the hills and woods,—a wild cherry, in its full mantle of bridal white.

What tranquillity!—what color!—what infinite variety of beauty! His heart swelled within him. Life of the body,—and life of the soul—seemed to be flow-

ing back upon him, lifting him on its wave, steeping him in its freshening strength. "My God!" he thought, remembering the sketch he had just made, and the mastery with which he had worked—"if I am able to paint again! —if I am!"

An ecstacy of hope arose in him. What if really there had been something wrong with his eyes!—something that rest might set right? What, if he had wanted rest for years?—and had gone on defying nature and common sense?

And, in a moment, as he sat there, looking out into the evening, the old whirl of images invaded him,—the old tumult of ideas—clamouring for shape and form,—flitting, phantom-like, along the woods, and over the bosom of the lake. He let himself be carried along, urging his brain, his fancy, filled with indescribable happiness. It was years since the experience had last befallen him! Did it mean the return of youth?—conception? —creative power? What matter!—years, or hardship?—if the mind could still imagine, the hand still shape?

He thought of his own series of the "Months"—which he had planned among these hills, and had carried out perfunctorily and vulgarly, in the city, far from the freshness and infinity of Nature. All the faults of his designs appeared to him; and the poverty of their execution. But he was only exultant, not depressed. Now that he could judge himself, now that his brain had begun to react once more, with this vigor, this wealth of idea,—surely all would be well.

Then for the first time, he thought of the money which Phœbe had saved. Abroad. Abroad! Italy?—or France? To go as a wanderer and a student, on pilgrimage to the sources of beauty and power. What was old, or played-out? Not Beauty!—not the mind within him, —not his craftsman's sense. He threw himself on the grass, face downwards, praying as he had been wont to do in his youth, but in a far more mystical, more inward way; not to a far-off God, invited to come down, and change or tamper with external circumstances; but to something within himself, identified with himself, the power of beauty in him, the resurgent forces of hope—and love.

At last, after a long time, as the summer twilight was waning, there struck through his dream the thought of Phœbe, —alone in the cottage,—waiting for him. He sprang up, and began to hurry down the hill.

Phœbe was quite alone. The little servant who only came for the day had gone back to the farm where she slept, and Carrie and Miss Anna had long since departed on their visit.

Carrie had told her mother that "Father" had gone for a walk. And strangely enough, though he was away two hours, and she knew him still far from his usual strength, Phœbe was not anxious. But she was mortally tired,—as though of a sudden, a long tension had been loosened, a long effort relaxed.

So she had gone up-stairs to bed. But she had not begun to undress, and she sat in a low chair near the window, with the casements wide open, and the twin-peaks visible through them under a starry sky. Her head had fallen back against the chair; her hands were folded on her lap.

Then she heard Fenwick come in, and his step coming up the stairs.

It paused outside her door, and her heart beat so that she could hardly bear it.

"May I come in?"

It seemed to her that he did not wait for her low reply. He came in and shut the door. There was a bright color in his face, and his breath came fast, as he stood beside her, with his hands on his sides.

"Are you sure you like my coming?" he said brusquely.

She did not answer in words, but she put out her hand, and drew him toward her.

He knelt down by her, and she flung an arm around his neck, and laid her fair head on his shoulder with a long sigh.

"You are very tired?"

"No. I knew you would come."

A silence. Then he said waveringly, stooping over her—

"Phœbe,—I was very hard to you. But there was a black pall on me—and now it's lifting. Will you forgive me?—my dear—my dear!"

She clung to him with a great cry. And once more the torrent of love and repentance was unsealed, which had been arrested through all these weeks. In broken words—in mutual confession—each helping, each excusing the other,—the blessed, healing time passed on its way; till suddenly, as her hand dropped again upon her knee, he noticed, as he had often bitterly noticed before, the sham wedding-ring on the third finger.

She saw his eyes upon it, and flushed.

"I had to, John," she pleaded. "I had to."

He said nothing, but he thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and brought out the same large pocket-book which still held her last letter to him. He took out the letter, and offered it to her. "Don't read it," he said peremptorily. "Tear it up."

She recognized it, with a sob, and, trembling, did as he bade her. He gathered up the small fragments of it, took them to the grate, and lit a match under them. Then he returned to her—still holding the open pocket-book.

"Give me your hand."

She held it out to him, bewildered. He slowly drew off the ring, put it aside; then from the inmost fold of the pocket-book he took another ring, slipped it on her finger, and kissed the hand. After which he knelt down again beside her, and they clung to each other,—close and long.

"I return it"—he murmured—"after twelve years! God bless you for Carrie. God bless you for coming back to me. We 'll go to Italy. You shall do that for me. But I 'll repay you—if I live. Now, are you happy? Why, we 're young yet!"

And so they kissed; knowing well that the years are irreparable, and yet defying them; conscious, as first youth is never conscious, of the black forces which surround our being, and yet full of passionate hope; aware of death, as youth is never aware of it, and yet determined to shape something out of life; sad and yet rejoicing, "cast down, but not destroyed."

* * * *

EPILOGUE

Of Eugénie, still a few words remain to say. About a year after Fenwick's return she lost her father. A little later Elsie Welby died. To the end of her life she had never willingly accepted Eugénie's service, and the memory of this alack, is for Eugénie among the pains that endure. What influence it may have had upon her later course can hardly be discussed here. She continued to live in Westminster, and to be the friend of many. One friend was tacitly accepted by all who loved her as possessing a special place, and special privileges. Encouraged and inspired by her, Arthur Welby outlived the cold and academic manner of his later youth, and in the joy of richer powers, and the rewards of an unstained and pure affection, he recovered much that life seemed once to have denied him. Eugénie never married him. In friendship, in ideas, in books, she found the pleasures of her way. Part of her life she spent—with yearning and humility—among the poor. But with them she never accomplished much. She was timid in their presence, and often unwise; neither side understood the other. Her real sphere lay in what a great Oxford preacher once enforced at St. Mary's, as—"our duty to our equals"—the hardest of all. Her influence, her mission, were with her own class; with the young girls just "out," who instinctively loved and clung to her; with the tired or troubled women of the world, who felt her presence as the passage of something pure and kindling which evoked their better selves; and with those men, in whom the intellectual life wages its difficult war with temperament and circumstance, for whom beauty and truth are realities, and yet—great also is Diana of the Ephesians! Thus in her soft, glancing woman's way, she stood with the "helpers and friends of mankind." But she never knew it. In her own opinion few persons were so unprofitable as she; and but for her mystical belief, the years would have brought her melancholy. They left her smile, however, undimmed. For the mystic carries within a little flame of joy, very hard to quench. The wind of Death itself does but stir and strengthen it.

THE END

THE JAY-BIRD

BY LE ROY T. WEEKS

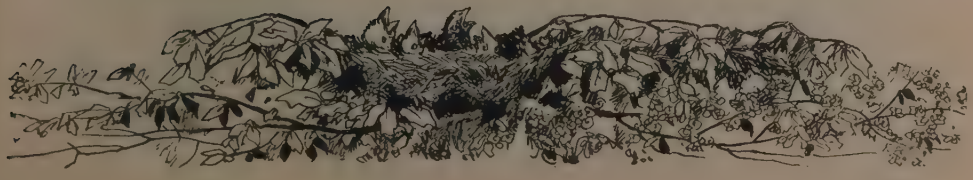
HO, there, gay marauder,
Rummaging the wood!
Pompous self-applauder,
Braggart and defrauder,
Bold as Robin Hood.
Saucy imp in white and blue,
What 's your title? Tell me true.
Comes the answer, sharp, metallic:
"Smart
Aleck!
Smart
Aleck!"

Impudent freebooter,
Pirate of the grove,
Scoffer and disputer,
Harasser and looter,
Everywhere you rove.
But from out that noisy throat
Often comes a liquid note:
"Kickapoo,
Peek-a-boo,
Link-a-loo,
Inkle-poo!"

Then again he 'll whisper—
Oh, but he is sly!
Like a happy vesper
You will hear the lisper,
In the leaves near by,
Crooning to his nesting mate
Songs beyond me to translate:
"Tear,
Tee,
Twink,
Twee!
Room for two—just you and me!"

Here I lie a-soaking
In the scented shade,
While he goes a-poking
All about and joking
Like a jolly blade.
Then he 'll order round his wife,
With her busy, busy life:
"Fill the kittle!
Fill the kittle!
Fill up the kittle!
Fill the tea-kittle!"

Once I watched a robin
Plastering her nest.
How she kept a-bobbin'
In and out, and daubin',
Shaping with her breast.
Jay-bird came a-dancing by,
And the dwelling caught his eye—
Sucked the eggs and flew away!
Jay!
Jay!
Jay!
Jay!"



SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

I. THE GROVE OF DODONA

BY ANDRÉ SAGLIO

JUST as the flood tide, in receding, leaves a dark pool in the hollow of a rock, so the first conquerors of the soil of Greece, overwhelmed by new invaders, had left a reminder of their passage in the small colony that lingered on in one of the wild valleys of Epirus, where the wail of the cold wind of the mountains vied with the greater voice of the thunder, which is so prevalent in the mountains of Epirus. This weird spot was called Dodona, and was dedicated to the worship of Zeus.

The descendants of Hellenes, rough, uncouth men, appointed themselves priests of this faith inherited from their ancestors, and became interpreters of the divine revelations. They foretold the future in the flight of the doves, as they moved in the thick branches of the sacred grove, in the rustle of the leaves of the oaks, in the murmur of the fountain, or in the sound of the wind on the bronze tripods about the temple.

Even long before Homer's time pilgrims toiled along the roads leading to Dodona, to interrogate the oracle. This faith lasted till Christian emperors had ruined the temples, and burnt the last of the speaking trees. Tradition had it that it was there Hercules learned that the end of his labors was nigh; Crœsus, King of Lydia, sent ambassadors there; Agesilaus, King of Sparta, did not start on his Asian campaign until he had consulted the venerable oaks; and Demosthenes gained the ear of the Athenians by telling them to inquire of Dodona what attitude to assume toward Philip of Macedon.

Often, and with reason, the prophecy was confused or even false; but such was the faith in the infallibility of the holy oracle that the victims attributed their failure to their own lack of intelligence. It happened in this wise that the Athenians, having engaged in a disastrous campaign in Sicily because the oracle had ordered them to found a colony at Syracuse, discovered, all too late, the existence of another Syracuse, a neighboring village in a valley not far away. No more was needed to convince them that the great Zeus had intended to designate this spot, despite its evident inadaptability for such colonization. Thus, during many centuries, the oracle of Dodona enjoyed both fame and wealth. A dove spread its wings over the topmost branches of the ancient trees, around which were twined garlands of flowers; about the rugged trunks stood precious tripods in which incense fumed; an army of priests and priestesses received the offerings, put in place the propitiatory baskets of cakes and sacred barley, and offered the victims in sacrifice.

But little by little this holy zeal flagged. Sceptic conquerors robbed the temple of its valuable ex-votos, and these were followed again by mere brigands, who pillaged without arousing the humiliated divinities to the punishment of such audacious profanity. A new era had come. A church replaced the pagan temple; a bishop reigned at Dodona in the place of the forgotten oracles. The voice of the fateful valley is heard to-day only by the scholar, who, searching in the soil, finds there ashes of great conflagrations and relics of mighty conflicts mingled with the debris of ancient and forgotten sacrifices.

THE GROVE OF DODONA. BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

apparently insurmountable difficulties. To-day the first half of the work is completed, and thousands of tourists visit the famous glaciers of the Eiger and the sea of ice on the other side of the Jungfrau range as an afternoon excursion, sipping their five-o'clock tea in the subterranean station of the Eiger pyramid, ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea!

Poor Guyer-Zeller did not see the success of his enterprise. Like Favre, the creator of the Gotthard Railway, still unsurpassed as a technical and scenic marvel, and Brandt, the builder of the Simplon Railway, he died in the midst of his work, like a soldier on the battle-field.

Every visitor to Interlaken is naturally familiar with the Berner Oberland Railway, leading through the wildly romantic gorge of the Zweilütschinen River to the station of the same name. At this charming spot, surrounded by the snow-covered giants of the Oberland, the river is formed by the junction of the Black and the White Lütschine, the former coming from the glaciers of famous Grindelwald and the picturesque Wetterhorn group, the latter from the vast ice-fields of the Jungfrau range proper. Between the valleys of these gushing, foaming, turbulent mountain streams rises one of the loveliest mountains of Switzerland, the Wengernalp, with dark pine woods and bright-green pastures, where great quantities of *Alpenrosen,* a species of small, red rhododendron, may be gathered during the summer months, and from where the Jungfrau group is best seen in all its wonderful glory. From Zweilütschinen the Oberland Railway skirts the western foot of the Wengernalp, following the deep wooded gorge of the White Lütschine to Lauterbrunnen, passes over the Wengernalp Mountain to Grindenwald, returning to Zweilütschinen along the course of the Black Lütschine, thus describing the outlines of a pan with the handle attached to it. At the end of the handle is Interlaken. The scenery along this popular road rivals in beauty and imposing grandeur that of the Andes and northern India.

In order to reach the Jungfrau Railway, the tourist takes this *Oberlandbahn* as far as the Kleine Scheidegg, the highest point of the Wengernalp pass, 6800 feet above sea-level. Shortly before reaching Zweilütschinen, he will notice, bedded deeply in the river-gorge, a few large buildings half covered by the branches of gigantic pine-trees above. Here the power plant of the Jungfraubahn is located. To obtain the required height of fall, the water of the Lütschine is taken from far up the river and conducted through steel tubes six feet in diameter to a point one hundred and thirty feet above the turbine-wheels. The pits contain six turbines, the two largest of which have a capacity of 500 horse-power each. Altogether a force of 2650 horse-power is obtained, quite sufficient for driving the electric locomotives, lighting the tunnels, and warming the houses of the working force up among the glaciers. After the completion of the railway to the top of the Jungfrau, another plant, with a capacity of 10,000 horse-power, will be established on the banks of the Black Lütschine, near the romantic village of Burglauinen, below Grindelwald.

In summer-time, when the warm sun is melting off the ice-deposits, both streams are filled to overflowing; but in spring and autumn there is at times insufficient water to drive the turbines, and for this emergency gas-engines have been installed at the power-houses.

As at the Niagara Falls plant, the generators are firmly joined to the turbine-shafts, rotating along with the wheels at the rate of 380 revolutions a minute. The electricity thus generated is conducted over three copper wires to the mountains above, and the high wooden poles carrying them accompany the railway-track as far as the Kleine Scheidegg. Here, in full view of the three giants, Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau, the new railway branches off in easterly direction toward the enormous ice-fields of the Eiger, while due south, not over four miles from the starting-point as the crow flies, the Jungfrau raises her snowy head above the clouds.

A direct route from the Scheidegg to the Jungfrau being out of the question, this roundabout course for the track had to be adopted. Between these two points spreads one of the most terrible gorges of the Swiss Alps, cut thousands of feet deep through the hard rock and surrounded by enormous glaciers and snow-fields. Down below rushes the roaring

INTERLAKEN, WITH THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

Trümmelbach, the discharge of all these masses of ice being so powerful that in the course of ages even the towering walls of the Black Monk were cut in two in order to find its outlet to the Lauterbrunnen Valley, the Yosemite of Switzerland. The entire height of the Trümmelbach Falls from the source of this stream down to the valley, a distance of only two miles and a half, is over a mile and a half! The tremendous force of this stream can therefore be imagined.

With perpendicular rocks on all sides, the gorge of Trümleten, cut out by the Trümmelbach, could naturally not be spanned by a bridge, nor even doubled by an open-air railway, for there is not an inch of solid level ground available for the foundation. The glaciers themselves are moving slowly, imperceptibly, downward, and even if sufficient rock-bed could be found, the numerous avalanches of snow and rock and ice would frustrate every effort to get across this deadly abyss. Visitors to the Wengernalp may witness this grand spectacle daily during the summer. Hundreds and thousands of tons of ice, mingled with snow and masses of rock and sand, are then beginning to move slowly downward, increasing in speed the lower they get, till they break up and tumble furiously in big jumps to the deep gorge below, amid deafening thunder, echoed many times by the towering mountains around.

Consequently there was only one way to get the railway to the top—the way through the mountains themselves. For the first mile the track crosses the green pastures of the Wengernalp toward the Eiger glacier till the station of that name is reached, and a short distance beyond one sees the entrance of the tunnel, which, when completed, will be six miles in length, to the ten miles of the famous Gotthard tunnel. At Eigergletscher, a station about seven thousand feet above sea-level, has sprung up within a few years one of the highest settlements of Europe. This curious place, surrounded by perpetual ice, without a tree or shrub or any vestige of vegetation, with eight months of winter and no spring or autumn, has been chosen for the headquarters of the railway, with work-shops, engine-houses, residences for officials, and barracks for workmen. These are mostly Italians, of whom about a hundred and

PANORAMA FROM THE SCHYNIGE PLATTE.—PART I

fifty are constantly at work higher up the road, day and night, in turns of eight hours each, without any ill effect on account of the high altitude. As the village is sometimes entirely cut off from the outside world by snow, storehouses have been erected, containing provisions for several months. An electric bakery furnishes fresh bread, and an electric plant produces water by melting snow and ice.

The railway track has a third rail for the cog-wheels of the electric engines and the two small cars forming a train. Inside the tunnel the grade is rather steep, in few places less than twenty-five per cent. The cars are comfortable, the roadbed surprisingly smooth, the tunnel itself is well lighted by electricity, and the tourist may think himself traveling in the underground railway of Paris. The illusion is even enhanced on reaching the third station, Eigerwand, after a ride of twenty minutes. The train stops, and the passengers alight inside a vast hall, with signal-boxes and other installations as in underground Paris. Only the temperature is different. Tourists are shivering in the intense cold, sometimes below the freezing-point, although the warm summer sun may shine outside.

THE WENGERNALP

PART II.—(THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES THE ROUTE OF THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY)

At Eigerwand the road has reached ten thousand feet, double the height of the Adirondack summit. A post-office and telephone-station, a large restaurant with buffet and bar and numerous tables, have been established here, and the traveler may rest and take his refreshments as in the Champs Elysée. Only when he approaches the large openings in the rock through which this underground station receives light from outside will he be forcibly reminded of the real character of his surroundings.

Nobody who has traveled on the Wengernalp road down to Grindelwald will ever be able to forget the stupendous natural pyramid of the Eiger, rising almost perpendicularly through the clouds, without any break or step, the icy diadem of its head glittering above them in the rays of the bright sun, two miles above the valley. One might be reminded of the towering stone masses of the Cologne Cathedral, the largest Gothic structure of Europe. But fifteen of such cathedrals placed side by side, and seventy more piled in eighteen rows upon one another, may give an idea of the dimensions of the Eigerwand.

If examined with a powerful glass, a

KLEINE SCHEIDEGG STATION—THE WETTERHORN IN THE BACKGROUND

row of five holes not larger than pinheads may be detected in the upper half. They represent the five window-openings, each fifteen feet wide, cut through the rock in the station. The view, as seen from them, comprises not only the northern part of Switzerland, with mountain-range after

THE EIGER AND MÖNCH FROM THE EIGERGLETSCHER STATION

mountain-range, but also a large portion of Germany; for the Vosges Mountains of Alsace and the Black Forest of the Grand Duchy of Baden are clearly visible, while far below, at the foot of the Eiger, the vast hotels and dwelling-houses of pretty Grindelwald are seen, appearing not larger than match-boxes.

The overpowering effect of this wonderful sight is withal somewhat softened by the green pastures and dark forests, by the *Sennhütten* nestling on the slopes, and by the towns and villages far down in the valleys. A ride of ten minutes more brings the tourist to the Ultima Thule for the time being, station Eismeer.

The station itself is similar to the previous one—a vast cave hewn out of the natural chalky rock, with massive columns left standing to support the roof. Future travelers will find the rough, rocky walls and the roof of this cave station finely paneled with wood, good parquetting laid on the floor, huge glass windows, and a large restaurant where table d'hôte will be served by waiters in dress-coats. Moreover, there will be a telegraph and telephone station, a post-office for postal-card "fiends," a station-house, and quarters for the railway officials. Even an underground hotel is in course of construction, with comfortable rooms for the accommodation of travelers. Imagine a hotel in the bowels of the Eiger at the height of ten thousand feet, with glaciers and snow-fields and clouds below! A glimpse out of the huge

EIGERGLETSCHER STATION—THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

rock windows will show the tourist, as the port-hole of an arctic ship, a vast frozen sea. Imagine a portion of the ocean whipped into towering waves by a furious cyclone, and then this cyclone suddenly stopped, the motion of the turbulent waves arrested, and the water frozen to hard ice. This is the Eismeer, stretching for miles eastward from the very feet of the onlooker. A few steps down a stairway hewn in the

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RAILWAY FROM INTERLAKEN TO THE JUNGFRAU PEAK

rock will bring him on the ice. He will be surrounded by enormous blocks, hundreds of tons in weight, like frozen waves, side by side or piled upon one another, cracked and broken by the imperceptible but constant movement of the glacier over its rocky bed downward to the Grindelwald gorge, sheets of ice overlapping, heaps of ice, pinnacles of ice, fields of ice, with wide

THE LOOK-OUT FROM THE EIGERWAND STATION

INTERIOR OF THE EIGERWAND STATION

cracks of immeasurable depth running in all directions. Surrounding this picture of the wildest desolation, this landscape of the moon, standing boldly forth against the clear background of the blue sky, are the kings of the Alps—the dark masses of the Wetterhorn group, the terrible Schreckhorn, the towering peaks and precipitous ridges of the highest giants of the Bernese Alps, the Finsteraarhorn, the Lauteraarhorns, the Strahlegghorns, the two Vieschers-horns, and, finally, closing this vast amphitheater, the lower Mönchsjoch, nearly joining the Eiger.

And while we are admiring silently and awe-stricken this majestic panorama, one of the grandest of the Alps, it may happen that monstrous masses of ice, suddenly break loose from the top and tumble down toward the rocky, icy gorges below with thunderous roar, reëchoed by all the peaks of this Alpine theater. Snow and icy spray as dry as dust may be driven by the tremendous force of the air toward the dumfounded spectators, frightening them away to the interior of the cave; and when the echo has died away, stillness will set in again in these regions of death—stillness as it is unknown to humanity below, stillness unbroken even by the flight of bird or by the chirping of cricket; for there is no vestige of organic life to be found here. Those who tarry there will be like the man in the moon, with ice-fields for lawns, snowflakes for grass, and wild rocks for a forest.

Those fond of winter sports will enjoy all the skating, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and curling their hearts may desire. Moreover, the whole climbing sport must necessarily be revolutionized by the Jungfrau Railway. Henceforth climbers will avoid the fatigue of the first day's climbing to the regions of the Eismeer by taking the train to that station. And when the Jungfraubahn is finished, tourists not

devoted to Alpine sports will be able to sit on the top of the Jungfrau, bask in the rays of the sun, and admire the magnificent panorama, without climbing higher than the footboard of a railway-carriage. It has taken six years and as many millions of francs to bring the road to the Eismeer, half-way up; it will take as much time and money again to finish the tunnel. From a point about two hundred and thirty feet below the Jungfrau summit an electric lift will be constructed through the gneiss rock to the very top. Then tourists from Interlaken will be able to undertake one of the most delightful excursions, and witness one of the grandest sights in the world, within a few hours, at an expense of about eight dollars.

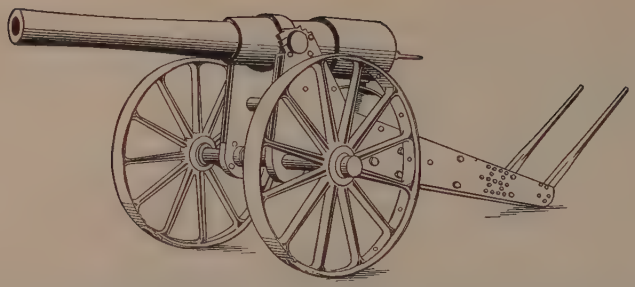
LOOKING FROM WITHIN THE ENTRANCE TO THE EIGER TUNNEL—THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

BROWNING

BY JEANIE PEET

NEAR a great forest, one cried out "Obscure!"
As if it angered him; the other, "True;
Yet none the less those shadowed deeps allure.
Keep to the sanded alleys, friend! For you
Such paths were laid. 'T is one good reason more
Why I prefer the forest to explore.

"Just where the thick-starred tapestry of vines
Seems to say 'No admittance,' look, they part!
Far sweep the fragrant vistas through the pines.
Obscure? Like nature, like the human heart."



THE 4-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN CALLED "LONG CECIL," CONSTRUCTED BY MR. LABRAM DURING THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY

THE AMERICAN HERO OF KIMBERLEY

BY T. J. GORDON GARDINER

WHEN a man rises to eminence under a foreign flag, especially by distinguished service in war, his career usually awakens interest among his compatriots. It is strange, therefore, that the name of George F. Labram of Detroit should be virtually unknown in this country. Mr. Labram, although a citizen of the United States and a non-combatant, holds a unique position in the military history of Great Britain. His services during the siege of Kimberley received the thanks of the British government and were publicly referred to by Lord Roberts as not only among the most momentous in the South African campaign, but in their own way unparalleled in modern warfare. Yet the story of his work—a story of American enterprise and resource in strange and dramatic surroundings, is but little known among his fellow-countrymen.

It is now a matter of history that when President Kruger's ultimatum expired on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 11, 1899, the British colonies in South Africa were ill prepared for war. Nowhere was this unreadiness more apparent than in Kimberley. From the proximity of the town to the Transvaal and Free State borders, and in view of the notorious bad feeling existing in the republics toward the people of the diamond fields, it might have been expected that the British government would take steps to protect a place of such commercial and strategical importance. This was so far from being the case, however, that when, after the collapse of the Bloemfontein Conference, the inhabitants appealed to the Cape administration for arms and ammunition to defend their town, they received through the Civil Commissioner the following reply:

"There is no reason whatever for apprehending that Kimberley is, or in any contemplated event will be, in danger of attack, and Mr. Schreiner[1] is of opinion that your fears are groundless and your anticipations without foundation."

The Imperial government, it is true, had so far recognized the danger of the situation as to send to the diamond fields, toward the end of September, 1899, a small body of regular troops amounting to some 564 officers and men. These were under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Robert George Kekewich of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Malay Peninsula and on the Nile. The Colonial troops in and around Kimberley when the

[1]Prime Minister of Cape Colony.

war began were some 530 of the Cape Mounted Police, a very efficient semi-military body, and about 550 local volunteers, corresponding in training and equipment to the State militia in this country.

With a total command, therefore, of not more than 1650 trained men, Colonel Kekewich had to prepare to defend a town of 45,000 inhabitants and a perimeter of over eight miles. As such a garrison was wholly insufficient for the purposes of defence, he proceeded without delay to enroll a town guard. The men enlisted were mostly De Beers employees, civil servants, clerks, and shop assistants, very few of whom had had any military training. Fortunately, colonial life produces sportsmen in all classes, so that many of these citizen soldiers, although ignorant of the profession of arms, knew how to use a rifle, and in both veldt and camp could teach the regular troops some useful lessons.

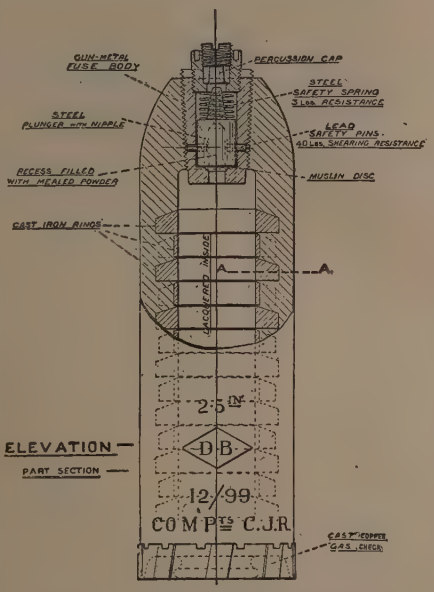


DIAGRAM OF THE RIFLE-SHELLS MADE BY MR. LABRAM FOR THE "LONG CECIL"

On the 14th of October, 1899, when, by the red flags fluttering from the shaft-heads and the prolonged screaming of the De Beers sirens, the people of the diamond town knew that the investment of Kimberley had begun, Colonel Kekewich was able to man the trenches and forts with about 4500 armed troops of all ranks, of whom about four fifths were Kimberley men.

The town lies on the open, rolling veldt. A unique feature of the place is the great mass of tailings from the mines—locally called debris heaps—which, during the last twenty years, have been piled up round the outskirts. These blue-gray mounds rise to a considerable height along some miles of the circumference and, from the point of view of defence, occupy a good strategic position. An ordinary wire fence, officially known as "the barrier," was erected along the whole perimeter, and on this at frequent intervals the Royal Engineers had built sand-bag and earth redoubts.

Besides the task of garrisoning and fortifying the town, Colonel Kekewich had to face innumerable difficulties in which local conditions counted for much, and he and his officers had frequently to rely on the information and advice of civilian residents.

Among the first of these with whom the commander was brought in contact was Mr. George F. Labram, chief engineer of the De Beers Consolidated Mines.

Mr. Labram was born in Detroit and was reared in Hancock, Michigan. After working for some years in the mines of Mexico and Arizona, he went to South Africa, in 1893, to erect and run a crushing plant for the De Beers mines.[1] Three years later, when only thirty-six years old, he was appointed chief engineer and electrician of that company. From his father, an engineer of Scotch

[1] My brother, George Labram, was born in 1859 in Detroit, Michigan. About 1864 his parents moved to the Quincy Mine, Michigan, where he attended school. His spare time was taken up with books on machinery and engineering. When a comparatively young man he entered the employ of S. F. Hodge & Company of Detroit, who were manufacturers of machinery. He left the latter place for Chicago, becoming in time an employee of Fraser & Chalmers, who were also manufacturers of machinery. Previous to his connection with the latter firm he was employed by the M. C. Bullock Manufacturing Company of Chicago. His next move was to Arizona, to take charge of the machinery of the Silver King Mining Company. From Arizona he went to Anaconda, Montana, as mechanical engineer at the smelter. He then erected

extraction at the Quincy Mine, Mr. Labram inherited a genius for mechanics. His home had been poor and his education desultory, but the spirit of the student and the specialist had been born in him. From his earliest youth the problems and discoveries of mechanical engineering filled his thoughts, and in the pages of "The Scientific American," the only professional publication within his reach, he found material for constant study and experiment.

In his development the process by which this country remakes a nationality in one generation was strikingly demonstrated. Born of parents who combined with British perseverance the limitations of their class and up-bringing, he developed in his childhood the enterprise, the freedom from traditional restrictions, and the self-confidence which the world recognizes as typically American. His personality was essentially of the New World. Amid the little groups of English officers who directed the defence of Kimberley, his gaunt, quick-moving frame and deliberate, nasal accents were as conspicuous as was his loose civilian dress among the dapper uniforms. Forced by circumstances and duty to take daily part in military councils and operations, his point of view remained that of a man of business. He saw in them many of the conditions of commercial competition, and, unaffected by military usage and traditions, applied to the problems of defence the inventive genius and enterprise which had won him success in his profession. Among the officers of the garrison he was very popular. He had a keen sense of humor, and his Western habit of quaint expression introduced a new element into the councils of the British staff.

Colonel Kekewich first consulted Mr. Labram about fitting out the armored trains which did such useful service during the siege. The commanding officer was immediately impressed by the confidence with which the engineer undertook a piece of work so entirely novel; he realized that he had found an assistant with an open mind and uncommon skill.

Mr. Labram then took in hand the converting of one of the great shaft-heads situated near the center of the town into a watch-tower. Upon the summit of the immense steel structure he built a protected platform, from which one could see almost the whole town and many miles of the surrounding country. This he connected by telephone with the forts on the barrier, the railway station, the artillery and ambulance headquarters, and the armored train. Colonel Kekewich could thus personally direct from the conning-tower, as the fortified shaft-head was officially named, not only the whole daily conduct of the defence, but when a sortie was delivered along the railway line he could keep in touch, through the armored train, with the troops.

Mr. Labram's telephone system, though hurriedly erected from inadequate material, was remarkably successful. Throughout the siege the conning-tower was the central point of the defence. Like the Eiffel tower in the Paris Exposition of 1900, it dominated the landscape, and the troops came to look on it with something of the awe with which the Israelites of old regarded the pillar of smoke.

Mr. Labram's skill as an electrician proved even more valuable in another direction. From the first it was apparent that Kimberley must be in grave danger after nightfall. The circumference to be guarded was out of all proportion to the size of the garrison. The town guard, who manned the barrier, were for the most part without military training, and their lack of discipline seemed likely to prove a serious embarrassment in the alarums of a night attack. The openness of the surrounding country, though a safeguard by day, became a menace after dark. Save for the uncertain light of the moon, which was near its full when the siege

machinery for the Boston and Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company of Butte, Montana, for a short period. After this he accepted a position with the Butte and Boston Mining Company of Butte, Montana, as engineer in charge of the machinery. After about a year he went to Dakota, to erect a tin mill. During the dull season of 1893 he had charge of a machinery exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, and later in the same year he was selected from a number to go to London, England, to revise plans for a concentrating plant for the De Beers Company of Kimberley, South Africa. He afterward erected the plant, and remained with the company until his death.

Clara Labram Vivian.

BUTTE, MONTANA, Jan. 20, 1906.

began, there was little to hinder the enemy from concentrating at comparatively close quarters and delivering two or more simultaneous attacks, which, if well planned and vigorously executed, must have had disastrous consequences.

During the first nights of the siege this thought was uppermost in the minds of most of the defenders. It sent the chief engineer of De Beers to Colonel Kekewich with another suggestion. The next day wooden scaffoldings began to rise in the four forts which may be conveniently described as forming the corners of the town. When these were completed, Mr. Labram and his assistants mounted on the summit of each a large cauldron-like object. That night the white beams of powerful search-lights played tentatively round the watching town, and until the end of the siege the perilous zone was swept from sunset to dawn by a dazzling white light which precluded the possibility of any sudden attack in force. During a later period in the investment, it was by means of these search-lights that communication with the relief column under Lord Methuen was established and maintained.

From this time Mr. Labram was much with Colonel Kekewich. Although he never accepted military rank, he became unofficially a member of the commander's staff, and not only spent each evening with the principal officers of the defence, but frequently relieved Colonel Kekewich at the conning-tower. The quiet Englishman on whom the responsibilities of those days of heat and turmoil rested gained relief and stimulus in the society of one whose restless genius found in every crisis only an opportunity for expression.

As chief engineer of De Beers, Mr. Labram's close connection with the military authorities placed him in a somewhat difficult position. It is an open secret that even at an early date in the siege there was friction between Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the head of the great diamond company, and the officer commanding the troops. When hostilities began, Mr. Rhodes had hurried north from Cape Town, arriving in Kimberley by one of the last trains which penetrated the enemy's lines. In view of the peculiar malevolence felt by the Boers against his person, this was a brave act, and unquestionably Mr. Rhodes risked his life from a fine sense of duty toward the town in which he had made his fortune. When he arrived in Kimberley martial law had been proclaimed. A lieut.-colonel of the line was in supreme command of the people among whom his influence had hitherto been paramount. At first it seemed as though there were to be two kings at Brentford, but conditions under which the most distinguished civilian becomes of less account than the latest recruit proved too strong even for Mr. Rhodes. He retired to the seclusion of the sanatorium, and it is to his honor that although his personal relations with Colonel Kekewich were clouded by a bitter animosity, his public services throughout the siege were generous and patriotic.

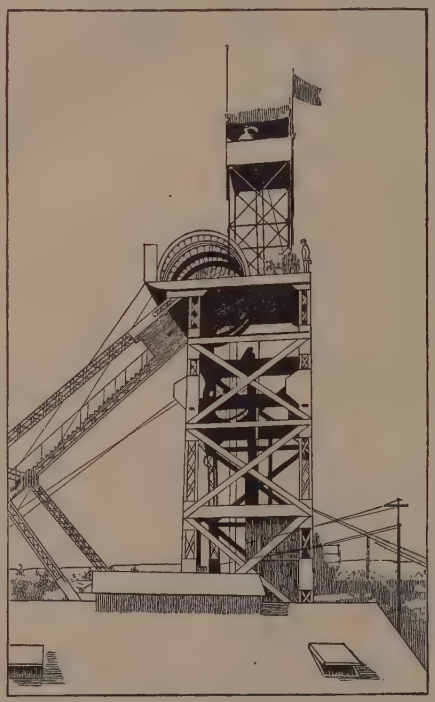
That Mr. Labram continued to be welcome both at the conning-tower and at the sanatorium was a tribute not only to his tact and good sense, but also to his idea of duty. From the officers of the staff he learned the daily needs and difficulties of the garrison, and, as chief executive engineer of De Beers, he could supply, with Mr. Rhodes' consent, many of these requirements from the company's workshops. His next notable work was to develop the resources of the mines in a totally new direction.

On the 17th of October the enemy dealt an alarming blow at the town. They occupied the pumping-station at Riverton and disconnected the mains which carry the water supply of Kimberley from the Vaal River, seventeen miles away. Consternation filled the city when this news leaked out, for the most dreaded of all possibilities seemed to threaten the population. There was barely thirty days' store in the reservoir. When that gave out, the town would be dependent on the wells which had given a precarious supply in the old days when Kimberley was a mining camp and water was sold in the streets at exorbitant prices.

The hot weather was at hand. Streets and compounds congested with refugees from the surrounding country were ripe for pestilence. The De Beers compounds alone contained a population of 10,000 native workmen. Throughout the entire siege these natives, many of them of fierce Zulu and Matabele stock, were a serious menace to the safety of the

white inhabitants. They chafed at being excluded from their national pastime of war, and as hardship and disease increased, they developed so dangerous a temper as to require vigilant watching. A water famine might lead to an outbreak beyond the controlling power of their guards. With most of the able-bodied male population on duty in the trenches, women and children might find themselves at the mercy of these maddened savages.

In this emergency Mr. Labram came forward with the news that the De Beers mines contained something more precious at that moment than all the diamonds of South Africa. It appeared that in the Wesselton Mine there was virtually an inexhaustible supply of good water. In spite of the difficulties involved in framing and carrying through a new water scheme for a besieged town of 45,000 inhabitants, Mr. Labram took the matter in hand with prompt confidence. Before the inhabitants had suffered any inconvenience from the enemy's blow, a daily supply of 300,000 gallons was pouring into the city reservoirs, and throughout the rest of the siege the whole population, white and black, had sufficient water for all its needs. It was undoubtedly to this abundance that Kimberley owed its comparatively low death-rate from disease.



THE CONNING TOWER DEVISED BY MR. LABRAM TO AID THE BESIEGED

Only second in importance to water was the food supply. No efforts had been made by the British government to provision the town, but by a fortunate chance there was a large stock of food-stuffs in the merchants' stores when the siege began. At first the daily meat ration was set at one pound per head of the adult European population. As time went on this allowance was steadily reduced, and early in January horse flesh began to take the place of bullock. During the last month of the siege the daily ration had sunk to ¼ pound of horse flesh, six ounces of bread, some dried Indian corn, and a little coffee and sugar. Small as this supply is, it is sufficient to keep a healthy man in moderate condition. But a population of 45,000 people, confined in a beleaguered city for the four hottest months of a South African summer, must number many who do not answer to that description. From Christmas there were many sick, especially among the women and children. For these, and for the wounded, the eating of the regulation horse ration would have been an almost impossible task. Happily for them, a nourishing and fairly palatable soup was procurable. This was made in soup kitchens organized and run by Mr. Rhodes, The Honorable Mrs. Rochefort Maguire, and other ladies and gentlemen to whose unwearying services the people of Kimberley were greatly indebted. It was, however, Mr. Labram's forethought and enterprise that made such relief work possible. There were a considerable number of cattle in and around Kimberley when the siege began. The difficulty was to find food for them. Neglected as the streets were, no grass grew among their dusty cobbles; the narrow area of veldt outside the barrier on which, under a mounted guard, a few

cattle could be grazed, became each day more barren of nourishment. If the animals died of hunger, it was obvious that they would be almost useless as food, while to kill them off-hand would be to glut the town with meat, which at that season would not remain edible twenty-four hours.

Mr. Labram solved the difficulty by presenting plans for a cold-storage building of 14,000 cubic feet capacity. On the scheme being approved, he superintended the erection of the storage house and the installation of the plant. The cattle were then killed while in fairly good condition, and their carcasses preserved for future use.

In this matter Mr. Labram's care was of the utmost value to the people of Kimberley. The paramount danger to administrative efficiency during a siege lies in uncertainty. Relief is expected—not infrequently on good grounds—long before it comes, and the temptation merely to fight on from day to day and live in hope is overpowering. Although the establishment of a storage plant may seem to have been a very obvious precaution in the circumstances, most of the defenders regarded the scheme as unnecessary. As the Kimberley men marched out to the trenches on the 14th of October they expected to hear the British guns thundering among the Spytfontein Hills within a few days. On the 11th of December they heard them there—at Magersfontein. All that day the noise of battle rumbled over the open veldt, and hourly the garrison expected to see Lord Methuen's division emerge from the shadows of the distant hills. Evening came, and the echoes of the British attack died sullenly away. Not until over two months later—on the 15th of February, 1900, did the relief which had been looked for throughout each of the long hours of these 124 days actually arrive. It was in the stress of these later times that Kimberley owed so much to Mr. Labram's storage scheme.

Although in this and in other matters Mr. Labram's services were known and appreciated by the authorities, it was not until the second month of the siege that the people of the town as a whole and the rank and file of the troops came to realize the versatility of his genius. From the somewhat prosaic problems of water, food, and lighting the chief engineer of De Beers suddenly turned to a work which set all Kimberley talking.

When the siege began, the artillery strength of the town consisted of the 23rd Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, with six 7-lb. mountain guns, and a local volunteer battery of six 7-lb. guns. These twelve pieces had each an effective range of about 4000 yards; two unreliable old Cape police seven-pounders completed the list. The inadequacy of such equipment was in itself serious enough. It paralyzed the whole scheme of defence. The full gravity of the situation did not appear, however, until the beginning of November, when Colonel Chamier, who commanded the artillery forces, reported that the ammunition for his guns was giving out. A moment's reflection will show that, with her cannon silenced, Kimberley's doom was accomplished. Small as her guns were, they prevented the enemy from bringing up their heavy ordnance to within 4000 yards of the town, and they made possible a number of minor operations outside the barrier, such as reconnaissances, patrols, and the grazing of horses and mules. In fact, their presence insured a marginal area round the town essential to defence. If they went out of action, the enemy would inevitably move up their artillery and batter the place from point-blank range.

The authorities at once reduced the expenditure of ammunition; but still the supply dwindled. Apparently there was only one possible upshot. At a meeting of the staff Mr. Labram asked if he might see one of the 7-lb. shells. After examining it carefully he said, "I guess I can make things like that all right." His confidence was not immediately communicated to the officers about him. They knew that the manufacture of shells is highly specialized work, and is confined to the great arsenals of the world.

On inquiry, it appeared that the only powder procurable in Kimberley was intended for blasting, and was, without special preparation, wholly unsuitable for artillery uses. Mr. Labram, however, refused to be deterred by such considerations. That afternoon he obtained a requisition from the military stores of such

material as was likely to be of use in the experiment, and began work in the De Beers shops. His foundry may be said to have been the child of his own brain, for he was without even reliable hand-books to guide him. The most important part of shell manufacture is the fixing of a satisfactory fuse. Mr. Labram overcame this difficulty by invention. He designed a percussion-fuse to be inserted in a hole drilled for its reception in the point of the shell. The fuse consisted of a brass body with a screw thread outside and a steel block, or plunger, working freely in an axial direction inside. The plunger, through which a small hole was bored, was pointed at the front end. In a recess in front, a percussion-cap was held in position by a screwed plug. While the shell traveled forward, the plunger, being loose, remained at the back of the fuse. On a sudden stoppage, however, it shot forward and struck the percussion-cap. A spark then traveled along the hole and exploded the bursting charge of gunpowder contained in the body of the shell. To prevent the plunger from moving when the shell was handled, a light spiral spring was so placed as to require compression before the nipple could touch the cap. As an extra precaution, safety wires were provided, which had to be broken before the plunger could move. The united strength of these safety attachments was not more than sufficient to prevent premature explosion in case of accidental fall.

In practice Mr. Labram's astonishing invention proved entirely satisfactory. In an amazingly short time this man, who had scarcely seen a shell until a few days before, was supplying the artillery headquarters with between sixty and seventy projectiles every twenty-four hours—shells, moreover, of a quality which the military authorities, after the exhaustive test of over three months' continual use, pronounced "extraordinarily good."

In so far as Kimberley's round dozen of seven-pounders could affect the situation, Mr. Labram's inventive genius had proved of the utmost service. Toward the end of December, however, the Boer artillery began a bombardment to which the town was powerless to reply. From the beginning of the investment Colonel Kekewich's schemes had been hampered by lack of adequate artillery. Ridiculous as the mountain pieces appeared when masquerading as siege ordnance, they were too urgently required in that rôle to be risked at their legitimate work of supporting troops in the open. A distressing loss of life had in consequence attended more than one sortie. The whole matter was a sore one with the inhabitants. They felt that between the levity of the Cape administration and the paltering of the Home government, they had been placed in the position of a man who, when attacked, cannot strike back. The possession of even one heavy-caliber mobile gun would have changed the situation. Colonel Kekewich and his officers realized this, but they were too busy to waste time in vain regrets; their only course seemed to be to make the best resistance possible in the circumstances.

To Mr. Labram the matter appeared in a different light. Kimberley required such a gun just as she had required her water, her search-lights, and her ammunition. Could this later and most pressing need be supplied as the others had been? The engineer thought the question over and came to the conclusion that it could. He went to Colonel Kekewich and offered to make a gun of the sort required.

Mr. Labram's proposal occasioned much comment. The construction of an effective modern cannon is elaborately technical and is the cumulative result of experiment. The be-patented machinery of an arsenal, the trained skill of its mechanics, the scientific equipment of its directors—for these it would be hard to find substitutes in a little besieged town in the heart of the veldt. Neither Mr. Labram nor any of his principal assistants had experience of such work. The De Beers shops, except for the recently installed plant for making shells, were no more like an arsenal than their name implies. Two old hand-books on gunnery, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and an old file of "Engineering" were the only "authorities" on the subject to be found in Kimberley. In spite of his achievements earlier in the siege, it is scarcely surprising that his proposal should have been generally regarded as impracticable.

There is a report current that in making the gun Mr. Labram was discouraged and opposed by the military authorities.

Such a statement is most misleading. One senior officer of little distinction treated the scheme contemptuously, but from its beginning the work had the support and keen interest of the commanding officer, and Mr. Labram profited on more than one occasion by the advice of Major O'Meara, a scientific officer of the Royal Engineers.

On Christmas eve Mr. Labram received his requisition, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes signed the order empowering him to use the De Beers workshops for making the gun. Two days later the work began. The basis of the gun were a 10-ft. billet of hammered mild steel, 10.5 in. in diameter, weighing 2800 pounds, originally intended for shafting, and several bars of 6 in. by 2.5 in. Lowmoor iron, all of which happened to be in the shops. The rough turning began on the 26th of December. As many different parts were kept simultaneously under construction as possible, the thirteen strengthening rings and trunnion rings being prepared while the preliminary boring was in progress. The forging of the trunnion rings was, under the circumstances, a large piece of work each ring being 5 in. in diameter, 24 in. from end to end, and the collars at the ends 6 in. in diameter. The final bore was 4.1 in. The rifling consisted of thirty-two spiral grooves each ¼ in. wide and $\frac{1}{16}$ in. deep, with a variable twist beginning at the powder chamber equal to one turn in 100 calibers and increasing to a twist of one turn in 32 calibers at a point near the muzzle, from where it continued at that rate to the end.

No satisfactory description can be given in the space of this article of the ingenious devices employed by Mr. Labram and his assistants in handling the immense mass of metal; in boring and rifling; in affixing the trunnion rings and strengthening rings; in constructing the breech and block, planning the vent-holes, toughening the obturator, and in sighting. The work went on night and day, often under heavy fire. While the gun was being made, the necessary 28-lb. shells were cast, each being fitted with Mr. Labram's specially invented fuse. The construction occupied the incredibly short time of twenty-four whole days. On the 18th of January the gun, with carriage and fittings complete, left the workshops. As the twelve-foot mass of shining steel rumbled through the dusty streets behind its team of ten mules, it seemed to the people of Kimberley, accustomed, as they were, to their battered little seven-pounders, a very impressive engine of war.

On Monday the 19th, after one or two slight adjustments, the new gun opened fire on the enemy's laager at the pumping station, full 8000 yards from the barrier. The shell exploded with an effect much like disturbing a gigantic ant-hill. Before the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared away, the veldt around the laager was blackened with half-awakened burghers rushing hither and thither. Their consternation could be guessed at by those who knew anything of the national characteristics of their race. The South-African Dutch are a simple people; they believe implicitly in the existence of a living and moving devil. From the beginning of the siege the laagers which encompassed the diamond town had been uneasy with rumor. The agonized wailing of the De Beers sirens calling Kimberley to quarters had, when first heard, terrified many of the besiegers into open flight, and although on that occasion the burgher leaders had succeeded in restoring discipline, the nerves of their following had been severely shaken. Then came the night when from out the blind darkness over the town the white eyes of the search-lights had suddenly flashed across the veldt. To men who from childhood had gone to bed with the sun and whose experience of illumination was limited to one tallow candle power, these restless beams, flashing to and fro amid the midnight squalor of their shelter trenches, were fraught with horror. Of late, too, the British guns had sent among them shells which bore a message from one whom every good burgher knew to be in league with the arch-fiend.[1] And now that Kimberley in the midst of her distress should have given birth to a cannon—a prodigy more terrible by far than her entire brood of puny ordnance—must have seemed to the farmer-soldiers an inexplicable and portentous circumstance.

From that day until the end of the

[1] Mr. Labram's shells bore the inscription "With compts. C. J. R."—(Cecil John Rhodes.)

siege "Long Cecil," as the gun was christened, fired 255 shots without suffering any appreciable wear in bore or rifling. In the hands of a picked crew from the Diamond Fields Artillery it proved from the first remarkably accurate. In the scheme of defence it did valuable service by relieving the pressure of the bombardment and by hurling back the enemy's base. It could be readily moved from point to point, and its long range enabled the defenders for the first time to interfere seriously with the enemy's operations. Above all, in moral effect, where, especially during a siege, the value of artillery so largely lies, its presence was as stimulating to the hard-pressed garrison as it was unwelcome to the burghers.

Not, however, until the first week of February did Kimberley thoroughly realize how much she owed to Mr. Labram's unique achievement. On a lofty heap of debris at Kamfersdam, three miles across the veldt, the enemy established a 6 in. Creusot cannon; shortly before noon on the 8th the first of the huge 100-lb. shells which afterward devastated the town crashed into the Market Square. A new and terrible phase in the siege then began. The big gun was seldom directed against the fortifications on the barrier; shell after shell screamed into the heart of the town, where, among the flimsy galvanized-iron buildings, they burst with terrific noise and effect. The high muzzle velocity of the Creusot gun invested its projectiles with an added danger and terror. Before the sound of the cannon's discharge had time to travel across the veldt, the shell was splitting with a deafening explosion into a hundred jagged fragments in the midst of the town.

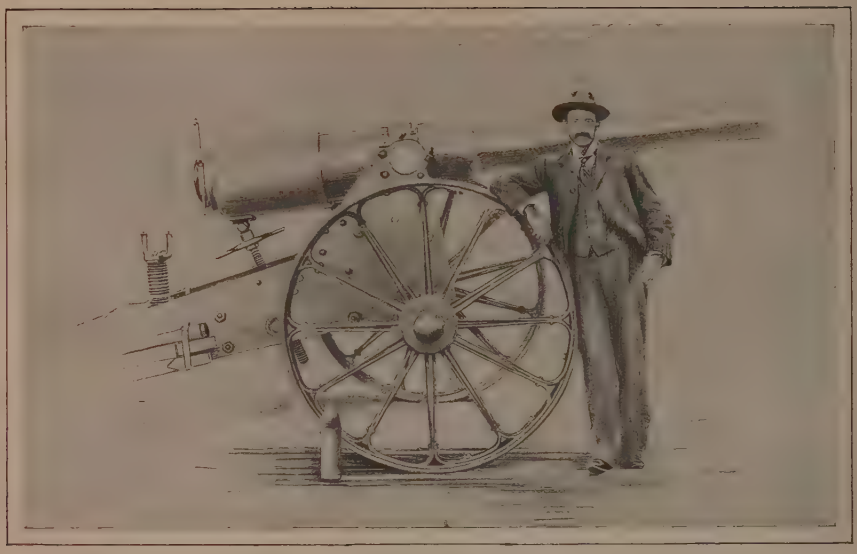
A bugler was stationed on the conning-tower with orders to warn the inhabitants by a sharp call of alarm when he saw the smoke of the Kamfersdam gun. To the women and children in the town these were times of dread; imprisoned throughout the long, stifling days in the partial security of cellars and basements, separated from husbands and fathers, whose duty called them to the trenches, ill fed, without occupation, their nerves stretched to breaking by months of anxiety and deferred hope, to them the minutes passed in terror while they listened through all the lesser turmoil of the bombardment for the piercing call from the conning-tower. There were few shell-proof shelters in the town; scarcely a house was safe from the effects of the projectiles. Only in the depths of the De Beers mines could security be found. Thither thousands of women and children fled, preferring the reeking gloom of the galleries and shafts to the shell-swept streets above. In such a crisis the British seven-pounders were useless; outranged and outclassed, they could not even enter the lists. Throughout these days of stress and danger the task of defending Kimberley fell upon Mr. Labram's gun. It was fortunate then for the defenders of the diamond town and for the prestige of the British in South Africa that the flagging spirit of the heterogeneous civilian population of Kimberley was fortified and stimulated by the sound of "Long Cecil's" cannonading and by the success of her valiant defence.

During these final weeks of the siege Mr. Labram became famous. In sun-scorched trenches and baking, dusty forts, in the dripping galleries of the mine, and aloft on the windy conning-tower, his work was discussed and marveled at. Then it was that the men and women of the diamond fields came fully to understand what they owed to the American civilian whose genius had served them, not once and again, but in every crisis of these months of common trial. The imminent danger of night assault, the peril of water famine and pestilence, the horror of a starving populace, from these he had labored to save their town. His telephone wires were the nerves of the defence; his shells armed their attack. And now against the fury of this later bombardment, his gun, the complicated and deadly weapon created, as it were, before their eyes from the resources of a mining workshop—this final triumph of his enterprise and skill—maintained unsupported the brunt of their resistance. Small wonder that, without one thought of disloyalty to the gallant British officer who commanded their town, the people spoke of Mr. Labram as the hero of Kimberley.

On the afternoon of the 9th of February, while on leave from my redoubt, I met Mr. Labram in the hall of the Grand Hotel. He looked haggard and depressed,

Drawn by C. M. Relyea. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH, IN COMMAND OF THE DEFENCE OF KIMBERLEY



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

GEORGE F. LABRAM AND HIS 4-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN AND SHELL

and spoke of having had a narrow escape earlier in the day from a bursting shell.

"I 'm no fighting man, and this sort of thing is getting on my nerves," he remarked with a momentary smile. I had not seen him for some time and was struck by the alteration in his appearance. The strain of the siege showed in his face; his eyes were restless and distressed; behind his heavy mustache the pleasant lines about his mouth had changed.

After a few minutes of conversation Mr. Labram left me and went upstairs to his room. The sun was setting on the iron roofs as I left the hotel. From the sky came the scream of shells, and the stifling streets resounded with explosions. The evening bombardment was at its height. As I hurried across the Market Square I heard the bugle call from the conning-tower; a moment later came the high note of the shell, and I bent involuntarily and held my breath. There was a deafening crash, the muffled rending of iron fragments, and then stillness; a thin, brown cloud of dust rose from among the roofs behind me.

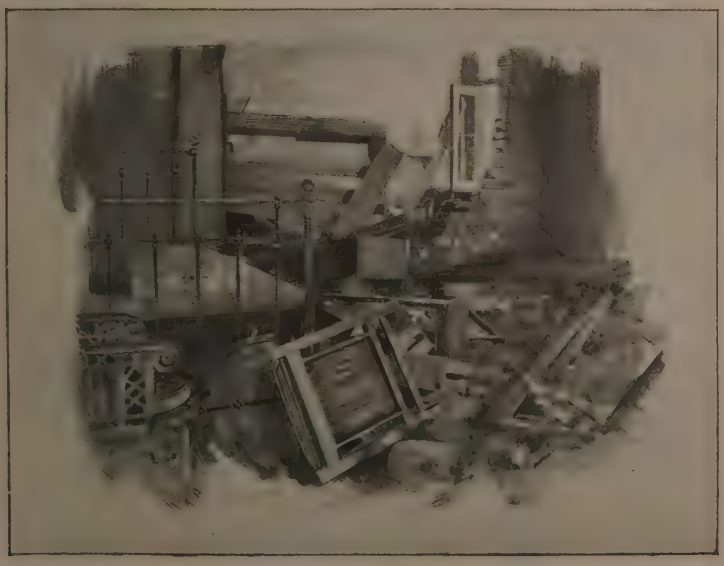
That was the last shot of the day—the "good-night" shell, aimed perhaps at a venture, in the impersonal, often half good-humored spirit with which besiegers and besieged alike bombarded each other. It struck Mr. Labram in his room at the Grand Hotel, covering his shattered body with wreckage and mercifully killing him on the spot.

We buried him the following night with full military honors. Shortly before nine o'clock the troops fell in outside the hospital where the body lay. There was no moon, and a chill ground fog hid the stars. As the last stroke of nine sounded from the tower of the government buildings, the mist on our left quarter reddened and the air rustled suddenly against our ear-drums. A murmur of "Kamfersdam!" ran down the lines; a moment later came the shriek of the shell and the dull roar of the gun. As the clatter of the flying fragments ceased, the first bars of the "Dead March" sounded out of the darkness in front, and the long column of men moved forward. The cemetery lay on the far side of the town. Treachery must have carried the news of our errand across the veldt, for as we marched through the deserted streets one by one the enemy's guns awoke. In the darkness under the eucalyptus-trees of the cemetery we listened to the voice of the venerable Archdeacon of Kimberley reciting the words of the burial service, while against the distant flashes the lines of men around

the grave appeared and disappeared. The last salute of three volleys was omitted, for we were in danger; instead, the bugles sounded "Retreat," the call for sundown. So, amid the wailing shells and the boom of many guns, we took farewell of the American civilian whose genius had been the mainstay of our defence.

Kimberley was relieved on the 15th of February. In the midst of the morning bombardment the big gun at Kamfersdam ceased firing, and a report ran round the trenches that the Boer cannon had been disabled by a shot from "Long Cecil." While the defenders were eagerly discussing this news, which had been brought by a native runner, another rumor spread from fort to fort. From among the low hills to the east of the Spytfontein Range, in the direction of Jacobsdal, an immense column of dust was bearing down upon the town. As it rolled and smoked over the veldt, the figures of a large number of mounted men showed amid the yellow cloud, riding furiously. The usual apathy of the town gave place to intense excitement, and along the barrier speculation ran from sentry to sentry. Were these horsemen friends or enemies? Men strained their eyes southward through the dancing heat haze, and then turned anxiously to the conning-tower for an answer. No red flag of alarm fluttered from the signal-staff; one by one the Boer guns at Carter's Ridge and the Lazaretto went out of action; on a wagon behind a team of innumerable oxen the Kamfersdam cannon was pitching over the veldt toward the Free State. Hope flew through the town. Again the question, Who were these approaching horsemen? If this were relief, it was coming from an unexpected quarter. Methuen was at the Modder and without horses. Who were these? A heliograph flickered among the Kopjes and answered the question. General French was leading his cavalry brigade into Kimberley.

Evening came up as the troopers of the relief column straggled through the Beaconsfield barrier—New Zealanders, Australians, guardsmen, and yeomanry. Their wearied horses blocked the approaches to the town, while north and east across the darkening veldt the enemy fled toward the Free State border.



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

EFFECT OF THE SHOT WHICH KILLED MR. LABRAM IN A ROOM OF THE GRAND HOTEL, KIMBERLEY

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE BROUGHT ME HER TWO CHUBBY FISTS FULL OF TIGER-LILIES" (See Page 271)

O YURI SAN:

A MEMORY

BY CHARLES LORIMER.

PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON.

"MISS TIGER LILY"

EAR little O Yuri San, how well I remember our first meeting! It was on a wild, wet night during my earliest visit to Nikko the Magnificent, the professional beauty of Japan. I had wandered up among the dark temple woods for the sheer pleasure of seeing the nodding branches make faces at me. My waterproof was drenched, my boots squashed up and down with the wet; but I was supremely happy, listening to the wind roar like the waves of the sea. The long avenues, hemmed in by moss-covered border-walls, were as dark as the aisles of a great cathedral at midnight, and deserted except for here and there a stone Buddha sitting placidly with an expression of profound and benignant melancholy.

Presently I heard a confused murmur, a gentle shuffle over the wet stones, beginning far away in the direction of the great Red Pagoda. Gradually the noise approached, and a small person, a very minute person, with a lantern, appeared. We called a halt at ten paces to reconnoiter. Then this small person became smaller, doubled up after the manner of a jacknife, and drew a great luminous shell, like a phosphorescent mushroom, over itself. The lantern disappeared altogether underneath. My curiosity leaped up like a sprightly flame. Was I about to discover a new variety of hedgehog, or was I about to make the acquaintance of an *Obake?* You don't know what an Obake is? You have never met one? Well, by way of explanation, he is the Japanese equivalent of an "honorable hobgoblin," the very essence of mystery and mischief, exactly what one might expect to meet at night in a Buddhist avenue.

My anxiety was soon removed. The queer bundle righted itself, and then bobbed again. The evolutions were as regular as the flashes of a revolving light in a lighthouse, only after each one the quaint little figure was transported several paces nearer me. I can not say whether it hopped like a kangaroo or ran like a startled jack-rabbit, but six times at least the quaint contortion happened until, finally, we were close—and I discovered a wee midget of a Japanese maiden under a yellow, oil-paper umbrella three times as big as herself, and with a round red lantern like a luminous radish held very firmly in her tiny hand. The mystery was solved: she was simply bowing to me, greeting me as her ornate code of politeness demanded, metaphorically touching the ground with her forehead in salutation.

How quaint she was, with her microscopic kimono tucked up into her obi to keep it from dragging in the wet, with her coils of blue-black hair, and her softly solemn eyes! She came gracefully over to me, and, holding up the umbrella to the full length of her baby arm, invited me to share its shelter. We divided the labor, she holding the dainty lantern,

my longer arm steadying the heavy umbrella, and proceeded along the silent avenue, our bobbing light cutting sharply into the shadows.

My knowledge of Japanese was certainly as rickety as a scaffolding, but we began a patchwork conversation, notwithstanding, by the exchange of our "honorable names." Her name was O Yuri San, the Honorable Miss Tiger-Lily, she told me in a lisping baby voice, and the "poor house" of her father was close to the Gammon Bridge. Where was "the magnificent home of my worthy parents?" I answered her with a proper humility, which obliged me to use every deprecating adjective, that I was living in the "miserable hotel." Luckily, we found our paths lay in the same direction.

The rain had stopped by that time, and the clouds, hanging low, were torn into strips by the high trees. Then the wind swept them away. I was sorry to see the sky clearing. There was no longer any real reason for our partnership. We might separate, O Yuri San and I, and go our divers ways at any moment. Fearing, with her wise gravity, she would not appreciate this, I fanned with all my might the flickering conversation. She answered readily. Where had she been alone in those dark woods? Oh, she had been to the grave of her brother, to set a lantern there, since this was the festival of the *Bon Matsuri*. A childish, ringing peal of laughter broke out when she spoke of the poor little dead brother. It was a shock to me, just like a bunch of cold rain drops falling from the end of a branch upon my face. But now, in the light of further knowledge, I understand her motives. It is the custom of her country to laugh when one speaks of death, and so to spare the listener one's own sadness. This wee mite already was beginning the imitative lesson of self-control.

Too soon our little walk was over, and the parting of the ways reached; but not before I had begged to come and visit the "Honorable Interior," her mother. After a courteous permission, O Yuri San slipped away smiling into the darkness with the same succession of dainty, discreet bows, calling to me in her baby voice the sweet salutation of her people, *"Sayonara"* ("Since it must be, since it must be").

The very next day the sun shone down with a feverish savage heat. Through the middle hours of the afternoon the hills lay in a heavy drowsiness. The earth was steeped in languorous semiconsciousness. But when the fresh evening time was come, the hour when Midas, let free of his imprisonment among musty gods, descends to touch the world with his touch of gold, I went to find my little friend of yesterday, O Yuri San of the Hundred Bows.

The road led me down to the river racing gaily over its stones, then across a little bridge, and up a narrow pathway to the thick grove of trees which announced the village straggling along an undetermined little street.

In the center of the sandy roadway a naked yellow atom like a marmoset crouched, intently interested in something which, on nearer view, proved to be a lizard, a glorious tropical lizard of a wonderful blue, with two burning ruby eyes.

He scampered away over the sand at my coming, and the baby looked up. It was O Yuri San in her birthday suit, solemnly confiding in the queer little animal. She recognized me, and went through her quaint salutations, rendered irresistibly comic by her undress uniform of one soft silver bracelet.

I was escorted cermoniously to the house, a square, picturesque mansion with a lowering, beetle-browed roof. A long iron chain hanging from the rafters was the principal piece of furniture, and to it clung desperately the iron pot for cooking the family meals. A cheerful voice saluted me. It was the "Honorable Interior" herself, peeping over the rim of a big wooden tub. Her "noble husband," she explained, having bathed, she was now taking her turn at the "venerable hot water." O Yuri San, with patience, would scramble in next, and then, later the very tiny baby sister; perhaps last of all the coolie who helped her husband in the fields, each in regular progression. Looking round the corner, I saw, sure enough, her "noble husband" airing and drying himself in the side garden. He was smoking a miniature pipe and knocking the ashes *tan, tan, tan*, out of the

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

O YURI SAN IN THE DARK AND THE RAIN

tiny bowl against the outer edge of the veranda.

The "Honorable Interior" was not the least disconcerted. Bathing in the quiet villages of Dai Nippon is not permitted to interfere with an opportunity for gossip, and so we had a conventional call, her head peeping over the shining wooden rim of the tub, which looked like a halo that had grown too big for its wearer and had slipped down from her forehead.

But I, distressed all the while at breaking in upon such an intimate domestic incident, dissolved in apologies. It was to quiet them that she presently slipped her lobster-colored neck a few inches out of the water, called the child to serve me with thimble cups of tea, and closed the paper *shoji* which separated the living room from the bathing place.

Almost before the tea was poured she re-appeared in a fresh cotton kimono, her wrinkled face grinning at my surprise, and showing two rows of blackened teeth.

It was evident that O Yuri San belonged to a staid, old-fashioned household, since the "noble husband" pursued the ancient dog in-the-manger policy of requiring his wife to disfigure her pretty white teeth in order that she be unattractive to others—and incidentally to himself.

Such was my introduction to O Yuri San at home, at the convivial hour of the bath. Just as I was leaving, she brought me her two chubby fists full of tiger-lilies, her face all one bright smile, a comical little smile. They were her namesakes, these glowing flowers. The "Honorable Interior" explained to me that they were just bursting into bloom as O Yuri San's own little spirit unfolded its baby wings. She showed me the splendid bed of them growing on the flat ridge-pole, swaying lightly with the breath of the wind. They were banished from the gardens centuries ago, legend says, by a certain emperor dowered with a hypersensitive conscience. He disapproved of feminine vanities, and, as the poor lilies yielded their roots to make a face powder, he ordered the people to dig them up from their gardens. Thus they were exiled, according to the old story. But the country folk planted them on the roofs, where to-day you will see them still waving like an oriflamme from every house.

II

It was several years before I came again to Nikko. On the first evening there I went in search of my little friend O Yuri San along the same dainty greenwood path. Her house stood there just as before, the tiger-lilies nodding and beckoning. Several babies who were tottering off in search of adventures called out *"Ohayo,"* which was singularly unsuitable. But the little things have found that morning tourists will repay the greeting with coppers. Therefore, understanding no better, they imagine that afternoon passers-by should be equally willing to nibble at the same lisping bait. Alas! O Yuri San did not run with the rest to meet me. I imagined she had forgotten.

The woman of the house, in reply to my questions, said that the family which had lived there before had gone, lost like a drop in a river, disappeared among the cities.

Why? Ah, that she could not tell; poverty, perhaps. O Yuri San herself was still in Nikko, the pupil of a celebrated geisha, learning to dance and sing and entertain. The woman had apprenticed her because she was pretty, until such time as a husband should deign to require and purchase her. It sounded natural and true enough, for, as I well knew, in Eastern countries the lot of woman is entirely subservient to the will of man.

She may be bought, sold, apprenticed, or married. Her voice is the one which does not count in the matter.

"But why did her parents sell her?" I asked, probing for reasons. The woman did not know. From the other side of the open fire, across the bronze kettle which was singing merrily, her husband, as brown as if he had been toasted, ventured a cynical witticism. "Perhaps the Honorable Miss Tiger-Lily became too talkative. Therefore her father sold her, it may be for a price which would buy him three pack-horses, all pledged to silence."

I found the geisha house and O Yuri San. She remembered. But on the subject of her home she was as silent as the ancestral tablets set up in the corner with the bowl of rice before them. Her parents were gone—beyond the mountains. She appeared with the settled Oriental fatalism, which is not quite melancholy, neither to think of nor wish for them. Physically she had changed tremendously—grown, perfected, developed, all at once. She no longer begged for cash with babyish gestures and shrill "*Ohayos.*" A certain timid, maidenly grace clung to her. Her face had a delicate, wistful expression, across which the old childish smile played.

In short, O Yuri San was no longer the simple baby, but a composite mixture, a young girl, a child, and an imp of mischief—

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet."

She was learning the quaint music of her country, set to vague, mysterious words, with its delirious love-songs and frenzied dances in which it was hard to tell where pure gaiety merged into shadowy mysticism. I asked her to sing for me, and she complied willingly, accompanying herself on the *samisen*. Most of her songs were short and primitive, and sad with scales of divided intervals, and here and there falsetto notes dropping suddenly to deep cries. They are comparable to no music that we know. She was never required to work and she seemed quite happy. With a little wistful smile she told me so. Her nature had remained sweet and gentle, simple and sincere, a strange contrast to the artificiality of her rich dresses and her splendid hair built up on a scaffolding of pins.

It was a wonderfully complex operation, the arranging of it. Once a week it took place, and the whole day was required. O Yuri San would sit for hours on the white mats before the old hairdresser who patiently worked over her.

First the coils of hair were undoné; the thick masses were carefully combed, and then they were re-done, molded into elaborate loops and whirls and volutes, all stiffened and held in place with castor oil. One by one the coral beads were put in, and finally the gold lacquer combs. Lastly, in the nape of her neck a little wavy piece was coaxed to stay, held by an ivory pin artistically arranged to complete the curve, as graceful as a bent bow.

O Yuri San proved my complete guide to Nikko. How indefatigably she could walk, this delicate little doll! Together we climbed to every shrine and laid the pebbles of our prayers in the motherly laps of mossy Poussas. Every one, I think, needs to return to the pagan state occasionally, to worship the trees and find "sermons in stones." It may be, as O Yuri San believed, that there is virtue in asking Omi-Kami to wash us "white of our sins in the river Kamo." What matter, said she, by what name we call our protector? Is Lethe any sweeter-sounding to the ear than Kamo? I agreed with her. Thus in deep discussions leading on to intimacy we discovered a closer bond of sympathy between us.

III

I REMEMBER well the very last walk we took together, O Yuri San and I, up to a little shrine in the heart of the woods. It was a favorite pilgrimage. The poor weather-beaten image there had lost all traces of expression. Perhaps this misfortune endeared the little god doubly to us. It might be that he would hear and pity the defacements of mortals more easily.

Around us spread a forest of wonderful green, ever fresh, an emerald green which temperate trees can never hope to attain, not even in the full splendor of a June. I walked solemnly over fragrant pine needles, but O Yuri San flitted through the wood like a bright butterfly in her gay kimono—"a butterfly who comes in the early autumn to seek in the deep green places the last flowers of summer," as one of her own poets expresses it. Patiently we climbed a flight of mossy steps side by side, O Yuri San smiling gaily up at me and trudging bravely along on her wooden clogs, which beat a tattoo on the stones. Her kimono, which was tucked up, as on our first meeting, through the magnificent

brocaded obi tied in a stiff puff behind, left her little legs bare to the knees but for the short red crape petticoat that fluttered like a tiny flag.

"Nam amida, nam amida"—the soft chant of the Buddhist priests at benediction in the dark temples floated through the trees like a faint perfume, and the answering echo followed as the worshipers at the hundred little shrines hidden in the hills clapped their hands and repeated the prayer, *"Nam amida."* O Yuri San stood still, bent her little hands together, bowed her head over them, and repeated it.

Then, with redoubled energy, we climbed to our little altar. I secretly think that O Yuri San was half afraid lest the Honorable Lord of Heaven would go off to listen to the prayers of Tokio if we did not hurry. And if he should escape before our arrival, no amount of hand-clapping could reasonably be expected to call him back, could it?

There he sat, cross-legged and defaced, the little stone god. O Yuri San diligently searched for a nice white pebble, a round one, a smooth one, and set it on his lap with a short prayer. That was all.

"Against what misfortunes do you pray to be defended?" I asked as we turned homeward. "And what blessings do you desire, O Yuri San? Yours is the country of content. There is no sadness in its borders, nor during my stay here have I ever seen tears. The poor eat rice, and the rich eat rice also. For what do you pray?"

She turned to me sweetly and nestled close, with a childish confidence slipping her little hand in mine.

"Oh, noble friend," she answered in her wisest tones, "the leaf of the lotus floats serenely on the surface of the lake; but who knows if the unseen root longs also for the sun? Who knows? So it is with a woman," she continued, the high philosophy sitting quaintly in her baby voice.

"She longs to accomplish, to fight, to die for her country. She longs to be a man, a samurai. And I—I long to be a man and a warrior."

She did actually, I believe, strike at the root of her people's character. Patriotism is with them a bright fire; to die for one's country the noblest possible conclusion, the "consummation devoutly to be wished." Instead of a passionate devotion to her parents, this fragile, dainty little maiden clutched and held tightly the ideal of her country.

"Your wish reminds me that last night I dreamed a strange and wonderful dream—that I was about to die," I said to her, laughing; "and I was sad and miserable indeed over it, nor did the fact that I was dying in the defence of my country comfort me."

O Yuri San turned a little pleading face up to mine.

"Honorable friend, let me buy thy dream," she said. "Indeed, indeed, it may be," she continued, seeing my astonishment. "Thy dream and all it foretells shall become mine. To thee it has no meaning. Ah, let me buy it, as in olden times Masako bought the dream of her sister. Let me buy it of thee," she pleaded.

The legend of Masako and her bought good fortune, which, like a silver thread, meanders through Japanese mythology, had evidently taken a firm hold on the imagination of my childish companion. Again and again she pleaded. Therefore I humored her, and we clinched our intangible bargain. She offered me what I would in exchange, and so I chose a little branch of red maple quivering on a tree near by, a little flame of fire prophesying the autumn holocaust. She toddled after it, and, returning, made the presentation ceremoniously. "It is the emblem of death, the flower of good-by," she said. Her queer little mind was filled with misty aspirations. The dream was working in her thoughts and leavening them like yeast.

"Good-by until the spring," I corrected; but she refused to have it so, and I think when we parted near the hotel after our pilgrimage, our "happy-direction-going," as she called it poetically, there was a little more mournful note than usual in her "Sayonara"—"Since it must be."

The next morning I rattled off on the train for Tokio while Nikko was clothing itself in holiday flags. The Empress was coming to pay a visit to the frowning palace.

IV

I FEEL almost like a murderer; for the dream, the poor little dream I sold unwittingly to O Yuri San, has come true. The fate she desired is hers. It seems too cruel, as if a butterfly had been crushed to make gunpowder. Two pathetic little letters arrived to-night telling the story, one written by O Yuri San herself, a short message of only a few lines, the other from her teacher, the geisha, which explains.

The very day after I left Nikko, the Empress, whose person is holy and deeply venerated, arrived. The village was alive with gay merrymakers, the air bright and sweet, the little open shops were deserted. From the ridges of the hills, from the depths of the woods, a crowd was collected to see Her Majesty pass from the station to the palace. The little geishas were there with the rest to enjoy the holiday, resplendent in gay crêpes and gayer smiles. O Yuri San was the most winsome of all, they say, poor little O Yuri San, with her barbaric shining hair, her almond eyes, and her delicate oval face like the extravagant old goddesses of history long since faded into oblivion, except on rare vases and screens.

I can see now how her dainty, rosy mouth, with its heavy burden of rougė on the lower lip, must have smiled, gracefully decorous. I can hear in imagination the rustle of expectation, followed by the deep, deep bow, like a ripe cornfield in the breeze, as the imperial lady passed, the quadruple essence of respect distilled through generations. Then as quick as thought a commotion, a crash. Some one had thrown a missile at the palanquin of the Empress, some one who disappeared at once in the crowd. It was a *geta,* a wooden shoe, and, mercifully, it did no damage, but, oh! the deep, the infinite, lasting disgrace of it! Sovereigns in other countries are subject to risks, but never in Japan had such a thing happened before. Violently to touch the sacred person of the Empress is a personal disgrace to every adoring subject.

There followed, says my letter, "a great uproar of deep humiliation. 'We are disgraced, we are disgraced!' the people said. A rage tore their hearts; despair, profound and supreme, soon followed in its wake." You can not perhaps fully understand, but such is Japan. The crowd melted away, ashamed. The fair loyalty of Nikko was besmirched, and men looked from one face to the other in search of the offender. But he

was never found. The stain remained. There seemed no hope of wiping it away.

O Yuri San returned with the others, thinking, thinking, until presently she śmiled. Remember she was of a people to whom signs and wonders are vouchsafed. Incoherent, tumultuous thoughts pressed through her brain, and took shape. The dream was clear to her now, by the dim light of her incomplete philosophy. She wrote two little letters, one was for me and one for the chief of police, in trembling, uncertain characters. She dressed in her prettiest kimono. They tell me it was one all patterned with glowing maple leaves. I can hear her little voice, made only for laughter, saying lightly, "It is the flower of good-by."

So she toddled out as if on some every-day errand, *pit-a-pat* on her dainty lacquer clogs. It must have been the sunset hour when she reached the river at a quiet spot. Around her stretched the silence. And then—and—then—what need to tell the rest? They found her soon afterward, lying there under the blue tent of water. Some little children, fishing in the deep, quiet pool, saw the glow of the bright leaves, "the flowers of good-by." Poor little O Yuri San! She took it upon herself to avenge the disgrace.

The letter to the chief of police explained it all:

"Most noble, I am but a humble little geisha, but I have bought a dream, and this is its meaning. Therefore, I may die for my country, even as a soldier dies."

And to me she wrote this also, adding: "Honorable Friend, I touch my forehead to the ground in farewell. Thy dream prophecy, *I* may fulfil."

The Empress herself sent money for the little martyr's funeral, and a letter for the bereaved family, sweet and womanly. O Yuri San would glow with pride if she could know.

SEPTEMBER! The sky is as leaden as a sea of oil. Its surface is soft and polished. I am back in Nikko, for to-night is the Festival of the Bon Matsuri, the Feast of the Dead, and I have a fancy to set a lighted lantern on the grave of O Yuri San and that of the baby brother. Otherwise these two little souls will sit in darkness, and even when one's eyes stare toward eternity, it may be there is some faint, far-off joy in being remembered from the earth; it may be. Besides, I too shall be happy to atone for the dream bargain.

But I miss the *pit-a-pat* of your little clogs beside me, O Yuri San.

HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE

FORMERLY THE HÔTEL D'ÉVREUX, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI

THIS old seignorial hôtel belongs to the last century but one and is to-day the official home of the President of the French Republic. If stones could speak, echoes only repeat forgotten sounds, what secrets might we not extract from these stones of the Hôtel d'Evreux, from these echoes in the gardens of the Elysée, where the great prima-donnas in the tragedies of history lived, moved, loved, and suffered—the Marquise de Pompadour at the height of her orbit as the favorite; Napoleon I at the opening and again at the close of his glorious career; the Empress Maria Louisa at the most critical period of her life; the Duc de Berry at the moment when the fatal blow was to fall; Louis Napoleon Bonaparte preparing for the Coup d'Etat of December Second; Eugénie de Montijo before ascending the throne; and, more recently, Carnot brought in dead and Félix Faure passing away.

In 1720 Henri Louis of Auvergne, Count of Evreux, second son of the Duc de Bouillon, received from King Louis XV as a reward for his services—he had been general of cavalry—a big tract of land extending from the Elysian Fields to the Faubourg St. Honoré, that suburb which the world of elegant people was just beginning to recognize. In truth there was no possibility of a struggle between the Faubourg St. Germain in all the glory of its splendor and the new one. For the latter was really outside the walls of Paris and almost in the country; it was scarcely more than a stepping-stone between the city proper and the villages of Chaillot, Monseau, Roule, and Neuilly, where alongside of the humble cabins of gardeners and farmers rose buildings at that time called the "little villas" or casinos.

The Count of Evreux was utterly ruined and without a "sou marky"—and even without a shadow of credit—when, through the royal generosity, he received this magnificent property. Yet, thanks to his marriage with the daughter of the colossally rich financier Crozat, he caused to be erected on this spot one of the most sumptuous palaces in Paris. The architect Molet, entrusted with the work, spared no expense in order to make a success of the fine edifice we can still admire to-day. But it should be noted that neither noble husband nor his family knew enough to show proper recognition or even politeness to the young woman who was the cause of and the natural center for all this luxury; for the count took no pains to conceal his passion for Mme. de Lesdiguières, while the people about him went so far as to dub poor Mme. Crozat with the pretty but cruel nickname of Little Lingot.

The second owner of the hôtel was the famous Marquise de Pompadour. She bought it in 1753 for 650,000 livres, and at once added a big tract of land to the park.

Thereafter the most fabulous sums were spent on the decoration of the interior, in which Pineau, one of the clever-

PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

est artists in the new style then fashionable, distinguished himself. Nevertheless, the King's favorite did not come very often to Paris. She had to ask and obtain permission from the King, who preferred to keep her at Versailles and at the country places of Bellevue and Marly, which were more discreet and retired. But when she did appear in Paris, what a pouring out of luxury, what a bewildering wealth of ostentation! The fact is that Mme. Antoinette Poisson was a daughter of the quarter and had become Mme. d'Etioles through marriage. Under that name she lived a long while in Faubourg St. Honoré street. There it was that by tact, adroitness, and beauty she raised the marvelous edifice of her fortune. Memoirs of the period have left us very curious information as to the patient approaches made by this young Mme. d'Etioles, this apparently reserved yet insinuating lady, to push open little by little the doors of some important drawing rooms, like those of Mme. Geoffrin; but she was much hampered in her worldly strategy by the paralyzing presence of her mother, a certain Mme. Poisson, whose past was lamentably queer.

Now all these little humiliations remained in the Marquise's memory, and of a certainty some notion of revenge was not absent from the magnificence that attended her installation and her festivals in the new Hôtel d'Evreux.

And it was just in these very Parisian, very elegant, but in no way official surroundings that the great painter of pastels La Tour dreamed of painting her without any powder in her hair, without any of those obligatory columns and draperies after the elegant fashions of Largillière. But, in opposition to his wishes, an order reached him to come with his crayons to Versailles. To which the bold fellow dared reply: "Tell Madame that I never go to paint *in town.*"

Nevertheless, La Tour decided to go, as we know from the famous masterpiece at the Louvre. But accidents did not fail to happen, owing to the stubborn nature of the artist, who insisted that he should not be disturbed at his work. One day the King entered while the Pompadour was sitting, and La Tour, doffing his cap, cried out: "Madame, did you not promise me to keep your door closed?"

Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE

Then, as Louis XV laughed good-humoredly and remained, the painter left, grumbling to himself: "I don't like to be interrupted; I will return when Madame is alone."

Several "Watteau dairy parties" were offered by the Pompadour to a selected public, and with perfect success up to the notorious evening when the following tragic-comedy occurred.

Perceiving that these eternal pastorals resulted in monotony and flatness in the long run, pastorals wherein the satin-clad shepherd made love to shepherdesses covered with lace, always accompanied by the same conventional frills, the Marquise invented something calculated to revive the wavering attention of the spectators by details truer to nature, by a staging more vital with breath, more *vécu,* as we say nowadays. On a general background of decoration painted by J. B. Huet a herd of sheep, real live sheep, was to appear, combed and perfumed, and tied up with ribbons, so that amorous speeches might alternate with the most correct baaing of lambs. Her secret was kept, even by the women, and much was expected from this surprise. But, alas! Nature does not like to be cramped, and when the beribboned herd made its entry into the gallery flaming with candlelight, while music played, the innocent creatures halted a moment in a state of stupor, and then scattered in a mad stampede. A ram spied a long mirror and dashed at himself, breaking it to pieces, not unlike Don Quixote before the windmills. The rest followed his example, broke the furniture, and scattered with baas of panic through the apartments. The Marquise thought she would faint—and from that moment renounced all shepherd festivals.

When the Pompadour died, the following was found in her will: "I supplicate the King to accept the gift which I make him of my hôtel in Paris, since it is susceptible of being made a palace for one of his grandsons. I desire that it should be for Monseigneur the Count of Provence."

Did Louis XV, one muses, know beforehand of this bequest, on the day the favorite died? One hopes not, for we know how little regret he showed at the time the coffin of his friend was being carried through a terrible rainstorm from Versailles to Paris: "The Marquise will have a disagreeable trip," he remarked with a yawn, as he stood at the window of his bedroom, which looked out on the Marble Court.

When the palace was emptied of its furniture, it was turned into a storage-place for the royal things awaiting the completion of the palace on the Place de la Concorde. At last, in 1773, owing to the empty condition of the exchequer, it was sold to Nicolas Beaujon, the court banker. Up to 1768 the gardens and the pictures belonging to the King had been open to the public.

With respect to the arts, this banker was a sort of Fouquet, but more scrupulous. He modestly called the Hôtel d'Evreux his "Hermitage," and increased its splendors. In its galleries he placed furniture of great price, books of the rarest editions, canvases signed by Rembrandt, Vandyke, Poussin, and the great Spaniard. This banker also owned the portraits of the royal family, including all the princes, received from them as gifts. A contemporary writer expresses naïvely enough his surprise at the honor, and makes this amusing guess. "Doubtless it is because of the great beauty of the salons, perfect in all their details and splendid in their general aspect."

The King was so much impressed by the banker's palace that he began negotiations, and finally bought it for 1,100,000 livres, occupation to be had at the seller's death. In the end the King, forgetting his original purpose, sold it after Beaujon's death to the Duchess of Bourbon-Condé at the price he had given for it. Then it was that they first called it the Palace Elysée-Bourbon.

The Elysée—charming name that evokes visions of festivities of paradise. What an ironical name when the hapless duchess installed herself there! For she was fated never to quit it until she offered her neck to the guillotine. The Elysée—what a name for the mother of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, whose execution was the most tragical of all (1804). The Elysée—for the wife of that Duke Louis-Joseph de Bourbon, the last of the Condés, who was found one morning hanging by the neck in his bedroom at Chantilly castle (1830). The Elysée—for the sister-in-law of that

GRAND RECEPTION ROOM

Philippe Egalité whose head rolled under the knife on the Place de la Révolution after it had felt the aureola of popular favor. The Elysée—for all that family tragically familiar with mourning and sorrows!

It is true that in the term Elysium, applied by the ancients to the place of sojourn for souls of the fortunate, they likewise mingled an idea of death.

By a strange contrast—but contrasts were frequent in that epoch of unheard-of events—the grounds of the Elysée suddenly became a place for pleasure-seekers and the festive. Decreed to be national property in 1793, it was bought by Citizen Hovyn. With the assistance of his daughter, he made out of it a gambling house and place for public balls. At that time such places enjoyed a great popularity. While the fateful carts passed through the streets on their way to the guillotine, the population, crazed and unsound of mind, poured in shoals toward pleasures and a forgetfulness of actualities.

Its director Hovyn was a forethoughted person who was a friend of the powers, and this is a proof. Since the Place de la Révolution, now de la Concorde, so near by, was steeped in human blood and exhaled an insupportable odor of corpses, Hovyn organized a public petition of the inhabitants of the faubourg, and the guillotine was transferred to the former Place du Trône. After that, people could dance and amuse themselves in peace among the refreshing fragrances from trees and flowers. Entrance to the Elysée cost fr. 1.20, and of that sum the visitor could use 75 centimes for refreshments or other purposes. Only, during the evening, cautious people never went there without having somewhere about them a certificate of civism, without which the Rue St. Honoré itself would scarcely be a safe place.

Sometimes private persons or societies hired the palace and garden for a private party. Thus the old salons of the Pompadour and the Duchess de Bourbon saw the Ball of Victims and the Ball of Benedicks. The latter was rather original. Ever since Liardot, in 1794, openêd the first matrimonial agency, several inventive adventurers tried to surpass him.

So it was that these balls were given, to which "boarding schools" of young

girls desirous of marriage were conducted by agents, the bachelors being asked to attend, in order to make their choice. It must be confessed that some people remained old fogies and disapproved of these innovations.

As to the celebrated Ball of Victims, nobody was admitted but those who affirmed that they had lost relatives on the scaffold. They danced in mourning garb and bowed to each other with a short, sharp movement of the head, as if they had been suddenly struck by the knife of the guillotine. So it appears that these amusements partook somewhat of the Dance of Death. At times they developed into tragedy, as, for instance, on one occasion when a bloody fight broke out between the Youths of the Revolution, who adopted the light-colored wig and black collar, and the troop of "red collars," who were democrats. Pleasures, debauchery, blood-flowing, cold irony—those in truth were the characteristics of that troublous and disorderly period.

This moral crisis having passed away at last, the Consulate brought in a calmer period. Prince Murat, in 1805, bought the palace for 570,000 francs. Napoleon's brother-in-law resolved to pass there a luxurious life, a branch, as it were, of the court. Four millions were spent on the Elysée in repairs, decorations, and art works, and the princess, whom people called the Beautiful Caroline, managed the receptions with as much dignity as tact. But nothing was less sedentary than this family and, indeed, all of Napoleon's high dignitaries. Soon Murat was appointed King of Naples, and had to "move" just like an ordinary citizen, and the Emperor took possession of the palace.

In this delightful setting he replaced in lofty style his brother-in-law. Josephine took the position of Caroline with much grace. Compelled to live at the Tuileries, they made only short stays at the Elysée; but we may be sure that it was the residence they preferred, for there they could escape the bondage of etiquette, that famous etiquette of which Napoleon was the first victim. A few years later Napoleon was still walking up and down beneath the ancient trees of the park, but it was not with the kindly Josephine. Disdained and repudiated, she had given up her place to Maria

THE MURAT SALON

PRIVATE DINING ROOM OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

Louisa, Archduchess of Austria. And now a child was running in front of the royal pair—the King of Rome, the only hope of the dynasty.

But soon the sky darkened; the star of the Emperor began to pale. It was in the salons of the Elysée that doubt as to his mysterious destiny showed itself for the first time *in public*. Before leaving Paris to make front against the sixth European coalition, he had an intuition of a possible personal misfortune, and he gave to the Empress the title of Regent. The ceremony of investiture was impressive. Cambacérès read the document aloud, and then Maria Louisa, overcoming her emotion, swore fidelity to the Emperor, vowed to maintain the laws and constitution, and obey the orders of Napoleon.

This scene occurred in the Louis XV drawing-room, where to-day Mr. Fallières presides over the meetings of the cabinet. But it was merely a prelude. This very room, with its delightful carved woodwork picked out in gold, which used to be, so it is said, the favorite boudoir of the Pompadour, was soon to harbor another dramatic episode at the close of the Hundred Days.

In fact, the day after Waterloo, at eleven o'clock at night, the doors of the Elysée opened for Napoleon, worn out, overcome by fatigue, and without an army. Faithful Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, rushed to meet him in the court of honor. The Emperor stayed him with a gesture, and pronounced the historic words: "The army did wonders; a panic overwhelmed it; all is lost. I am at the end of my strength; I must have a few hours of repose before I can do any work. I am suffocating here."

The next morning Napoleon was walking with his brother Lucien in the park. It was the 21st of June; spring was glittering and gay about their mourning and their sorrow. At that time the wall that ran along the Avenue de Marigny was not high, and suddenly the crowd perceived the vanquished hero, and a frantic cry arose from every mouth. "Long live the Emperor!" they cried with an enthusiasm as spontaneous as it was indescribable.

"Sire, lead us to the enemy: with you at our head, we shall win or die!"

"Dare do it, sire!" begged Lucien. "Let the gates of the Elysée be opened wide and let us set out for the frontier!"

"No," answered Napoleon; "I have already dared too much. I do not wish to appear as an Emperor of Jacobins, leaning on a violent party and fighting for my crown against the peace-loving portion of the people. It would not be worthy of my character."

His eyes turned sadly toward these unknown friends; he shook the hands of several persons over the fence, quieted the others with a gesture, and abruptly turned away among the shadowy walks of the park.

The next day the Chamber of Representatives went the length of threatening to have him arrested. One hour only was granted him to make up his mind. Then, yielding to the advice of St. Jean d'Angély, the Emperor abdicated. The scene passed in the Louis XV drawing room just mentioned as the room for cabinet meetings.

By a singular irony of destiny Napoleon left his favorite residence to his worst enemies. At the time of the invasion of 1815 the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington installed themselves as victors in the palace of the Elysée. During the days he passed there it might have been said of Alexander that he was in truth the arbiter of Europe.

On the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berry, nephew of King Louis XVIII, left the opera to accompany his wife to her carriage, when a workman named Louvel rushed on him and stabbed him with a knife. They brought him back to the palace dead. The widow left for good and all a place which recalled too much sorrow, and took up her abode in the Louvre.

Then our palace returned to the destiny which had been arranged for it in the eighteenth century—a lodging place for royal or otherwise illustrious guests. Thus it sheltered Mehemet Ali under Louis Philippe; then the queen of Spain, Maria Christina, widow of Ferdinand VII. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been elected President of the Republic, he lost no time in settling himself at the Elysée. Thus he knit once more the bond of tradition with Napoleon the Great, a thing he never neglected, and a principle which had a great influence on his entire line of conduct.

More and more did the Prince President assume the air of an aspirant to the throne. Aided and abetted by an important popular party, which saw in him the "nephew of the Emperor"; by the bourgeoisie, to whom he made the finest promises; by the monarchists also, before whose eyes he dangled the "red peril," little by little he prepared the famous Coup d'Etat. The night before the celebrated Second of December—it was a Monday—there was the usual semiweekly reception at the Elysée palace. Adroit persons, those who snuff the wind, had presented themselves in such numbers in order to make their obeisances and offers of service that it was found necessary to open all the apartments. But the President of the Republic remained calm and impenetrable; he listened to everything, promised nothing, and revealed nothing. At a certain moment he made a sign to Colonel Vieyra, who, exactly the day before, had been placed at the head of the Garde Nationale. "Colonel," said he, "are you enough master of yourself not to blanch at the announcement of a moving bit of news?"

"I am ready to stand the trial, Prince."

"Well, my friend, we march to-night." Then, looking hard at Vieyra's face, of which not a muscle had budged: "Very good; here 's a strong man. I have only a single order to give you: until to-morrow prevent every meeting or calling of this National Guard, and watch that the *rappel* is not beaten anywhere. Now you may go."

A moment later, with a smile on his lips, Louis Napoleon made the tour of the galleries with the wife of the ambassador of Spain on his arm. At last the guests retired, and only a few intimates remained, among whom were General de St. Arnaud and M. de Morny, Louis's illegitimate brother, son of Queen Hortense Beauharnais and General Count de Flahaut. He gathered them into the salon of the cabinet meetings and gave them there his final recommendations. Finally he sent them away. He seated himself and remained for a long while staring at the logs in the fireplace—in that very same room where Napoleon I signed his abdica-

Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A THEATRICAL SOIRÉE AT THE ÉLYSÉE

tion. He had let his easy and smiling air of the evening drop; he listened feverishly to the night sounds without. Well, during those few hours Morny took possession of the Ministry of the Interior; the Legislative Palace was invaded by Colonel Espinasse; and Generals Cavaignac, Changarnier, Lamoricière, and many more were arrested in their beds. At the rising of the sun the Coup d'Etat was an accomplished fact.

UNDER the Second Empire the Elysée became once more an elegant, gay, and sumptuous residence. At the start it sheltered for some weeks Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, the betrothed of the Emperor, that young Spanish girl whose striking beauty was at the time the astonishment and admiration of Paris. Night and day an army of work-people labored on the splendid trousseau; from that time dates the construction of a boudoir linen-room remarkable for the great fineness of its woodwork. Finally, on January 30, 1853, the Duchess of Bassano, first lady of honor, drove to the Elysée in a gala coach to take Eugénie to Notre Dame, where the marriage was solemnized.

After that there was no more lingering in the palace of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Compelled by court etiquette to live at the Tuileries, the sovereigns were not even able, like Napoleon I, to pass a few days there in villeggiatura. So it was that for the third time the palace became a kind of princely hotel for sovereigns on their way about Europe. For that purpose important changes were made under the direction of M. Lacroix, brother of the foster-sister of the Emperor. This somewhat distant relation-ship was perhaps insufficient to compensate for the very middling artistic feeling of this architect. He tore out various woodwork decorations of the eighteenth century and also substituted for them in many places hideous things in the style of Napoleon III, a miserable style combined of copies from the Renaissance and Louis XIV. In order to enlarge the palace, two old buildings were demolished—the Hôtel Sebastiani and the Hôtel de Castellane, and on their sites were erected certain offices and conveniences luckily of small importance. All this took up a dozen years, and in 1865 the Emperor was able to give in the transformed palace a splendid festival to the diplomatic corps. An open air concert in the park, illuminated as if by daylight, was the occasion for triumph to Auber, the composer of "Fra Diavolo," "La Muette de Portici," and "Le Domino Noir."

Thereafter came a continuous defile of royalties: one by one were seen the kings of Prussia and Belgium, of Sweden, Portugal, and Greece, of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Prince of Wales, the Khedive of Egypt. The last named was also the last royal guest.

In a few weeks more the corps of *francs-tireurs* of Lafont-Mocquart would take up their quarters in the galleries of the Elysée with the authorization of the Empress-Regent Eugénie.

THEN it was that the extraordinary history of our palace reverted once more to the note of tragedy. On September 4, 1870, two days after the capitulation of Sedan, the Republic was proclaimed. At once the staff of the commander of the National Guard took possession of the Elysée and installed itself under General Clément Thomas. Since the palace is very large, an entire wing was reserved for the societies in aid of the wounded. Miserable caravans traversed day after day the court of honor and the gilded galleries. Ladies of fashion, directed by the Countess de Flavigny, crossed every day heroically the streets swept by bombshells in order to reach the wounded. They installed their apparatus in the Salon Murat and in the great dining hall on the lower story. Then came the ignominious days of the Commune. While the beautiful monuments of Paris were burning—the Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Palais de Justice, a similar fate was feared for the Elysée; but it was saved, thanks to the presence of mind of the curator, M. du Gourlet, who placed forged judicial seals on the doors and made the insurrectionists believe that their leaders had decided for the present and for a secret reason to protect this palace from destruction.

SINCE 1879, the date of installation of M. Grévy, the Elysée has become the

official residence of the President of the French Republic. The earlier years were somewhat dry; but with President Carnot the tradition of grand receptions revived, notably at the date of the Universal Exposition (1889). Madame Carnot, endowed with great distinction and the true tact of a woman of the world, knew how, with her native kindness of disposition and address, to bring together at her evening receptions certain personages who had been frightened away by republican etiquette. However, this Presidency was curtailed by the crime of a wretch, the anarchist Caserio, who assassinated Carnot on his trip to Lyons in June, 1894. The body of the unfortunate President was brought back to the Elysée and placed in the Salon of the Hemicycle, where during four days all Paris disputed the honor of bowing before his inanimate remains.

A few years later sorrow made once more its overwhelming appearance at the palace. President Félix Faure, who seemed full of life and health, was found dead, struck by apoplexy in his study. This death so impressed the imagination of some people that the most incredible rumors were started concerning it.

It would take too long to describe the Elysée—its stables, so brilliantly conducted under Faure; its galleries, so splendidly used in receptions to royalties under Loubet of late years; its Salon of the Tapestries, with hangings made by the Gobelins in 1706, and representing the story of Scipio, after designs by Julio Romano—a salon which contains fine woodwork from the Château de Bercy, demolished forty years ago, and is used by the President for official receptions; its Grand Reception Room for crowned heads and other distinguished guests, decorated under the eye of Count d'Evreux himself in 1718, and containing a fine carpet from the Savonnerie, and Beauvais furniture. Most of these salons, it is true, are placed one after the other, and have no doors to a communicating corridor, as they would be arranged to-day. This inconvenience is particularly unfortunate for the residence of the head of a nation who must see many visitors, sometimes one after the other, sometimes in crowds.

The Salon of the Hemicycle mentioned above was the old parade room of the Hôtel d'Evreux, such as every residence of the period which respected itself had to show. It was not opened for common folk, but only to guests of high degree or the sovereign. The round alcove was at that time hung with a marvel of tapestry famous among all the products of the Gobelins. It represents the "Daughter of Jepthah." The freshness of the colors put to rout all our ideas concerning the effect of time on ancient things; and yet it already had a history in the time of Madame de Maintenon, who caused robes to be stitched over the nudity of the three female forms—altogether too frisky to suit the austere spouse of Louis XIV in her old age. Napoleon I slept in that alcove, but luckily he introduced no changes. The whole room has remained delightfully intact, with its admirable woodwork, covered with interlacings and arabesques, where cornucopias, as a leading motive, are mingled with "rayed shells." The jambs of the doors, framed in long, carved dragons, bear a modern signature, that of Chaplin. He has not hit the light style of the artists under Louis XVI. The same heavy touch appears in the Salon of the Cabinet Ministers, which in the eighteenth century was the music room of the Pompadour. It is a fine big room, the five tall windows of which look partly on the park and partly on a small retired garden. The woodwork is really a marvel of beauty, certainly due to the decorative genius of Nicolas Pineau. Formerly one might see framed in fine moldings the heads of the nine Muses, treated with all the grace peculiar to the period. But about forty-five years ago, by order of Napoleon III, a less than average painter replaced these charming works, so well in keeping with the interior, by frightful portraits, rank with bitumen, of, alas! Nicolas I of Russia, Franz Josef of Austria, Frederick William of Prussia, Pope Pius IX,—he is in the shadow between two windows,—Queen Victoria (at the age of 22), Victor Emmanuel, and the King of Würtemberg! I leave to the imagination what a discordant note this detestable mingling of styles and periods has introduced.

There also is little harmony in the last

of the large reception galleries on the ground floor, known as the Salon of Cleopatra. Here are remains of Louis XVI woodwork, a fine tapestry after designs by Natoire,—"Antony and Cleopatra,"—arm-chairs in Empire style, a mantelpiece set of the Directory times, and, on a Chinese stand, a *modern* statue of Louis XIV in terra cotta!

The chapel of the palace is very dark and vaguely Gothic, built by Lacroix under Napoleon III. The saints of France are painted on the walls—Saint Rémi, Saint Clothilde, Saint Clodoald, Saint Radegonde—to all of whom the artist has had the singular idea of giving the likenesses of the leading artists of the day.

The Murat Salon is decorated in the First Empire style—woodwork white and gold. Dating from 1806, and done under the eye of the King of Naples, it was renovated later, as one can see by certain traces of bad taste and also from the monogram and badge of Napoleon III and Eugénie. They had the idea of framing in the woodwork, too, immense canvases by Carle Vernet, one representing the "Entry of Murat into Naples" in 1799, the other a carriage drive of the Grand Duchess of Berg (Caroline Bonaparte Murat). The latter scene passes in a park which is no other than that of Beyreuth, the monumental architecture of which one perceives in the background. Between the two windows, which permit but little light to enter, is a curious canvas representing the Column Vendôme in an Egyptian landscape. It is crowned by the statue of Napoleon I dressed as a Roman Emperor.

What can one say of the Grand Reception Room, built by the architect Chancel, under President Carnot, to meet the requirements of the exposition of 1889? For a similar crime against art the only excuse is that it was meant to be temporary. Alas! we know how long the temporary thing is capable of lasting! The combination of iron and brick has been very justly likened to a stable. The decorations of the ceiling are in a colored and gilded *paste,* and frame certain pale compositions by Dubufe. Red carpets, red velvet curtains with gold tassels, gilded armchairs with red velvet cushions, give inevitably an official look to this gallery. Notwithstanding all this mediocrity, on festal occasions it takes on a kind of air under the glitter of the lights. This miracle, this paradoxical result, is entirely due to the marvelous tapestries profusely used in this hall, both as hangings to the walls and as portières. Here are the "Story of Medea" by de Troy (1754-1758), "Creüsa Consumed by Fire," and "Jason Unfaithful to Medea." There is also the famous Don Quixote series by Coypel. What brilliancy, what an expression of life, what a sincerity in decoration, alongside of these poor modern things!

The first story contains only reception rooms, but more intimate, and used in accordance with certain diplomatic shades of etiquette. In the large gold salon in the middle of the suite Mme. Loubet received visitors on Mondays, her "day." There she awaited illustrious guests after they had been received officially by the President and had expressed a desire to pay their respects to Mme. Loubet. It is an interior formerly Louis XV, white and gold, but, alas! wretchedly maltreated, where one is surprised to see under the delicate woodwork the unexpected monogram of Napoleon III and Eugénie, carved in some substance like plaster. Salon des Dames, Salon des Huissiers, Salon des Paysages, Billiard Room—in the last at any rate one's eyes are greeted by a work of distinction: the portrait of President Loubet against a red background, arms crossed, breathing a smiling strength. It is more and better than an official work: it is a portrait by Bonnat.

Here, anyhow, is an intimate note, a home corner. This suggestion grows stronger in the next room, the working study where President Loubet used to come to pass the evening with his family. It is a fine room on the corner, with four windows looking on the garden. It must be said that green dominates too exclusively, from the hangings to the cloth on the round table, passing through the shades on the furniture. Another likeness of President Loubet, dating from 1889, shows him at an epoch when care had not yet whitened his hair. As if a witness to his laborious hours, even after dinner, there is a massive empire desk

littered with papers and books, testifying to long studious hours under the midnight lamp.

To close this description with a truly artistic, though modern, note, I should like to call attention to one of the rooms at the end of the first story, the very pretty Salon of the Mirrors, originally an ante-chamber in the hôtel of the Pompadour, later the bathroom of the Empress Eugénie. What a ravishing little boudoir! It is entirely made up of mirrors, as its name indicates, but they are mirrors decorated with delicate paintings by Chaplin in the feeling, but not in imitation, of the Louis XVI style. Flowery garlands, Cupids, Venuses, Undines, and Sirens furnish the delightful motives for this precious decoration, which recalls the pretty fancies created by Marie Antoinette. And along with these goes a rose-and-mauve carpet very harmonious to the eyes and soft to the feet. Add a few pretty consoles, a mantel set of Louis XVI style well combined, and you have an interior as charming as can be imagined, decorated in a strain the like of which one might have thought forever lost. In fact, it is with this impression on us that we stop our ramble through the principal apartments of the Élysée.

Those for whom history is a sort of resurrection, following the phrase of Michelet, will undergo a variety of emotions while passing through the place where a series of tragic events has occurred—events so important in their results. Such seekers, such devotees of a past forever gone, may at times feel disappointed if they hope to meet with many traces of these haunting figures which are still fresh and, one may say, *palpable*. Where are the easy-chair, the bed, the familiar chest of drawers, of the Marquise de Pompadour? Where is the arm-chair of Napoleon or the table on which he signed his abdication? All these have been disposed of or destroyed.

The architecture of the palace remains in its general lines, it is true, particularly if one can disengage it from its modifications and incrustations. Inside the visitor will admire without reserve the woodwork of several of the rooms on the ground floor, that of the Aides-de-camp, of the Grand Salon, the Cabinet Room. He will stop before the marvelous tapestries of the second vestibule of the Salon of the Hemicycle, before the immense Savonnerie carpet, bearing the arms of the Orléans family, which covers the floor of the great dining room. He will enjoy the few objects of art, not numerous, it is true, but genuine, which are scattered here and there, such as a certain chess-table, or the two splendid clothes-presses by Boulle in the vestibule of the first story; and he will be interested in the decorative effort of Chaplin in the Boudoir of Mirrors.

But, on the other hand, what bitter regrets for the unheard-of acts of vandalism due to the architect Lacroix! The same reprobation should befall the displeasing buildings made at the same period round about the Court of Honor and on the street of Elysée. Finally, one must cast a veil, from the artistic point of view, on the presidency of M. Sadi Carnot, to whom, alas! we owe the Salle des Fêtes, as well as the galleries that run so awkwardly along the ground floor, breaking clumsily the harmony of the general lines laid down by Molet in 1720.

Perchance the future may know how to repair these mistakes, at least in part. A great deal of money will be needed, and erudition, and taste, and wit besides. Let us hope—without believing in it too much.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE WAITER TEACHES UNCLE JOHN TO SAY "ROO-ANK"

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

I

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Second day out at sea.

DEAR MAMA: We did get off at last, about four in the afternoon, but you never imagined anything like the day we had with Uncle John. It was awful, and, as luck would have it, he just happened to go aft or sou'west, or whatever it is on shipboard, in time to see them drop his trunk into the hold, and they let it fall from such a height that he swore for an hour. I don't see why Uncle is so unreasonable: a Russian gentleman had the locks broken to both his trunks and just smiled, and a very lovely Italian lady had her trunk caved in by the hoisting-rope and only shrugged her shoulders; but Uncle turned the whole deck fairly black and blue on account of a little fall into the hold. If Lee had only been along to soothe him down! But Lee is in London by this time. I do think he might have waited and gone with us, but Uncle says he 's glad he did n't, because he says he has more than half an idea that Lee 's in love with me, and that no girl alive could be happy with him. I wish Uncle liked Lee better. I wish Lee would n't slap him on the back and call him "old boy" the way he does.

Mrs. Clary does n't like it because she has to sit next to the doctor and talk English to him, and he can't talk English. She says whenever she goes on board a liner the doctor always spots her as intelligent-looking, and has her put next to

him for English purposes. She says she 's made seven trips as nursery-governess to a doctor with linguistic aspirations. The consequence is, she has most of her meals on deck with a man named Mr. Chopstone. Uncle does n't like Mr. Chopstone, because he says he has a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Chopstone admires Edna. He says Edna could never be happy with a man like Mr. Chopstone.

More later.

Fourth day out.

I 've been writing Lee; I can mail it at Plymouth. It does seem to me as if Lee might have waited and gone with us.

We are nicely adjusted now, and Uncle has had his trunk brought to his room, and has examined the corners and found them intact; so now the trunk is off his mind. But he has almost had fits over a man named Monsieur Sibilet, so the situation has been about as brimstony as ever. M. Sibilet is a Frenchman going back to France, but his chair is next to Mrs. Clary's, and Uncle says steamer-chairs are never accidents, but are always premeditated and with intent to kill. He asked Mrs. Clary if she could n't see that no woman could ever be happy with a dancing fan-tan like Sibilet. We did n't know what a "fan-tan" was, but we all agreed with Uncle's premises as to poor monsieur; and then it developed that there is a Mme. Sibilet deathly sick down below, and Uncle said that he had known it all the time and was only joking.

Edna and Harry are very happy, but they have to be awfully careful, because Uncle says he has a half-fledged notion that Harry is paying attention to Edna, and that he won't allow anything of the kind—not for one York second. We don't know what a "York second" is, and we have n't asked. Uncle plays poker nights, and we make the most of it. There is a nice Yale man on board, and I walk around with him. His name is Edgar. Uncle says he looks as if he had his bait out for a fortune, but Mrs. Clary says to never mind it—to go right on walking. She lies still while we walk, and talks to M. Sibilet in French.

Uncle says he is the head of this expedition, and there 's to be no foolishness. He says it 's all rot about a man not being able to see through women, and that Edna and I need n't expect to keep any secrets from him. I do wish Lee was here to soothe him down. He was so furious to-day because he shut up his wash-stand and let the tooth-powder slide to perdition. M. Sibilet offered him an extra box of his own, but Uncle was n't a bit grateful. He says he is sure M. Sibilet is in love with Mrs. Clary now, or why under the sun should he offer him his tooth-powder? He says he thinks it 's disgraceful, considering poor Mme. Sibilet, and he took mine instead.

More later.

Sixth day out.

I do wish we were in Havre, or anywhere where Uncle had more room. The third officer invited him up on the bridge yesterday, and Uncle says you need n't tell him that any third officer in this world ever would invite him up to the bridge unless he had his eye on Edna or me. Uncle says for Edna and me to remember that old uncles have eyes as well as young third officers, and to bear in mind that it would be a dog's life to be married to a third officer. I 'm beginning to be very glad, indeed, that Lee took another steamer; I reckon Lee saw how it would be. Uncle says he 'd like to know what we took a slow steamer for, anyhow. He says it would have been more comfortable to have all been in death agonies and to have been in Havre by this time. He was terribly upset to-day by Mme. Sibilet's coming on deck and proving to be an old lady with white hair and the mother of monsieur instead of the wife. He says you need n't talk to him about French honor after this. We don't know what the connection is between poor old Mme. Sibilet and French honor, but we think it best not to ask. The truth is, Uncle lost all patience with M. Sibilet the day it rained and pitched—I think it was the third day out. He never did like him very much, anyhow. Mrs. Clary wanted to sit in the wind that day, and she and monsieur sat in the wind until the rain grew so bad that they were absolutely driven to come around and sit by Uncle, under the lee of the port, or whatever it is on board ship. Monsieur lugged Mrs. Clary's chair because he could n't find a steward, and he brought it around by the smoking-room and the whole length of the

deck, with the steamer pitching so that half the time he was on top of the chair, and the other half of the time the chair was on top of him. There was no one on deck but us, on account of the storm, and I thought we should die laughing, because there were forty empty chairs under shelter already. Uncle waited until, with a final slip and a slide, the poor man landed the chair, and then he screamed: "I say, Sibbilly, just take the cards out and change *them* another time. That 's the way we Americans do."

You should have seen poor monsieur's face! Uncle said the whole affair gave him a queer feeling as to what might be in store for us in France. He said if M. Sibilet was a sample Frenchman, he thought he would n't get off at Havre, after all.

Mrs. Clary is in lots of trouble over the doctor. He comes up on deck and bothers her half to death, talking English. She can't understand his English, and M. Sibilet gets tired translating. M. Sibilet speaks seven languages. Uncle says that 's nothing to his credit, however.

More later.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE GREAT CLOCK AT ROUEN

Ninth day out.

Uncle is in high spirits to-day, for he won the pool. He has been so disgusted because Mr. Edgar has won it three times. Uncle says that 's no sign he 'd be a good husband, though. I do think Uncle's logic is so very peculiar. He came into my state-room to-day and asked me if I did n't think the doctor was absolutely impertinent in the way he was pursuing Mrs. Clary. You 'd have thought the doctor tore after her around the deck, to hear him. He said he expected to have trouble with Edna and me, but he never looked for Mrs. Clary to be a care. He said he did n't suppose she was over forty, but she ought to consider appearances more. He was quite put out, and I am gladder than ever that Lee is n't with us.

We laughed ourselves half sick to-day over Mr. Chopstone. Uncle's port-hole does n't work very easily, and Mr. Chopstone heard him talking about it to himself as he passed in the corridor, and he went in to help him. Uncle asked Mr. Chopstone if he had a crowbar or a monkey-wrench with him, and Mr. Chopstone did n't have a crowbar or a monkey-wrench with him, but said why not ring for the steward. Uncle would n't hear to the steward, and so they climbed on the divan together and tried to pry it with Uncle's hair-brush. The hair-brush broke, and Uncle went spinning, but Mr. Chopstone caught his cuff in the crack, and it tore, and half of his shirt-sleeve with a diamond cuff-link went to sea. At first we all felt awful about it, but he was so composed that Edna said he must be a millionaire, and Uncle said it must be a paste diamond. That is all only preliminary to the funny part. This afternoon we were lying in our chairs and Uncle was standing by the rail looking at a ship.

All of a sudden he exclaimed, "Great Scott! Chopstone, if there is n't your cuff!" Mr. Chopstone made just one bound from his chair to the rail, and looked over so hard that his cap fell into the sea. Of course the mere idea of the cuff having sailed as fast as we did all day used us up completely, and Uncle in particular had to hang to the rail for support while he sort of wove back and forth in an ecstasy of speechless joy. Even M. Sibilet was overcome by mirth, although it turned out afterward that he thought the fun was on account of the lost cap. And then, when we got ourselves under control once more, Mr. Chopstone explained that what he had thought was that the cuff had caught somewhere on the outside of the steamer and that Uncle saw it hanging there. Edna says that it all shows that poor Mr. Chopstone is *not* a millionaire, and Mrs. Clary says it proves, too, that it *was* a real diamond.

It is beginning to seem like a pretty long trip, and Mrs. Clary has started packing her trunk. The little flag that marks our progress across the chart is making Europe in great jumps, and we are all glad. Uncle gets more restless every day, and he says if the doctor don't quit coming up on deck to talk to Mrs. Clary, something will soon drop. The doctor is really very amusing; he says the first officer has a pet "marmadillo," but we cannot see it because it is too anxious. He means "frightened," it seems. Mr. Edgar is very nice; both he and Mr. Chopstone are going to Paris. Lee will be in Paris by Wednesday, I hope, and I most sincerely trust he will keep on the right side of Uncle.

They say we will land early day after to-morrow. I can mail my letters in Plymouth to-morrow evening. Uncle says he 's going express hereafter; he says no more dilly-dally voyages for him.

Tenth day out.

WHAT do you think! Uncle took me into the parlor after dinner to-night and told me that he was n't going to Paris with the rest. He says he did n't come abroad to scurry around like a wild rabbit, and that he 's going to stop in Havre for a day or two. He says Edna and I had better stay with him, as he can't think of our traveling with Mr. Edgar and Mr. Chopstone alone. I said, "But there 's Mrs. Clary." And he said, "Yes; but you forget Sibbilly." I do think Uncle's logic is so remarkable.

Eleventh day out.

EVERYBODY is getting their trunks in from the baggage-room and running to the rail to look at ships. Uncle won the pool again to-day; he says this is one of the pleasantest trips he ever made, and he shook hands with M. Sibilet when he met him on deck this morning.

Mrs. Clary is awfully upset over our staying in Havre, and she says if Lee is in Paris he won't like it, either. We expect a mail in Plymouth.

Later.

The mail came, and I had a letter from Lee. He is going to Russia for a week, and he folded in an extra piece, saying to give Uncle the letter. It was a funny kind of letter, but of course it had to be a funny kind of letter if I was to give it to Uncle. I gave it to Uncle, and he said, "Hum!" and that was all. He says if Mr. Edgar or Mr. Chopstone stay in Havre, he 'll know the reason why. I do think Uncle might be more reasonable. Edna has been crying. She does n't want to stay in Havre; she wants to go to Paris when Harry goes.

Yours with love, as ever,

Yvonne.

II

UNCLE JOHN IN ROUEN

9 A.M.

"WELL, girls, are you ready to get up and out and set about improving your minds? I 've been reading the guide-book and spilling my coffee with trying to do two things at once ever since eight o'clock. But what your Uncle John does n't know about Rouen now is n't worth stopping to look up in the index. Why, I 've even got the real French twang to the pronunciation. It 's Roo-ank; only you stop short of the 'n' and the 'k,' so to speak. The waiter who brought my breakfast showed me how to do it—said he never saw a foreigner catch on to the trick so quick before. I gave him one of those slim little

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

AT THE TOMB OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION

quarters they have here, and he was so pleased that he taught me how to say 'Joan of Arc' for nothing. It 's Shondark—*Shondark*. I learned it in no time. Well, come on, if you 're ready. I 've been waiting almost an hour.

"I declare, but this fresh, free atmosphere is refreshing! As soon as you get outside of your bedroom door you begin to get the full benefit of the Continental climate. I presume, if you 're poor, you get it as soon as you get outside of your bed-clothes. Rather a medieval staircase, eh? And four orange-trees at the bottom to try and fool us into feeling balmy. However, I don't mind little discomforts; all I mind is being shut up on a ship with a darned fool like that man Sibbilly. I should n't wonder if his mother was his wife, after all. I could believe anything of him. I did n't like him.

"We 'll go to take in the cathedral first; it is n't far, and I 've got it all by heart. Thirteenth century and unsymmetrical—you must remember that. There, that 's it ahead there—with the scaffolding. They 're bolstering it up somewhat, so as to keep on hooking tourists, I presume. The biggest tower is the Butter Tower, built out of paid-for permissions to eat butter in Lent. Rather a rough joke, its being so much the biggest, is n't it? The whole cathedral 's lopsided from eating butter, so to speak. I believe it 's the thing to stop in front and act as if you were

overcome; so we 'll just call a halt here and take in the general effect of the scaffolding.

"Now we 'll walk around the whole thing. I have n't come abroad to take life with a hop, skip, and jump; I 've come to be thorough, and I want you girls to form the habit of being thorough, too. What I did n't like about that fellow Edgar was his not being thorough. When he went down to look at the ship's machinery he only stayed an hour. Now, I did n't go at all; but if I had gone, I should have stayed more than an hour. Good job of scaffolding, is n't it? You see, they make the scaffolding out of young trees withed together, and use them over and over. Economical. Just about what you 'd expect of Sibbilly. Those gargoyles and saints around the top stick their heads out pretty interested-like, don't they? But their view is for the most part blocked. Now this cheerful old jail at the back is the palace of the archbishop. I wish, young ladies, that you would note those little bits of high windows and the good thick bars across them as illustrating the secure faith that the dead and gone archbishops had in their loving people. I 'll bet there 's been plenty of battering and rioting around under these walls, first and last; plenty of fists and sticks and stones. It 's big, is n't it? Big as half a block, and things look so much bigger here than they do at home. They slide a roof up slanting and cock it full of little crooked windows, and you feel as if you must tip over backward to take in the top. I vow, I don't just see how it 's done; but —oh, here 's where we go in. This dark, damp little stone-paved alley is the celebrated 'Portail des Libraires,' so called because those arcades used to be full of book-stalls. We go along on the cobblestones, throw ourselves hard against this little swinging door; it creaks, it yields, we enter—hush!

"Great Scott, is n't it big, and *is n't* it damp? Will you look up in that roof? I feel solemn in spite of myself; but, then, feeling solemn is no use: what we want to do is to find some one to open those big iron gates, for the most of what is to see is in back there. Edna, you ask that man how we can get hold of some other man. Well, what did he say? Said to ask the Swiss, did he? What does he mean by that? Is it a joke, or can't they trust a Frenchman with their old relics? I 've been told that in Japanese banks they always have to have a Chinaman to handle the money, and maybe it 's equally the thing in a French cathedral to have a Swiss look after the relics. But the guidebook never said a word about a Swiss: it said '*fee*,' and I 've got my pocket full of them.

"Well, where can we get a Swiss? I should think he 'd be more handy than he appears to be. There 's another man looking for him, too. He—Great Scott! if it is n't—no, that is impossible. Yes, it is!

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Porter? Yes? Robert Porter—Bobby Porter that went to the Washington School? Bob, do you remember me? Well, of all the larks!

"Girls, this man and I went to school side by side for eight years, and he 's the finest—my nieces, Bob. That 's Edna and this is Yvonne, and—you don't say he 's your son? Did n't know you ever married. Oh, I 'll take your word for it, of course; but, I say, Bob, you 've got to come and dine with us to-night. You must; I won't have it any other way. You and I 'll have to just sit down and overhaul all our old memories together. Do you remember—but how do you come to be in Europe, anyhow; and what liner did you line up on? We had a beastly trip,—only came from Havre last night,—and, by the way, how in thunder can we get hold of the man who opens these iron gates? Everything in the place is back there.

"Is that a Swiss—that splendid circus-chariot driver? Give you my word, I thought he was a cardinal! How much of a tip is that much gold lace going to look forward to getting? I wish he was plainer, somehow. I 'll tell you, Bob; you pay, and I 'll settle up later. I certainly am glad to see the gates open; I felt more like a serpent shut out of paradise than I ever expected to feel in all my life.

"Well, now we begin. Who 's buried here? Henry II of England, eh? I can't read Latin, so Henry's virtues and dates are all one to me. Which Henry was he, anyhow—the one with six wives or the one who never shed a smile? Either way,

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

IN THE COURT OF THE HÔTEL DU BOURGTHÉROULDE, BEFORE THE BAS-RELIEFS OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

let 's move on. What comes next? Richard Cœur-de-Lion—petrified, eh? Oh, only a statue of him; that 's less interesting. I thought at last I was looking at Richard when he was himself again. What is our Swiss friend hissing about? Heart buried underneath? Whose heart —Richard's? Ask if it 's his bona-fide heart or only a death-mask of it? Strikes me as a pretty big statue to put up to a heart, don't you think, Bob? But come on; I want to be looking at something else.

"So this is the tomb of the husband of Diane of Poitiers? I did n't know she ever had a husband—thought she only had a king. I 've never been brought up to think of Diane of Poitiers mourning a husband. But maybe she did, maybe she did. They say you must check your common sense at the hotel when you set out to inspect Europe, and I believe it—I believe it. It 's a nice tomb, and if they kneel and mourn in a gown with a train, she certainly is doing it up brown. However, let 's go on.

"Two cardinals of Amboise kind of going in procession on their knees over their own dead bodies—or maybe it 's only hearts again. Well, Bob, the Reformation was a great thing, after all, was n't it? Must have felt fine to straighten up for a while. Stop a bit; the guide-book said there was something to examine about these two—wait till I find the place. Oh, well, never mind; I dare say a guide-book 's very handy, but I move we quit this damp old hole, anyway. I would n't bother to come again. That 's a sad thing about life, Bob; as soon as you get in front of anything and get a square look at it, you 're ready to move on—at least I am.

"What 's he saying? Well, ask him again. Whose grave? Well, ask him again. Rollo's! What, Rollo that was 'At Work' and 'At Play' and at everything else when we were kids? Another? What other? Well, ask him. Rollo the Norman? I don't see anything very remarkable in a Norman being buried in Normandy, do you, Bob? When did he die? Well, *ask* him. What are we paying him for, anyway? Died about 900, eh! And this church was n't built till four hundred years later. Where did he spend the time while he was waiting to be buried? Well, ask him. I declare, if I could talk French, I bet I 'd know something about things. You are the *dumbest* lot! Here 's Rollo lying around loose for as long as we 've had America with us, and no one takes any interest in where. Is that the tomb he finally got into? Clever idea to have it so dark no one can see it, after all. I suppose he thinks we 'll be impressed, but I ain't. I don't believe Rollo 's in there, anyhow.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF JUMIÈGES

"Come on; I 'm tired of this old church. I move that we go out and look at the place where they burned Joan of Arc, or something else that is bright and cheerful. What 's he saying? No, I don't want to see any treasury; I 've done enough church-going for one week-day. Give him his money, Bob, and let 's get out. You tell us where to go next; you must know everything, if you were here all day yesterday. I want to see that double-faced clock and those carvings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They 're all over in the same direction.

"Good to be out in the air, eh? I vow, I never was great on churches. What boat did you come over on? Did it roll? Ours rolled and pitched, too. I never

saw such a rolling. I tell you, Bob, the man will make a fortune who invents a level liner. I used to try and figure on how to hang the passenger department in an open square, so it could swing free,—do you get the idea?—but I don't know as it could be managed. I was trying to work it out one morning, and I came up against the wash-stand so sudden that I thought I was cut in two; the next second I went backward so quick that the edge of the berth nearly amputated my legs; and then the whole craft arose on such a swell that I swallowed half my tooth-brush. You may laugh, Bob, but I 'm not telling this to be funny; I 'm telling it for a fact. I had to have the steward in to put the washing-apparatus to rights, and I asked him what in thunder was up outside. He was standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, looking up at me where I sat in the lower berth, and he said, 'If the wind shifts, we 're very likely to have it rough.' Just then he took on an angle of ninety-five degrees, and my trunk slid out on his feet so quick he had to hop. I said: 'Have it *rough,* eh? Well, I 'm glad to know, so that I can take advantage of this calm spell.'

"So that 's the clock! Well, it 's a big one, surely—almost as wide as the street, although candor compels us to own that the street is about the narrowest ever. All right, I 'm done; a clock is a clock, and one look in its face always tells me all I want to know. Come on; we can't stand dilly-dallying if we 're to get through Rouen to-day, and I must say I consider a day to a town as quite enough in Europe. I know, when I was young and traveled for wholesale shoes, I used often and often to do three towns a day and never turn a hair. I tell you, Bob, when I was—

"Is that the fountain? Hold on; we want to see that! The guide-book has it in italics. I don't see anything to underline, though; looks foreign to me. Come on; we 've got to be getting somewhere, or I shall feel I was a fool to stop off at Rouen. Not that I 'm not glad to have met you again, Bob; but that could have happened anywhere else just as well, you know. When did you come over? Last year! Great Scott, what are you staying so long for? I bet I get enough in six weeks; I feel as if I 'd got pretty close to enough now. Not that time ever hangs heavy on my hands, you know. No, not by a long shot. I 'm the kind of man that can always amuse himself. Give me a fair show,—off a ship, of course,—and I 'll defy any one to get on better. Take the day we landed, for instance, there in Havre,—rainy, not a thing to do, and every one else off for Paris. You might have looked for me to be a little disgusted, naturally; but not a bit of it. The day went like the wind. We landed at noon, I slept all the afternoon, and in the evening I took a bath. I tell you, Bob, a fellow with brains can get on anywhere. I never know what it is to feel bored.

"What 's our Goddess of Liberty doing up there? What 's that Indian bead-work around her feet for? Who? You don't mean to tell me that 's Joan of Arc? Well, all I can say is, I never imagined her like that. But what are the beads? French funeral wreaths! Great Scott! do they keep Charlemagne wreathed, too, or is five hundred years the bead-wreath limit? Pretty idea, to put up a fountain where they burnt her—keep her memory damp at all events, eh? What 's the moral of her train turning into a dolphin? Just to bring the mind gradually down to the level of the fact that it is a fountain, after all, I suppose.

"She was n't burnt here, anyhow, the book said. The book said she was burnt farther over. Smart people here—have two places where she was burnt, so people must trot through the whole market if they try to be conscientious. Look at that woman, with her bouquet of live chickens—novel effect in chickens, eh, Bob? Strikes me it was an enterprising idea to burn Joan in the market, anyhow—good business for the market. Folks come to see the statue, and incidentally buy some peanuts.

"Well, where can we go now? I say to set out and have a look at the tower where she was imprisoned. Pulled down! It is n't, either; it 's starred in the book. What 's that? This tower named for her, and hers pulled down! Well, there 's French honor for you again. What do you think of Sibbilly now, Edna? I don't want to see the tower if it ain't the real one. I want to see the bas-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and then I want to go back to the hotel to lunch. I tell you, this sight-seeing is a great ap-

petizer. The more old ruins and burnings I look over, the hungrier I get.

"Is this the place? Makes me think of a sort of glorified gate to a wood-yard. What is it, now? Well, ask somebody! A bank, eh? Are those the famous bas-reliefs? Those! Them! Well, well, I must say the touring public is easy game. They 're all worn off. What 's the tin overhead for? To keep the rain from damaging them, eh? Pretty bit of sarcasm, eh, Bob? Great pity they did n't think to put it four or five hundred years sooner. I don't see a man with a head or a horse with a leg from here. It lacks character, to my idea. Let 's go home. Come on. I 've racked around Rouen all I care to for one day.

III

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Rouen.

DEAREST MAMA: It is midnight, and I must tell you the most astonishing piece of news. We came here with Uncle last night, and all this morning we were out with him. When we came home and unlocked our room we found *Lee* sitting by the window. But he does n't want Uncle to know. It was fortunate that Uncle's room is across the hall, for I screamed. We could n't see how he got in, but he says that he has bent a buttonhook so that he can travel all over Europe. It seems he never meant to go to Russia at all; but he does n't want Uncle to know. He says he thinks Russia is a good place for Uncle to imagine him in. We had such fun! We told him all about the voyage and all about Uncle. He says M. Sibilet's mother *is* his wife—he married her for money. He says he 's a painter. Lee is really going yachting, but he does n't want Uncle to know. He is n't going for a while, though; and he does n't want Uncle to know that, either. While we were talking, Uncle rapped, and Lee had to get into the wardrobe while Uncle came in and read us a lecture. When we were in the cathedral to-day he found a man he used to know in school, and he was utterly overjoyed until he saw that the man had a son; and then, of course, he was worried over the son. So he came in to-night to tell us that if he discovered any skylarking, he should at once give up a friendship which had always meant more to him than we young things could possibly imagine. He said we must understand that he 'd have no sort of foolishness going on, and at that the wardrobe creaked so awfully that Edna had a fit of coughing, and I did n't know what I should have if he kept on. He did n't go until it was high lunch time, and I was afraid Lee would have to stay in the wardrobe until he smothered. When Uncle was gone, Edna asked Lee how under the sun he kept still, and he said he nearly died, because so many hooks hooked into his coat and he had nothing to perch on except shoe-trees. I do think Lee is so clever. I wish Uncle thought so, too. He went to his room, and we lunched with Uncle, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Porter, Jr.; and afterward we visited the church

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

LEE SURPRISES THE LADIES

of the Bon-Secours and the monument to Jeanne d'Arc. She stands on top, her hands manacled, with her big, frightened eyes staring sadly and steadily out over the town where she met death. Uncle admired her so much that he tripped on one of the sheep that are carved on the steps, and after that he did n't admire anything or anybody. We got back about five, and Lee came in for a visit of an hour. Lee says he had a fine voyage. It stormed, and he says he never was battened down with such a lively lot of people. Uncle came in twice while he was there, but Lee has the wardrobe by heart now, and does n't take a second. He says the men he 's going yachting with are great sport, and he expects to have the time of his life. I do wish Uncle liked Lee, so that he could go around with us these days; he would be so much fun.

We are going to Jumièges to-morrow, Uncle says. Lee says he must take the early train for Havre. He 's just been in to say good-by. He brought a cherry-tart and his shoe-horn, and we had ours, and so we had no trouble at all in eating it.

It has raised my spirits lots, seeing Lee. It seemed so terrible for him to go off to Russia like that. Uncle spoke of it yesterday. He said he was glad to have one worry off his mind and safe in Russia. The wardrobe squeaked merrily.

Now good-by.

Love from

Yvonne.

IV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Rouen.

Dear Mama: Lee is gone. I do wish he could have stayed longer, but he thought it was risky. Uncle John was sure he smelt cigarette smoke in my room, and although it was n't true at all, Edna cried and said the wardrobe was getting on her nerves, and Lee said he reckoned he 'd take his button-hook and move on. We had an awful time bidding him good-by, for Uncle came in three times, and the second time he had lost his umbrella and thought it must be in our wardrobe. I never was so frightened in all my life; for, you know, if Uncle had been hunting for his umbrella and had found Lee, he would n't have liked it at all. Edna volunteered to look in the wardrobe, and I know I must have looked queer, for Uncle asked if I 'd taken cold. You know how much I think of Lee, but I could n't help being relieved when he was gone. It is such a responsibility to have a man in your wardrobe so much of the time. He said that I must try to steer Uncle toward Brittany, because he 'll be yachting all around there. He says I must mark places in the Baedeker with strips of paper. He says that 's a fine way to make any one go anywhere, and that if Edna and I will talk Italy and mark Brittany, Uncle is almost sure to wind up in the Isle of Jersey. Lee says he wishes he 'd been kinder to Uncle in America, and then he 'd like him better in Europe. He 's afraid Uncle will never forgive him for taking him bobbing that time and dumping him off in the snow. It was too bad.

We went to Jumièges to-day. Uncle found it in the guide-book, and we took an eleven-o'clock train. Mr. Porter and his son were late, and just had time to get into the rear third-class coach. Uncle was much distressed until we came to Yainville, where the train stopped, and they got out. Uncle wanted them to get in with us, and he talked so forcibly on the subject that the train nearly started again before Mr. Porter could make him understand that Yainville is where you get off for Jumièges.

I do wish it was n't so hard to turn Uncle's ideas another way when he 's got them all wrong.

Yainville has a red-brick depot on the edge of a pleasant, rolling prairie, but there is a little green omnibus to hyphenate it with Jumièges. We were a very tight fit inside, for of course we could only sit in Uncle's lap, and he did n't suggest it, so I had to hold Edna; and Mr. Porter and his son knew Uncle well enough not to suggest taking her. I thought that we should never get there; and it was so tantalizing, for the country became beautiful, and we could only see it in little triangular bits between shoulders and hats. Young Mr. Porter wanted to get out and walk, but Uncle said, "Young man, when you are as old as I am, you will know as much as I do," so he gave up the idea. I do believe we were cooped up for a solid hour before we finally

rolled down a little bit of a hill into a little bit of a village, and climbed stiffly out into the open air.

We all had to cry out with wonder and admiration then, it was really so wonderful. On one side were the hills, with the Seine winding off toward Paris; and on the other side was the wood, with the ragged ruins of the abbey-church walls towering up out of the loftiest foliage. Uncle thought we had better go and see all there was to be seen directly, so we walked off down the little road with a funny feeling of being partly present and partly past, but very well content.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"YAINVILLE IS WHERE YOU GET OFF FOR JUMIÈGES"

The story goes that one of the ancient French kings took two young princes of a rival house, crippled them, put them on a boat, and set them afloat at Paris. They drifted down the current as far as this spot, and here they were rescued. They founded a monastery in gratitude, and their tomb was in the church, which is now in ruins. Later we saw the stone, with their effigies, in the little museum by the gate. They were called "Les Deux Enervés," in reference to their mutilation. Uncle thought the word meant "nervous," and we heard him say to Mr. Porter, "Well, who would n't have been, under the circumstances?" The whole of the abbey is now the private property of a lady who lives in a nice house up over back beyond somewhere. She built the lodge, and also a little museum for relics from the ruins, and has stopped the wholesale carrying off of stones from the beautiful remnants of what must have once been a truly superb monument. I am sure I shall never in all my life see anything more grand or impressive than the building as it ~~is~~ to-day. It is much the same plan as the cathedral at Rouen, only that it has been preserved, and this has been long abandoned. It is so curious to think of the choir which we saw yesterday, with its chapels and stained glass, and then to compare it with this roofless and windowless one, out of the tops of the walls of which fir-trees—big ones—are growing. You don't know what a strange sensation it is to see trees growing out of the tops of ruined walls the foundations of which were laid by Charlemagne's relatives. Edna and I felt very solemn, and Uncle was quiet ever so long, and then only said, "I vow!" The grass is growing in the nave and transept, and the big carved pediments stick up through the turf here and there, with moss and lichen clinging to the shadowy sides. The rows of pillars are pretty even, and the set of big arches above are mostly all there still. There was a third and a fourth gallery above, and although they are fallen away in places, still you can see exactly how it used to be. When you look away up to the fourth tier of columns, the main walls of the nave are still soaring higher yet; and when you follow the sky-line of their vastness, you see the two mighty towers rising, rising, straight up toward heaven, with the rooks whirling and circling about them and screaming in the oddest, most awfully mournful manner. I 'm sure I shall never feel the same way again, not even if I live to be a thousand years old myself. I felt overcome; I felt a way that I never felt before. I don't know what I felt.

Uncle was delighted; he sighed with satisfaction. "This is the real thing," he

said to Mr. Porter; "I like this. You can see that there 's been no tampering with *this* ruin." Mr. Porter looked up at the sky above and said: "I should say that there had been considerable tampering with this ruin. I will take my oath that the whole of the little town yonder was built with the stone taken from these walls and those of the monastery buildings."

Uncle is getting very nervous over Mr. Porter, Jr., because he walks around with Edna so much; so we were not allowed out of his sight during the visit, and did n't explore half as much as we wanted to. The little museum was really very interesting, and had the tombstone of one of Joan of Arc's judges. I feel very sorry for Joan's poor judges. They had to do as they were bid, and have been execrated for it ever since.

We came home late in the afternoon, and Mr. Porter found a telegram calling him to Brussels on business, so he and his son said good-by hurriedly and took a half-past-six train. Uncle said at dinner that it was a strange thing to see how, after forty-five years of seeing the world, a man could still be the same as when one had to do all his sums for him at school. We absorbed this luminous proposition in silence, and then Uncle looked severely at Edna and said that at the rate that things were progressing he would n't have been surprised to have had a John Gilpin in the family any day. We were struck dumb at this threat or prophecy or whatever was intended, and went meekly to bed. Edna had a letter from Lee and I had one from Harry. Lee did n't dare write me and Harry did n't dare write Edna because of Uncle. But they each sent the other their love.

Uncle wants to go to Gisors to-morrow.

P. S. I must add a line to tell you that Mrs. Braytree and the four girls have arrived. They saw Uncle on the stairs coming up, and all came straight to our room. They landed yesterday, and had a real good passage, only Eunice fell out of the berth and sprained her wrist. She has it in a sling. They had a hard time arranging about the dog, as the hotel did n't want him in the rooms. He is one of those dogs that look scratchy and whiny at the first glance. Mrs. Braytree has lost her keys, so she sat with us while the hotel people got a man to open her trunks. She says she 's in no hurry to unpack, for she had so many bottles she 's almost positive one cork at least must have come out. They entirely forgot to bring any hairpins and suffered dreadfully on shipboard on that account. They had trouble with one of their port-holes too, and Mrs. Braytree and Uncle are both going to carry crowbars at sea hereafter.

They are going to stay here a week. It 's so nice to meet some one from home!

Always yours lovingly,

Yvonne.

(To be continued)

MANHATTAN

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

FANTASTIC wreck of simpler things,
She sits beside the haughty sea
And calls the whole world to her knee.
There is no mete to her control,
No doubting in her dreaming brain.
With eyes that know nor dread nor dole
She builds and burns and builds again.

She typifies our race for fame,
Our haste, our hope, our love of game.
In her fierce heart our passions rave,
Madly contemptuous of the grave.

HER CHARACTER

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

INTEND to be myself. I shall insist upon giving the fullest expression to my own individuality. I am resolved to maintain my own character. I am determined to be free. Yes, freedom, liberty—*that,* after all, is what I need, what I demand. As I think of it, my spirit rises, my heart beats. Shelley's skylark "from heaven or near it" has always seemed to me the most perfect type of liberty, freedom, and individuality. As I think of it, I seem to pour forth *my* soul. At least my soul seems to mount and soar, and I feel that nothing less than the whole wide earth and heaven will satisfy me.

Knowing each other as children at the seaside, and then staying the winter together at the school in New York, you are even nearer to me than the girls with whom I have lived here. Our experiences have been nearly the same. St. Pierre, though smaller and farther west, is very much like Ochigo. How many times I have wanted you with me to tell you what I think and feel! But writing to you as I can write, assured of your sympathy, is a great deal. I can almost foresee what you will conclude and say now in answer to me, but you will be wrong.

My declarations may not appear to be justified by my practice. Ochigo certainly is not the whole wide earth and heaven. The place is small enough and limited enough—just a representative lake city, like so many others through the country. And as I have always lived in it and been of it all my life, I suppose that I am typical, too. Well, the more reason there is for me to strike out into new paths. I will not exist in a groove. I will not submit tamely to circumstances. I will have my own way and my own life.

Do you remember the last real talk which we had? There had been the dance at the country club. You had stayed over for it, and were going away the next day. We came back together alone in the victoria, late as it was, old James and the footman being thought sufficient protection. Driving through the park in the soft summer darkness was very pleasant after the noise and confusion. The dance was the first to which we had gone as fully accredited young women coming out this winter, and we felt something of the seriousness of the event.

"I 'm so frightened," you said; "I 'm afraid I shall not have a good time."

"I 'm not," I declared. "I mean to have it in one way or another. I am not going to be dependent on anything or anybody."

"You 're sure to be a great success," you said. "You are so pretty."

"What is that?" I answered with the indifference I felt. "Something which will attract men, so that I shall dance all the time. I suppose that is what is called having a 'good time.' But I am going to ask something more of life than that. If no man even looked at me or asked me to dance or came to see me, do you think I should care? I am going to rely on myself, on my own character. I should think it humiliating to do anything else."

You gave the little gasp with which you have often received my announcements.

"But—but," you objected, "you want to be liked, to be admired, to have attention."

"I don't care," I answered. "I am not dependent on it. I 've got other things. I 've some intelligence and education and ambition. I shall not meekly accept the opinions of others. I shall

think for myself and act for myself. I mean to do something. If it 's any question of others, it 's what I 'm going to do for them. I shall be a force in the world—make myself felt. I am going to lead the way. I am going in for everything. I 'll not be content with a narrow experience or narrow interests. I have got to begin here, but there is not enough in Ochigo for me. There are other worlds to conquer, and I am going to conquer them. I 'm going to have it all. Ochigo will do very well as a stepping-stone, but I 'm tired of it already—before my first winter."

Again you gasped in horror.

"Of course I like it," I explained. "I like the girls awfully and the men, but then I have always known them since they were boys. When I have taken my first dancing-lessons with them, as well as been taken out to my first dinner by them, I can't call them exciting. What chance is there for wild enthusiasm about Tom, who is going into business, or Dick, who is going to study law, or Harry, who is to become an electrical engineer?"

"You want Harold or Arthur or Reginald," said you, pertly.

"I don't," I replied. "I only want a chance for the imagination, with something beside the commonplace, the everyday, the humdrum. I want from life its significant aspects, the experience of its higher meanings. I don't think I am going to find those in Ochigo. Therefore I shall not be satisfied with Ochigo. I take the whole world for my playground—or my field, for life is not going to be all play for me. If necessary, I shall set out as a *dame errant*—go in for adventure, righting wrongs, helping the unfortunate, slaying dragons."

You stared at me with your big eyes wide open, as you used to stare at me when we were children and I told you fairy-stories with the dignity and authority of my added year of age. But I was not telling fairy-stories to you. I was telling you what I firmly intended. And I intend as firmly that this shall be the truth now, when I am half through my first winter, as I did then, when I stood upon the threshold of "coming out"—when I was supposed to be shrinking timidly on the verge of the mad plunge into gaieties and excitements.

Well, I have liked the gaieties, but I have not found the excitements. I am even more firmly determined now upon my course of conduct than I was before. I shall, therefore, as I have said, let my own character assert itself—follow the development of my own personality.

I have had a "good time," and probably better than any other débutante. My coming-out ball was the most splendid thing of the kind ever seen in the place. (I was broken-hearted that you were not here for it.) With a big dinner every week, and theater-parties, and sleigh-rides, and suppers at the country club, I have been launched with particularly flying colors. There are reasons why all this has been possible and, indeed, inevitable. The Maxwell family is an institution of the place, mama belonging to all the local blue bloods and papa standing for modern success, so that I —Miss Catherine Maxwell, if you please —am a good deal of a personage. Then, you see, our house is one of the largest on Mohegan Avenue and *not* one of the newest. We began to be very prosperous when I was about twelve years old, when the house was built. It therefore just escaped being a red-brick-and-mansard monstrosity, and is a great, comfortable, rough brownstone mass.

By the way, this makes me think of something which "gets on my nerves," as we used to say after the French class. When the house was built there were many vacant spaces on each side. They are all filled now with big houses. Only across the way is a small, unoccupied lot. For years I have seen it every morning when I looked out of my windows; all day coming and going it has been under my eyes—an untidy little spot such as one finds in the growing streets of places such as Ochigo. I have noticed the fence fall away; I 've watched the weeds grow large and thick each year. A cow is pastured in it. Gradually this has come to me to typify the life here, the place itself. Such an existence is ragged and unfinished; the city is uninteresting and uninspiring. I don't want anything like it, and will not have it. I am not going to spend my life where cows are turned out. I want to live in something beside a pasturage.

To leave for a moment fundamental truths and come to the details of every day. We are in the height of the season. Between Christmas and New Year's, as you know, in a place like this, there is everything going on. The boys are all at home from college, the girls from school. There is a dance each night, and I go to every one. Do I find any pleasure in it? I love madly the exhilaration of dancing, but at the end of an evening with whom I have danced I could not tell you. As I never reveal my convictions to the boys, they are not frightened away, and dance with me in blissful ignorance.

I go everywhere and I know every one. On second thought I should say that there is one man I have not known. Strangely enough, we have missed each other at every dinner and ball. I understand, however, that he works very hard and is very busy. I suppose just because I have not known him I am curious about him. That is one thing, and then meeting him nearly every other afternoon in Mohegan Avenue has given me an interest in him. The awkwardness of always passing him, each of us knowing perfectly well who the other is, has drawn my attention to him. I can't, of course, look at him. Sometimes he appears thoughtful and almost tired. On his forehead is a slight scar. I wonder what made it and if there is any story about it. He seems like a man about whom there might be stories. That he has not had himself presented to me, I must say, surprises me. Of course I don't really care; still, I am puzzled. They say he is very clever, and he must have heard that I was—not stupid, and seen that I am—not hideous. Such indifference is perplexing, and I should almost like to show him the error of his ways.

Last night the dance was at the Grinnels', the night before at the Kendricks', and the night before that I can't remember. One is so like another. I am beginning to weary of it already—to feel the meaningless monotony of it. I go because there is nothing else to do. The machine is wound up for the winter. I am "in the fourth speed." But I will not live mechanically. The first thing I shall astonish them all by refusing something.

Two mornings in the week I am at All Hail Hall. Usually the girls I meet there have been out two or three years. I believe a "bud" is a *rara avis*. But the relief of doing something is very great. Even before Lent I shall take up the work. Perhaps I may find in it what I want. I have thought of going to live in a "settlement." I have also thought of going to spend a winter in a Paris studio, to see if I have any real talent for art. I have also considered a London season, where our ambassador is an old friend of papa's, seeing interesting people and doing interesting things.

When I express my very natural desires and determinations, papa laughs. I do not like the way he laughs. He is so convinced that he will not be troubled by my demands. His face has the same expression that it had when I used to ask for something for Christmas which had already been bought as a present for me. He laughs as he laughed only the other day when I wanted a new automobile, and he let me go out into the stables to find it standing there. He annoys me, for he is clever, and I hate to be treated that way; and he continues to smile. Finally I tell him that I must go away by myself somewhere and live my own life.

I said that I should astonish them by refusing to go out. I am of half a mind to begin this very evening. Fanny Ramsay has a large dinner before the Weston dance. Why should I go? I know everything they will say and do, and everybody who will be there except Mr. Warde, who, curiously enough, is going. Fanny said that she wanted me particularly to come. Of course I could find some reason for not doing it, and she would not be angry with me very long. Not to go, though, would be distinctly rude. If I do, I wonder who will take me in. Perhaps Mr. Warde may sit on the other side. Anyway, if he does, there will not be the difficulty about not bowing to him.

II

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER GORDON MAXWELL
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE
AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER
CATHERINE
TO
MR. HENRY PEYTON WARDE
ON TUESDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, AT ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, OCHIGO.

III

He has just gone. He said that he wished that we could escape the fuss and bother of the wedding. He said that he 'd rather elope and run away from it all. His way of looking at it is so simple and large. Any other view than his seems very petty and unworthy. His disregard of all except the essential is so strong and great. He makes me fairly ashamed of any interest in the preparations, in the selection of the bridesmaids (how good that you can come), in the first presents and in the last,—for each comes as a constantly recurring delight and surprise,—in the dress and veil, and where we are to go.

Of course he was right.

"Then we can change it and be married quietly," he was quickly assured.

"Never in the world," he declared vigorously. "We must climb up to the pinnacle of the occasion. We must make a Roman triumph of it and be slaughtered to make a Roman holiday. Is n't this wedding a great event?"

"The greatest for me," he was informed. "But when you said what you did I agreed with you."

"What I said," he answered, "was an expression of my feelings rather than my convictions."

"How glad I am, then, not to be too wrong, after all!" was my answer, with a contented sigh.

"I suggest," he said, with a laugh, "that we at once add two more bridesmaids at least."

"How dear you are about it!" he was swiftly told.

How nice relying on his judgment is! To know that he can decide every question, to have him to settle everything! The peace and serenity which follow are quite indescribable. The conclusiveness, the inevitability, is so satisfactory. There is the restfulness of being carried by a great power. There is a placid sense of being held, contained, engulfed. The feeling must be something like the river running into the sea, to be lost in its greater immensity—to be lost, to be sure, but to be past all the tiresome shallows, all the vexing little whirlpools and disturbing rapids.

We had been talking about our honeymoon.

"I suppose that we must go somewhere," he said. "Shall it be the midnight sun at Hammerfest or moonlight on the Mediterranean?"

"Oh, no," he was implored earnestly. "Don't go where there are people. Let us just find some quiet spot out of the world, where we can make our world—be our world as we are."

He knew of a hidden place in the Canadian woods where he had once gone to shoot. What he said pleased me at once. We are going there. To be free from the interruptions and exactions of the world, to forget that the world exists and be together in the absolute solitude, just forest and lake shutting us in!

All this reminds me that my father was so strangely amused this morning when I told him what we proposed.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a little twinkle in his eyes. "But how about a London season and seeing interesting people and doing interesting things?"

I frowned, for I remember having mentioned something of the sort to him.

"Bother the people!" I said. "We are much more interesting ourselves."

"Or," he went on thoughtfully, "a short time in the Paris studios might show whether you really had a talent."

"Fiddlesticks for a talent."

"Or," he continued relentlessly, "the settlement—"

Who could listen to such nonsense? Think of going to a far-off place to see people about whom one cares nothing. There is much more interest in hearing old Mrs. Willington talk about the way in which she manages her cook. The Paris studio and art—no. We shall have enough to keep us busy in discussing the architecture of the house. Drawing plans is the most entrancing occupation in the world. On funny, crisscrossed, checkered paper we make them all the time. Generally something is lacking. In one plan no place was left for the stairs. In another there was no chimney. In each scheme the beginning is always a good big "den" for him. I always arrange to begin with that. The rest appears to be built about it.

We are going to have a nice little world which we carry about with us.

Some people might say that it was small. What do they know? There is so endlessly much that I want to have him tell me, such an infinity that I can learn from him. Oh, how good and patient he is with my ignorance! And what that ignorance is I am only discovering more and more every day. Such abysses of stupidity and such prospects of knowledge of which he gives me glimpses! To feel the safety of having one's steps safely guided over the rough places that must come in life, through the devious ways where to wander is so easy!

Whenever I think of you I am sorry for you. Why are you not engaged? You will never be happy until you are. When I look at the girls here, I am sorry for each one of them. As you are nearer to me than any of them, I shall see that you are safely married at once. You are coming on to be a bridesmaid, and I have already made plans. I have left your picture where one young man has seen it, and what he says I will tell you when you come. How nice he is you shall be allowed to find out for yourself. Always to have every nice girl promptly married shall be an interest and an occupation and a *duty*. Each woman owes this to another. Oh, the kindness I feel toward the world you do not know! What is the individual? Nothing. To realize one's own littleness and unimportance is to realize the need that all have for help and sympathy. My heart goes out to every one. We are all so close together and yet so needlessly apart. One's own individuality is only a barrier. We should cast aside our own beliefs and desires in order to be brought nearer to others. We should all meet in our great common humanity. All is for the best in the best of possible worlds, but all must put their shoulders to the wheel to make it go round. None can be allowed to lose themselves in the selfishness of self, and only in union is there strength.

You may think that I grow rhapsodical. I confess that I am a little enthusiastic. How can one have patience when the matter is so clear and simple, when the best is so manifest? Very well; to come to facts again. I send you the drawings for the bridesmaids' dresses and all the directions. You will look bewitchingly. Because of a *particular reason* this is necessary. For myself I foresee a future of match-making.

You must come on the 12th. A great deal will be doing—many luncheons, dances, and dinners. How good seeing you will be and having you here! There is not time to write now. He wants me to be ready to go with him in the automobile, and he must not be kept waiting. . . .

I was just going to close the envelop when I thought of one more thing to tell you and opened it again. And such an important thing! You must hear at once.

Do you know that directly across the street there is a vacant lot? Such a dear little vacant lot, just the right size and shape and everything. We have bought it. Already and entirely it is our very own. That is where we are going to build a house. Could anything be more perfect? If I had felt at all afraid,—which I have n't,—to have our house there would make me feel safe and comfortable. I have looked out of my windows over that lot ever since I was a little girl. Now I shall all the rest of my life look from my new home into the windows of my old one where I always lived. Doing it will be almost like looking into my own eyes—at myself. But what a different self! I shall see myself a poor, foolish little girl, peering out she did not know whither, beholding she did not know what. With calm eyes I can gaze into the young, wild, restless ones, and smile a little sadly at the little unquiet ghost of myself.

As soon as we had bought it and the papers were signed, we went across to take possession of it. The gray old fence was most considerately broken down in one place, so that we could easily get through. I felt at home at once. And could you believe it, there, growing in the grass, was the prettiest tender little flower. I picked it, and I shall press it and keep it always.

Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE AMSTERDAM MUSEUM OF SECURITY

EUROPEAN MUSEUMS OF SECURITY

BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN

Director of the American Institute of Social Service

IN the days of our grandfathers, when it was necessary for a man to master at least one trade and possess a working knowledge of two or three more, life was simple and self-contained. The home was mostly the center of his activities; there he plied his trade and made his own little world. There was no overcrowding; thoughts of light and air, of improved sanitation, did not trouble him much. His chief concern was to provide a comfortable home, food, and clothing, and to observe his children grow up rugged and strong.

With the introduction of steam and machinery life became more complex. The factory became the working-home. What had once been a pretty rural district became a hot, noisy city. Tenements took the place of cottage homes. Competition forced into use ever new and more complicated machinery, until to-day one trade is divided into many, each making part of a whole. For example, it takes sixty-four people to make a shoe. Each worker is supposed to do a distinct part and to keep at it. In this industrial evolution, electricity is the last advance, ushering in entirely new economic problems, and making necessary a readjustment not only in homes, but between master and man.

During the last decade this awakening interest has been particularly marked. Not only does it absorb the attention of the economist, teacher, and preacher, but the industrialist, too, desires harmony to insure business success. He cannot, as heretofore, give his whole attention to the

making-and-selling part of his business; equally important is consideration for the industrial betterment of his workmen. Accordingly, to-day, these problems of industrial betterment are occupying the thoughts of an increasing number of industrialists. Although many interesting attempts to improve conditions and to promote more cordial relations between master and man have been made with fair success, the safeguarding of life and limb has not been perfected to any appreciable extent. Ask a manufacturer if his circular saws, punches, and presses are protected by safety-devices, and usually he replies, "No; or if they are, my men won't use them."

BERLIN MUSEUM OF SECURITY, CHARLOTTENBURG, GERMANY

One evening, at the conclusion of a lecture on European museums of security, a number of young men came forward and expressed their surprise, saying: "We had no idea that a museum of security meant safety to life and limb. We thought you were going to explain a new kind of institution for guarding our securities and valuables." To most people a museum conveys the idea of a mass of material, duly catalogued and labeled, uninteresting except to the scholar and special student.

The idea of a museum of security excites curiosity. People ask, "What 's that?" It is not surprising that there should be general ignorance on this subject, because such institutions are of recent origin, the first having been opened in Amsterdam in 1893, in charge of a mechanical engineer who is responsible for the supervision of machinery and its explanation.

Among the curious sights in Amsterdam there is one that will escape the tourist unless his attention is particularly directed to it. Leaving the royal palace behind him, cutting through the narrow streets, crossing the numerous bridges of the Venice of the North, and making his way down a side canal, he comes upon the "Museum van Voorwerpen ter Voorkoming van Ongelukken en Ziekten in Fabriken en Werkplaatsen." Reduced to its lowest terms, this means in English the "Amsterdam Museum of Security."

This building contains a permanent exposition of apparatus and devices for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, so that manufacturers and all other employers of labor may see in actual operation the safety-devices that guard the lives and limbs of their workers. This museum owed its origin to the Association for the Development of Manual Training and Hand-work in Holland. The labor-inspectors of Holland find that the museum is of the greatest service to them, because it meets every objection on the part of a superintendent that the safety-device in question will interfere with the proper operation of his machinery.

In 1889 an important exposition of de-

vices for the prevention of accidents to laborers was held in Berlin. An effort to preserve the valuable documents and other exhibits as a collection did not succeed at that time, chiefly through the failure of the government to coöperate. But in 1900 an appropriation of $142,000 was made by the Reichstag for the creation of a museum of security. The Reichstag also appropriated $75,000 in 1901 and $43,750 in 1902. For the maintenance of the museum, which is in Charlottenburg, an appropriation of $7500 was made in 1902 and $10,000 in 1903.

As its name indicates, the museum of security aims to become a permanent exposition not only of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers, but of the best suggestions originated by any person or institution to help workmen in any way. It is really divided into two great sections, one comprising all that has to do with the prevention of accidents in the various branches of industry, and the other comprising social and industrial hygiene.

CAP ON A CIRCULAR SAW

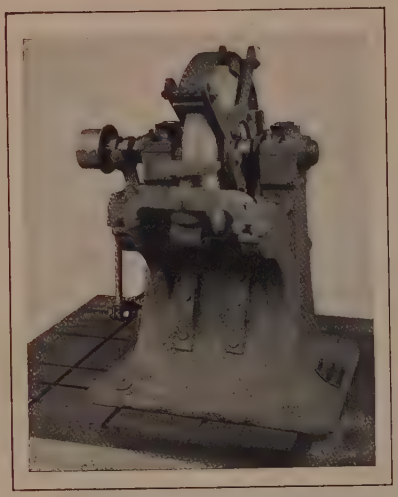
CHISEL-SHIELDS AND GOGGLES USED IN CLEANING COLD STEEL BLOCKS

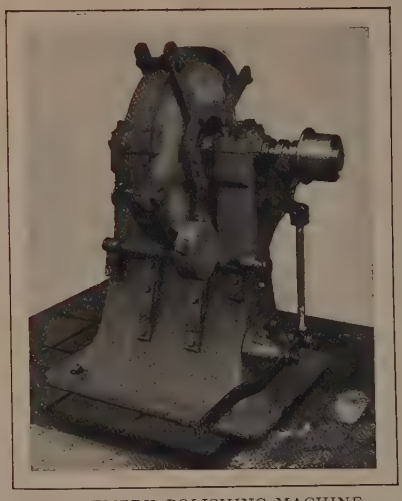
"What was your plan for collecting your machines and models?" I asked Dr. Albrecht, the executive director in Charlottenburg.

"In the first place," he said, "we appealed to constructors and inventors, offering a place in the museum where such methods and devices could be brought to public attention, in this way enlisting the support of all classes. We reserve in every instance, however, the right to refuse any specimen or plan not deemed useful. The exhibits are temporary, and at any time may be replaced by others that are better. The museum is already so full that the question of enlarging it has been brought up."

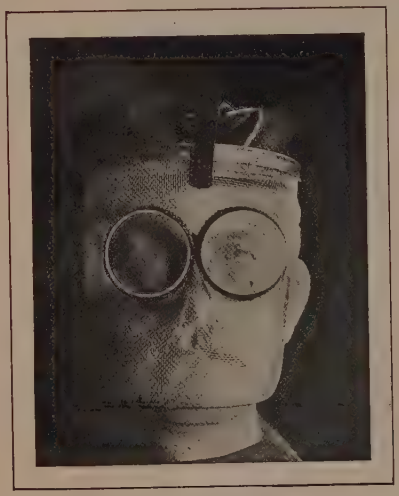
"How do you guard against the admission of machines or devices that are unsuitable?" I asked him.

"For that," replied the doctor, "we have a jury of twenty-eight experts—engineers, factory-inspectors, technicians—and of four trade representatives, namely, a brewer, a cabinet-maker, a worker in

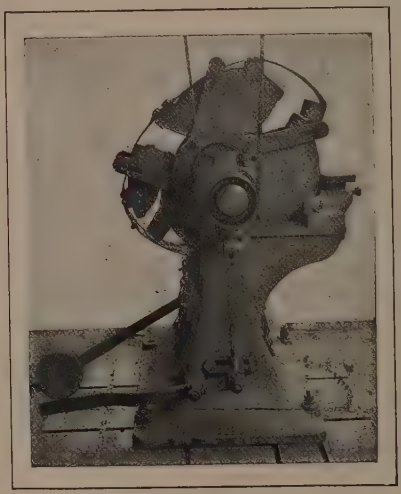




TWO VIEWS OF A PROTECTION-DEVICE ON AN EMERY POLISHING-MACHINE

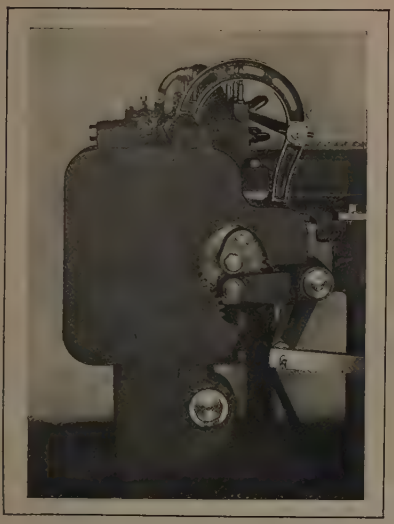


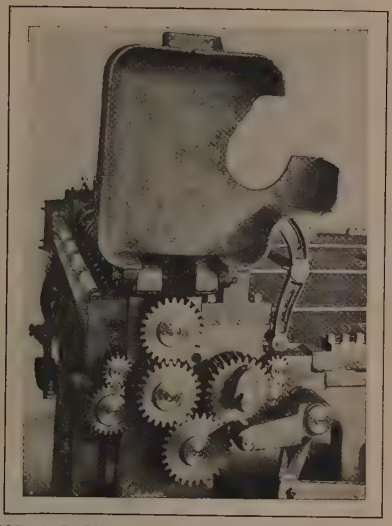
A FACE-MASK



EMERY GRINDING-MACHINE

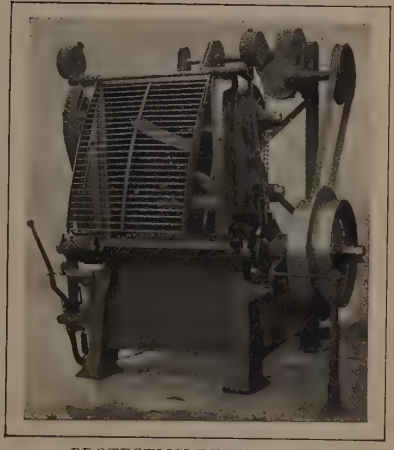
metals, and a worker in textiles. Any device that is passed upon by this jury is accepted as a loan by the museum for one year, with the privilege of its renewal. In this way we keep the exhibits thoroughly up to date, replacing old models by those that are new and more highly perfected. It is our aim to display not only miniature models, but those of actual size, in order that workmen visiting the museum may see faithful representations of devices actually used in the workshops and on machines that can be set in motion. Altogether we have some eighty-five machines for motor-power, and thirty that may be operated by hand. The other exhibits are models, designs, and photographs. The machines form five independent groups, and each group can be operated alone. Four large electromotors





TWO VIEWS OF A GEARING-COVER FOR A PAPER-WORKING MACHINE

SAFETY-DEVICE ON A CIRCULAR SAW



PROTECTION-DEVICE ON A KNEADING-MACHINE

furnish the power for the five groups, and eleven electromotors direct the machines independently."

For administrative purposes, the building is divided into three parts: (1) The executive, comprising offices in the basement, rooms for one of the officials, a library, a lecture-hall, and a special museum for tuberculosis. (2) A grand hall; a basement, comprising an area of 1610 square yards, for the installation of the machinery; and a large gallery of 810 square yards reserved for models, plans, and photographs. (3) The administration building and the grand hall are united by a vestibule in the basement, and above this vestibule is an assembly-hall. The ground floor of the grand hall has the greatest amount of space, and here the largest and heaviest machines in motion are installed.

Different kinds of safety-elevators are shown, with automatic stops, so that, if the chain is loosened, the weight rests suspended; also, windlasses with arrangements for stopping the winding in advance of the crank-handle; elevators with improved closings, regulators for speed, and apparatus that will stop the car without danger; band-saws, circular saws, planes, polishers; boring-machines, with protectors of various kinds; metal-working machines for perforating and winding; clipping shears, with all the necessary protectors; printing-presses, stamping-machines, and machines for the manufacture of soap.

FACE-MASKS FOR HANDLERS OF HOT METAL BLOCKS

For food stuffs there is a special group of machines for cutting, grinding, mixing, separating, and packing. There are also machines for textile industries, improved carriers in mining, and agricultural machinery of every kind. The appliances of security for boats are very numerous—a system of automatic closing of compartments; various kinds of life-boats, dredging-boats, steamboats; a system for lessening the chances of spontaneous combustion of coal in the store-room; boiler and steam-pipe safety-stops; warnings for the ear or eye in case of insufficient water; and systems of safety-sheathing for the water-tubes. There are, also, brakes for roadway vehicles, and safety-lamps for mines.

As evidence of an interest in the museum, the Association of Quarrymen has sent a number of protectors employed in its industry. There are magazines for dynamite, arranged according to police ordinances; devices to protect from blasting; and masks and spectacles for use in excavating.

The Textile Association of Alsace-Lorraine and the factories at Chemnitz are represented by a number of excellent models. Breweries have sent a number of protectors used in their cellars and depots. Tiling and bricklaying are represented by models and photographs. The chemical industry is represented by devices for protection in handling corrosive substances and decanting inflammable liquids. In the court are large objects, such as engines, scaffolding, and brick- and mortar-carriers; while in the vestibule are shown varieties of protectors for the eyes which guard them against flinty substances, flame, or matter at white heat. There is also a collection of model clothing for men and women.

The museum has an important collection relative to the nutritive value of foods of the ordinary kind; models for economic stoves; utensils for cooking, and for heating the food brought from home by the workmen; and the right kind of baskets or boxes in which to bring such food to the shop. In a pavilion erected in the center of the grand hall are exhibited a series of objects relating to the social betterment of workmen—houses, the instruction of children, and the education of the growing girl and boy.

A special section has been set aside for a tuberculosis museum, and here the German Central Committee of Sanatoria has exhibited a series of valuable documents relative to this dread disease and the war being waged against it. Dr. Th. Sommerfeld has exhibited specimens showing how many maladies, notably skin-diseases from parasites, are developed in factories, with the corresponding methods for prevention.

Among the collections for improving the hygienic conditions of labor, pure air is the first consideration. Accordingly, the museum presents various appliances for ascertaining the degrees of vitiation.

A special group shows microscopic views of the dust generated in various industries, as well as colored photographs indicating the action of dust-particles on the lungs of workmen. By the side of these exhibits showing diseases developed from factory dust are the remedies—a series of models of mask-respirators to shield the lungs, and also devices to renew the air. Machines for working in wood are guarded against the dust from chips and shavings, and there are also guards against the dust from emery- and other grinding-wheels.

A collection of models for the prevention of the absorption of harmful matter while the workmen are eating include rooms where they may take their meals after having changed their garments, with special lockers for their clothes. Lavatories and shower-baths enable the men to refresh themselves before entering the dining-room.

Early in 1900 the Bavarian Minister of the Interior decided to establish a museum for the welfare of workmen. The funds necessary for the establishment were provided under arrangements made by the Minister of the Interior, and from the Munich Polytechnic Association there was a munificent gift of money accumulated for some years for the purpose of creating a hygienic museum. Through the generosity of constructors and industrialists a great many models of machinery were offered to the museum.

Five rooms were at once put at its disposition gratuitously by the great paper concern of Munich-Dachau. The first room is used for the devices for security from accidents, the second is reserved for the protection of workmen in the building industries, the third for industrial hygiene, the fourth for a library, and the last for various purposes relating to the welfare of the workmen. The administrative officers of the museum, with the coöperation of the Association of Technical Schools, have organized conferences on questions of interest touching the moral and material improvement of workmen.

The Munich museum has sought to make its improved housing section of special value, and has collected a large number of plans and photographs. The most interesting documents have been furnished by the Society for the Construction of Small Houses for Workmen at Frankfort-on-the-Main and by the Association for Improving the Housing Conditions of Munich.

In France there are three large associations of employers for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, the largest organized in 1883. These three societies vie with one another in obtaining the very best improvements at home and abroad for lessening accidents. The Manufacturers' Association holds an annual meeting for the express purpose of arousing interest in the general subject and encouraging new attempts and suggestions for the improvement of appliances already in use. Thanks to the propaganda of these three organizations, there is an excellent system of factory inspection and a general willingness on the part of industrialists to equip their machinery with the best safety-devices.

In 1893 a museum of security was formed in Paris; but, through failure to obtain the necessary room, the models then on hand were given to the National Conservatory of Arts and Trades in 1895. However, little was accomplished till 1903, when the Minister of Commerce sent a committee from the Association for the Prevention of Accidents to Laborers to study the museums of Munich and Berlin. As a result of these studies, the conservatory offered space if the association would provide for maintenance. The association raised $8400 by private subscription, to which the Municipal Council of Paris voted $2000. For its annual maintenance the Municipal Council of Paris appropriates $400, the General Council of the Seine a like sum, and private subscriptions $1400. The persistency of the devoted few who had faith and had worked unremittingly for its realization was rewarded in the formal opening of the museum by the President of the Republic. Similar museums have also been established in Zurich and Vienna.

In our own country five of the States have enacted laws providing against accidents in the building and construction trades, but not one has required the systematic return of accidents in building. We have, therefore, no data on which to base an estimate of the number of accidents in this great division of industry. All that can be said is that they are nu-

merous. Nine States require factory operators to report accidents suffered by their employees, but only inadequate data have been afforded for the collection of complete and detailed statistics. In 1899 the New York Bureau of Labor attempted to gain as complete a record as possible of all accidents for three months in industries employing about one half of the factory-workers of the State. During this period confessedly incomplete returns showed 1822 accidents. On this basis, all the factories in the State would, in twelve months, show 14,576 accidents.

Perils of various kinds beset the coal-miner. In a recent year, of 142,420 employees in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, 411 were killed. Of 87,802 employees in the bituminous mines, 198 were killed. The next year there were 461 fatal and 1030 non-fatal accidents in the anthracite region. John Mitchell tells us that in the anthracite mines two miners are killed and five injured for every working-day in the year.

The statistics of railway accidents are more complete. During the year ending June 30, 1904, there were 10,046 killed and 84,155 injured on the railways of the United States, making a total of 94,201 victims. The average for the year was 27 killed and 230 injured every day. During the last five years there have been 44,794 killed and 329,029 injured. The number of accidents is increasing; and if the rate of increase continues the same during the next five years, there will be 59,169 more slaughtered during that time, besides 624,167 injured. That is, on the above supposition there are now nearly 60,000 people in the United States who are under sentence of death, to be executed on our railways within the next five years!

A comparison of the American and European railway records shows how large a proportion of our accidents are needless. In 1890 our railways killed one person for every 306 employees, while the roads of Germany killed only one for every 750, and those of Austria-Hungary only one for every 1067. The same year American roads injured one person for every 33 employees, German roads, one for every 169, and Austrian roads, one for every 292. That is, of a given number of employees, we killed more than twice as many as Germany, and more than three times as many as Austria-Hungary; we also injured five times as many as Germany and nine times as many as Austria-Hungary.

Furthermore, an investigation of 15,970 accidents in Germany indicated that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable. If, then, of a given number of employees we kill more than twice as many as Germany, and more than half of Germany's accidents are avoidable, it is reasonable to infer that more than three quarters of our fatal accidents, and a still larger proportion of our non-fatal accidents, are needless.

The lives of employees yearly sacrificed in increasing numbers are generally not those of children or old men, but of young men just beginning to repay society for rearing them, or of men in middle life who are the bread-winners of families.

Not a few of our industries are so prejudicial to health as to cut many years off the lives of those who engage in them. As Dr. Josiah Strong points out: "Economic considerations are wholly secondary. This is, first of all, a question of conscience. Needless slaughter is criminal slaughter. Industrial homicide is being committed every hour of the day; and the employer who does not provide all practicable means for safeguarding life and limb is *particeps criminis*.

"We are told that ancient Athens was forced every nine years to pay a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to be devoured by the Cretan Minotaur until Theseus slew the monster. We have here in the United States a monster named Indifference, to which we are making human sacrifices, not at the rate of fourteen every nine years, but at the rate of dozens every day, besides many scores who escape with their lives, but are maimed or mangled."

The establishment of a museum of security for America would mean the saving of thousands of lives, and through the prevention of accidents hundreds of thousands of workmen would be saved from disability, and thus from becoming a charge on their families or dependent on the State. Such a museum would also lessen liability for damage suits growing out of accidents.

THE SPELLING PROBLEM

AND THE PRESENT AIMS OF THE REFORMERS

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH

THAT English spelling will really be reformed is still, with most, a hope rather than a conviction. The revival of interest in the matter, marked by the establishment of the Simplified Spelling Board, tends, however, to make that hope a rather strong one. The chief reason for encouragement lies in the fact that at last the reform appears to be placed upon a practical foundation. The announcements of the Board make it clear that it will be occupied not so much with what *ought* to be done as with what, in the light of thirty years' experience, *can* be done—a somewhat unusual attitude for reformers, but the only one possible, if even the smallest progress is to be made. Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Board also makes an important change in the situation.

In saying this, no disparagement of the earlier leaders—of such scholars as Whitney, Max Müller, March, Lounsbury, and Child—is, of course, intended. These men and their co-laborers have been the teachers and guides of all who have come after them. They quickly placed the reform in the position of a cause having the full support of scholarship and common sense. They made it impossible for a well-informed person to defend our orthography on any ground except that of habit. But at this point their success certainly ended. That English spelling is unspeakably bad they amply proved, but they were not able to persuade the public to follow their lead in their attempts to make it better. This was not due to any fault of theirs. They simply found the mass of habit, prejudice, and indifference that lay in their way too heavy to be moved. Besides, their treasury was empty.

In looking back over the course of the reform, however, it appears—to that hindsight which makes us all wise—that too much prominence was given to the phonetic ideal. It is true that the only really *good* spelling is phonetic spelling; it is unfortunately true that our orthography, though not wholly unphonetic, is from the true phonetic point of view little less than a nightmare; but it is also true that to reform it phonetically would necessitate a radical transformation of the great majority of the familiar forms of English words, because it would involve extensive alterations of the alphabet. To say, as some do, that this alphabetic reconstruction should be the end rather than the beginning—a goal to which a gradual approach may be made—is only to recommend the substitution of prolonged confusion and anarchy for a quick and sweeping revolution. But that the great mass of English-speakers, who, as Professor Lounsbury has said, have lost the phonetic sense, will consent to give up at once or gradually, through a transition period of vexatious confusion, their orthographic habits, their prejudices, and their convenience, in order that their spelling, or that of their grandchildren, may assume a form which, from its strangeness, seems to them utterly repulsive, is a supposition which cannot be entertained unless one relies upon the scientific accuracy of one's principles more than upon one's knowledge of human nature.

The full recognition of this fact by the Simplified Spelling Board is what chiefly distinguishes its program and makes it a practicable and hopeful one. All of its members, probably, heartily believe in the phonetic principle; they may expect or

hope that some time it may be embodied in English orthography; but they are agreed that it must be subordinated to other practical principles in any reform for which it is reasonable to work. They have not abandoned the standard of the earlier revolt; but they have changed the point of attack and the plan of campaign. This should be distinctly grasped by all who are interested in their work and plans. The extent to which this renunciation simplifies their problem and brings it within the range of practicality can be briefly indicated. Having temporarily, at least, laid aside the scientific aim of making spelling *correct* (phonetic), they are free to follow exclusively the philanthropic and practical aim of making it *easier;* for the two things are by no means identical. Accurate phonetic spelling is no doubt the easiest, for it is the simplest and most uniform; but *regular* spelling, even if unphonetic, is also easy, for the reason that in it the same combination of sounds is regularly represented by the same combination of letters, whatever they may be. For example, if the sounds represented by *-ize,* as in *size,* were always represented by *-ize* (and not sometimes by *-ise* or *-yze, -yse*), it would be easy to spell them under this rule, though this particular combination of letters is unphonetic (for it should be *-aiz*). Even *though* and *dough* would have no terrors if it were not for *so,* and *sew,* and *know,* and *hoe,* and *bow,* and *beau,* and the like. In a word, English spelling is "hard" mainly because it is irregular—because the child or the foreigner who has learned to spell one word, or a group of like words, can never safely infer that in the next word he *hears* the same sounds are spelled in the same way. He may have learned *hung* and *rung* and *lung* and *sung,* but if he guesses *tung* and *yung* he is in trouble at once. He is thus condemned at the very start to uncertainty, hesitation, and the fear of blundering, and quickly discovers that he must learn each word by itself, and most words not by the ear, as he has a right to expect, but by the eye, just as the Chinese learns his little ideographs.

But irregularity sometimes implies regularity, and it is a fact that there is a regularity in our spelling which is, on the whole, greater than its annoying irregularity: there are general analogies upon which "rules" of a certain kind may be founded; and it is quite within the range of possibility, if the public will help, to extend these rules by the gradual elimination of "exceptions" until they cover the whole of English orthography and make it very easy to acquire. It is to a reformation of this sort, and of this sort only, that the Simplified Spelling Board has committed itself. That even this reform will meet with great opposition does not need to be said; but at least the charge that it will make our spelling "un-English" cannot be brought against it, for every change that it calls for will be supported by the most characteristic of English orthographic usages. Much of the work can be done by "simplification by omission"—the dropping of silent letters; here and there a word must be respelled; occasionally an old blunder, such as *tongue* and *island,* fastened upon the language long ago by writers ignorant of etymology must be rectified; but no sweeping change will be required and there will be no ground for the charge of radicalism. Most important of all, from the practical point of view, is the fact that, unlike the phonetic reform, this *reformation by regulation* can be carried out gradually, step by step, without transitional confusion, each new form falling naturally into its place, just as new forms have continually been dropping into their places ever since the language began to be printed. It is simply an acceleration of an established and natural historical process.

If it is asked whether in this way—assuming that the public follows the reformers—our spelling can be made enough easier to justify the effort involved, the answer can safely be made that in spite of the many difficulties which its peculiar irregularities present, a reasonable amount of regulation would reduce it to about the simplicity of German and save a year or more in the learning of it. That certainly seems to be worth while. A similar reply may be made to those who fear that, if the reform is carried out, our children will not be able to read the English classics as we have them to-day, and that the entire mass of English books will be unreadable if they are not sent to the printer to be reset. The fact is that if

English orthography is ever simplified to the point indicated by the above comparison with German, it will probably differ from our present spelling less than one-third as much as this differs from the spelling of Shakspere. Since a prominent English novelist appears (in what he is reported to have said) to believe that we are still spelling as Shakspere spelled, the danger that English literature will be snuffed out by the reform does not appear to be great.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A DANGER TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

THAT there are, in America daily, and other periodicals which, in different ways, tend to weaken the brain, demoralize the spirit, and lower the tone of public opinion in the nation, any one may see. But there are many who see and acknowledge this who do not perceive a pressing individual duty and responsibility. Through curiosity, or self-indulgence, or lack of consideration, or from some baser motive, there are men and women, not counted among the evil classes, who actually help to keep alive by purchasing, or advertising in, periodicals which are curses to the community.

When, in open court, through the bravery and energy of an editor and his publishers, a certain weekly paper was recently shown to be vile and venal, perhaps without precedent in any time or place, and when public condemnation and disgust were being expressed in every direction, the cheeks of many women of gentle breeding, of many men of decent up-bringing, must have,—at least should have,—burned crimson for their part in keeping alive a system of virtual blackmailing; for assisting, by patronage, a publication which catered to the love of scandalous chronicle; which, in so doing, thrust right and left into innocent hearts; which, in so doing prepared the way for gathering large revenue from the vulnerable and the cowardly.

This is an instance exceptional in its prominence and unpleasing picturesqueness. Other instances are at hand and easily observable. The press which the slang of the day nicknames "yellow"; the insincere, the sensational, the demagogic periodicals pervade the atmosphere of our time like a pestilence. They litter the trolley-cars, their tatters vulgarize the very sidewalks, and roadways,—and many of the men and women who have no desire to be called thoughtless or unpatriotic complacently help to sustain them by their advertisements or their support as purchasers and readers.

Professor Felix Adler, in a suggestive address of last winter on "Impending Changes," spoke of the "incoming of the multitude, the accession to power and influence of the masses." "It is idle," he said, "to disguise the fact that the first effect of the accession of the masses to influence has been productive of much evil. The state of journalism at the present day is one evidence. The newspapers, as a rule, are graded down to the tastes and the intellectual standards of the masses. The 'yellow journals,' so-called, do but reflect the color of the minds of their readers—the love of sensation and exciting news—outrageous over-statements, appeal side by side in the columns of the same newspapers to the better and the worst side of human nature."

The man who made this deliberate statement as to one effect of that march of democracy which he is far from deprecating, in this same address declared that he is "thoroughly democratic in sympathy" and does not believe "that the tide" of democracy "can be turned, or that any attempt should be made to turn it." Indeed, in this city, which has witnessed Prof. Adler's good works, his devotion to the interests of the people and to all that is ideal and noble in American institutions and in the public and private life of our day, no protestation of democratic principle is needed on his behalf. His democracy is of a kind that, seeing the dangers of democracy, courageously cries

out in warning; and insistently demands such leadership as will diminish the dangers and bring about wholesomer conditions, to the purifying and uplifting of the masses whose interests are dear to him.

In the matter of opposition to this danger of the "yellow press,"—than which no greater threatens the democracy of our day and land,—any decent man or woman may be a leader. Such a leader need demand no ultra-refined or difficult standard,—only that of common decency and common honesty. The sensationalism of the press is only a part of the sensationalism of the time — a sensationalism which is evidenced in a thousand ways,—in the fantastic luxury of the brainless rich; in the speed-madness of automobilists; in the crudeness and violence of current works of fiction; in the vulgarities of the stage; in the increasingly dangerous feats of the great circuses, whose programs appeal more and more to a brutal passion for visible escapes from sudden death. The sensationalism of the press, we say, is only a part of that spirit of excess which is rife. The decent members of the community should set their faces against the whole tendency, and against its every example; but it is of this one duty as to the press that we especially insist upon at the moment. It is the most obvious, the nearest at hand; and, moreover, a blow struck at the "yellowness" of print is a blow struck at all yellowness.

For it is the evil power of a sensational press to increase the evil sentiment on which it thrives. The periodicals that live on false witness, one-sided statements, doctored news, demagogic appeals; the loud calling of public attention to all the big or petty crimes in the calendar; that fan the vices by their constant parade of them; that disseminate class hatred; that are vindictive in their enmities; that are used to advance the selfish and impertinent ambitions of their owners; that exploit good causes for private emolument or personal advancement; that bring suspicion upon restrained, accurate, disinterested criticism of public men by their reckless attacks; that make reform odious by conscienceless imitations of its honest activities; that, in a word, live by cultivating the appetite for sensationalism; such periodicals are the parents of all the vulgarities. Opposition to such sources of evil encourages the "journalism of conscience," as Norman Hapgood calls it,—in its competition with the conscienceless; and is a service to American democracy.

OPEN LETTERS

Goya's Portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE 208

THIS portrait was purchased by the National Gallery of London in 1896 from Don Andres de Urzaiz of Madrid. As an example of the artist's power in portraiture it is one of the best, displaying delicacy of execution and vivid delineation of character.

The lady is clad in a rose-colored satin dress, which is almost entirely veiled by a black lace mantilla of a style worn by ladies of Spain at the present day. The hair is that of a blonde, but the large eyes are dark, partaking of a greenish-gray cast. There is delicacy of modeling, but the expression is vivacious and spirited rather than refined. Noble and high-strung it may be, but I have always fancied I could see something of cruelty in its make-up, which seems in keeping with the draggled hair of the forehead, ending in those huge, fierce spit-curls, and the almost defiant pose of the body—right shoulder forward, left hand planted firmly on hip—that gives such a feeling of bravado to the character. The canvas is still as fresh as though but lately finished. It shows the half-length of life-size, and measures two feet, eight inches by one foot, nine and one-quarter inches.

T. Cole.

Notes

"A WEEK AT WATERLOO"

Major B. R. Ward, R. E., who is bringing out a book on the subject of Lady De Lancey's narrative printed in the April CENTURY, informs us that since our article went to press he has learned that a postmortem examina-

tion was made by Dr. Hume, surgeon to the Duke of Wellington. He found that several of the ribs were separated from the spine, "one totally broke to pieces, and embedded in the lungs."

The Lady Hamilton whose picture, by mistake, accompanied the paper was not the Lady Hamilton referred to in the text. The latter was the wife of Sir H. D. Hamilton, also named in the narrative.

"HOW THE ANTELOPE PROTECTS ITS YOUNG"

Letters from naturalists, received by us, throw discredit upon the statements and pictures in the article on the above subject in the March CENTURY.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Lay of The O'Yama.

Being a Public Protest against the assertion recently made in a prominent Boston Daily, that the Irish took no part in The Late Difference between Russia and Japan.

I

The greatest man in Rooshia
I 'd like to have ye know,
Was Gineral Kure O'Patkin,
A year, or two ago;
The idol of the army,
The fav'rite av the Czar,
They sint him out to China
For to finish up the war.

II

He kissed his Royal Masther,
Thin stepped aboord the thrain;
Good-night, sez he, yer Czar-ship,
I 'll soon be back again;
I 'll first make peace in Tokee,
Thin bring back for the Zoo,
That little heathen mannikin
The Jap-King, McAdoo.

III

That same day out in Tokee
His Highness, McAdoo,
Havin' heard that bold Kuroki
Had crossed the blue Yalloo,
Threw out his chest, an offered
To bet five thousand yin,
That by Xmas-time his army
Would be quarthered in Har-bin.

IV

Wid that a wild-eyed rickshaw-man
Rushed in upon the scene;
News! News! my Lord, from Pethersburg
By wireless has come in;
At last the hated Rooshian,
Is forced to show his hand;
For General Kure O'Patkin
Has been placed in chief command!

V

Bad News! sez Marquis Eat-ho;
Sad News! sez McAdoo;
May Budda help Kuroki,
An' Gineral Noji too!!!
"Not yet! me liege and dimi-god,"
Sez some one standing by,
"While Marshall Mike O'Yama
Is prepared to do an' die!!!"

VI

A cheer that shook the rafthers,
Resounded thro' the hall;
Thank God, sez Yam O'Gata,
There 's hope still afther all;
I 'm ould an' too rheumatic
To fight meself, sez he,
But we 'll match 'em with O'Yama,
Our Irish Japanee.

VII

That night the town of Tokee
Was fairly "on the blink"
With banzais and "hosaners,"
You could n't sleep a wink.
'T was "here 's to bould O'Yama,"
And "a cheer for McAdoo";
They 'll show the Czar of Rooshia,
What a Mac' and O' can do.

VIII

Whin Marshall Mike O'Yama
Set foot upon COREE
He buckled on his broad-sword
An' to himself sez he:
O'Pat can fight a Tarther
But "he 'll be up a three"
Whin he thries to cross shillelahs
Wid an Irish Japanee.

IX

They fought a while at Chow-chow;
O'Patkin slipped away,—
They had a scrap at Kow-tow;
Agin he did n't stay;
The Czar inquired by telegraff
"Why don't ye make a stand,
'T was not for sprintin' tactics
That I gev ye yer command?"

X

"Me noble Lord av Rooshia,
Just wait a while," sez he,
"I 'm not a bit defaited,
Altho' I seem to be;
I 'm lurin' him, yer Majesty,
So never have a fear."
"For God's sake Pat," the Czar replied,
"*Don't lure him over here.*"

XI

Next day they had a scrimmage
At a place called Leo Yang.
O'Patkin was prepared for Mike;
Mike did n't give a "hang!"
They clinched and counthered half a day
An' whin the sun went down
Bould Marshal Mike O'Yama
Was masther av the town.

XII

At last close by to Mukdin—
The China king's graveyard—
They went at wan another
An' swatted good an' hard.
O'Pat was outmanœuvred
In skill an' sthrategee,
An' the day was with O'Yama
The Irish Japanee.

XIII

Thin up spoke Terry Roosenfelt,
The Yankee heavy weight,
"Throw the sponge, O'Pat," sez he,
"Before it is too late."
"I can't," sez Kure O'Patkin,
"Unless I see the Czar,
Just dhrop a line for hivin's sake,
An' have him ind the war."

XIV

He wired at once to Pether Hoff,
He wired to Tokee, too,
"Make peace ye pair of fools," sez he
To Nick an' McAdoo—
"Make peace, or by the hokey
Meself an' Gineral Wood
Will wipe yez off creation;
Come on now an' be good!!!"

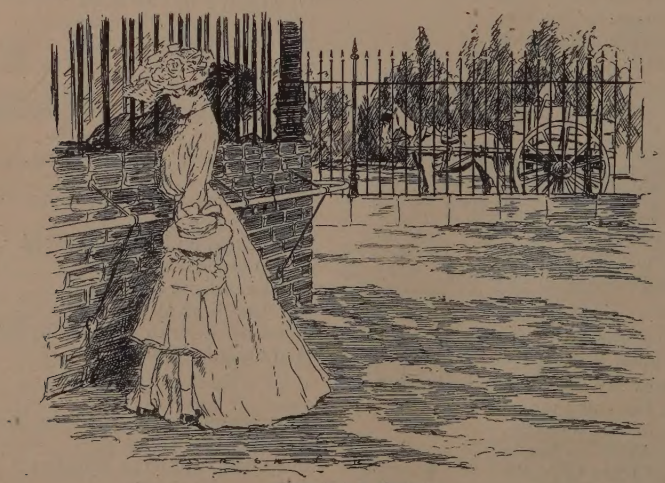
XV

The Czar threw up his hands at once
An' so did McAdoo.
(O'Yama kept his corner,
To see the whole thing through),
But Witte an' Komura
Were peaceful min, ye see,
An' ended all the throuble
Between Russ an' Japanee.

XVI

Now that the war is over,
An' Terry Roosenfelt
Is gettin' all due credit,
An' puttin' on the belt,
I hope he 'll have the dacency
To say—twixt you an' me—
"*Sure I owe this to O'Yama*
The Irish Japanee."

—Engle Wood U. S. N.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A FAIR INFERENCE

Oh, look, mamma! Look! There' s a wild horse and cart!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Color drawing by Clifford W. Ashley. See "Open Letters"

HARPOONING A PORPOISE FROM THE MARTINGALE-STAY OF A WHALER